Saturday Review

August 19, 1967 35¢

EDUCATION

THE CHINESE UNIVERSITY— TARGET OF THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION

By C. T. Hu

Red Chinese Student—Dogma Above Learning (See E

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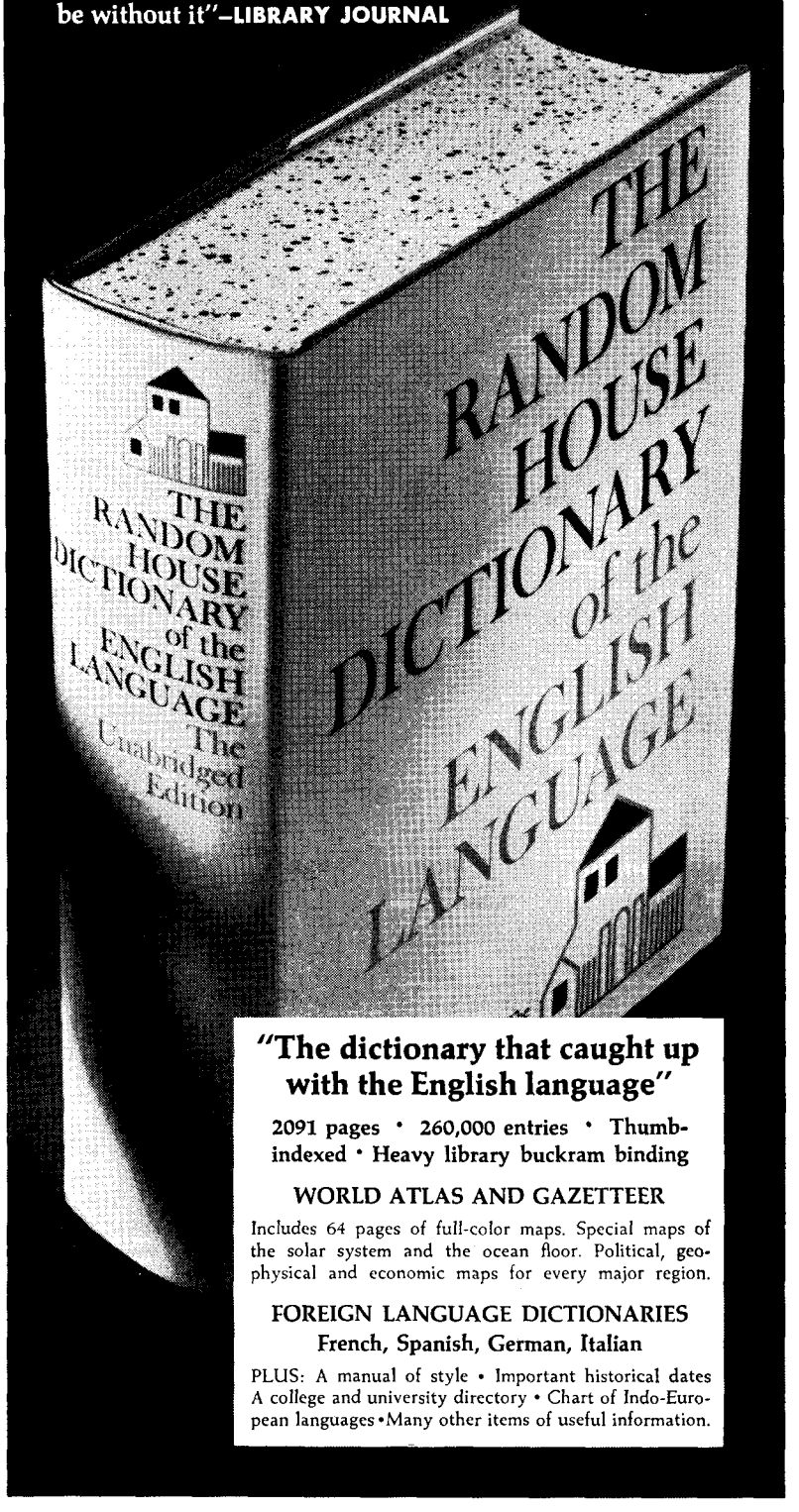
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(*Advertisement*)

In 1953, Grove published a book that lives in my mind, *The Palm-wine Drinkard*, or, to use its unabridged title, *Palm-wine Drinkard and his Dead Palm-wine Tapster in the Deads' Town*. The author, Amos Tutuola, must be quite a fellow because that was quite a book: fresh, original, witty, a window on another world.

Since that time (Amos T. also did a book in '54), there does not seem to have been much fiction out of his continent. Perhaps the Africans have been too busy keeping up with the daily unrealities to compose fictional parables. Then, in 1965, Doubleday published an account, definitely not fiction, by a young man named Legson Kayira. He had distinguished himself by walking 2500 miles in two years from his village in Malawi to seek an education in the United States. His account of this experience, *I Will Try*, distinguished itself by selling rather well.

Now Kayira has written his first novel. *The Looming Shadow*, a somewhat melodramatic title which lacks the pure, tripping poetry of Tutuola's, is set in a small village in Malawi. Two men are antagonists in that village. One of them lies dying. The other is accused of bewitching the stricken man and soon Kayira has us bewitched into sharing the life of this village, its harsh but somehow logical justice, and the conflict with justice imposed upon it from the outside.

Kayira, the boy who walked to school, was taken in by Skagit Valley Junior College in Washington State, took a degree from the University of Washington, and won a two-year scholarship to Cambridge. His novel will suggest why.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Looming Shadow ($3.95), by Legson Kayira, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 1331 E Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004.

Saturday Review

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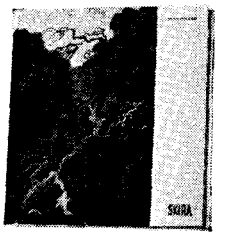

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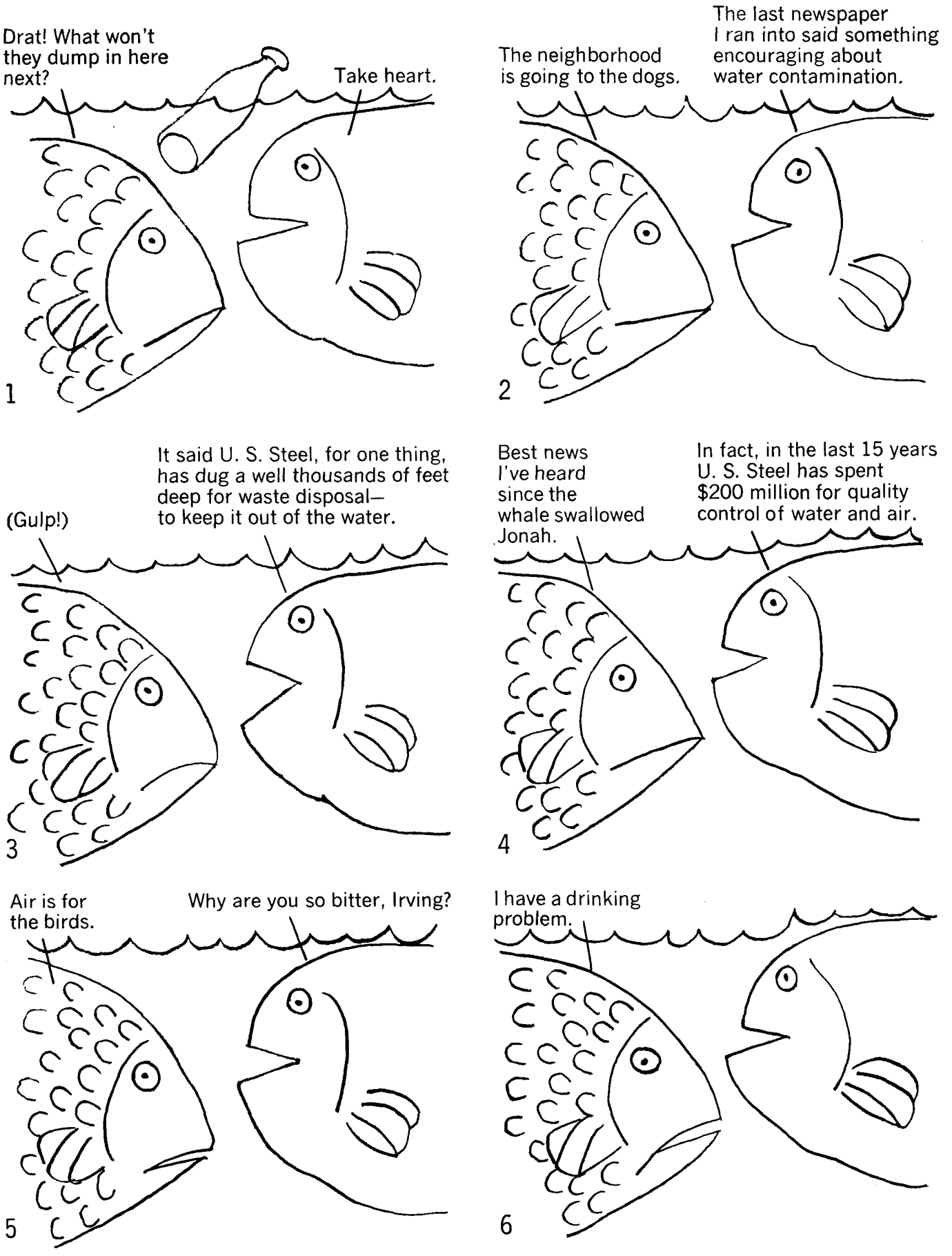
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Take heart.
1
The neighborhood is going to the dogs.
The last newspaper I ran into said something encouraging about water contamination.
2
(Gulp!)
It said U. S. Steel, for one thing, has dug a well thousands of feet deep for waste disposal— to keep it out of the water.
3
Best news I've heard since the whale swallowed Jonah.
In fact, in the last 15 years U. S. Steel has spent $200 million for quality control of water and air.
4
Air is for the birds.
Why are you so bitter, Irving?
5
I have a drinking problem.
6

USS United States Steel

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Traveling can take the fun out of going anyplace.

For 44 years now, we've been watching the frazzled traveler drag himself in and out of cars and trains and planes.

We've seen him arrive in his itchy tweeds when the temperature was pushing 80 degrees.

We've seen him without a hotel room to call his own.

We've seen him looking a little green from something he ate.

We've seen him broke, wet, lost, and befuddled.

And if nothing else, we've sympathized with him. At least our girls at the counters have. So much so, in fact, that an unwritten and slightly haphazard company policy has developed here at Hertz.

It sort of says, "Give the poor guy a break." If he doesn't have a place to sleep, help him find one. If he doesn't know his way around the area, give him a map and show him the way. If he's in a hurry, help him hurry.

What all this has resulted in is that our customers find traveling a little less miserable. Our girls find their jobs considerably more interesting. And we as a company find ourselves doing alright too.

Now it struck us that if our girls could give you all this help pretty much on their own, they could do a lot more if we gave them some tools to do it with. Which we have now done.

From now on when you come up to a Hertz counter in any large city, you can expect to get more than a set of keys.

If you're a stranger in any one of America's 28 largest cities, we'll give you the world's most complete guide on how to survive in that city. It not only tells you where to eat and sleep, it also tells you where to get a haircut, pawn your watch, and have a night on the town.

If you know where you're going, but don't know how to get there, we'll give you a special map of the area and diagram it to make it absolutely clear.

If you run out of money and you have a Hertz charge card, we'll give you $10 cash on your IOU, and tack it on to your rental.

If you know you're going to be late getting to your hotel, we'll call and tell them you're coming and to hold your room.

If it's raining and you left your raincoat home because the weatherman told you it was going to be sunny, we'll give you a raincoat.

If you're running to catch a plane, we won't make you stand in line behind people who aren't. Starting now—if you're charging your car—all you have to do is stuff your keys inside your rental envelope, write your mileage on the back, drop it on the counter and take off.

If you're going on vacation, we'll give you tour maps that describe the most interesting places to see and the most interesting things to do along the way.

Now all this is not to say that we're overlooking the main reason we're in business. To give you a Ford or another good car with a minimum of nonsense.

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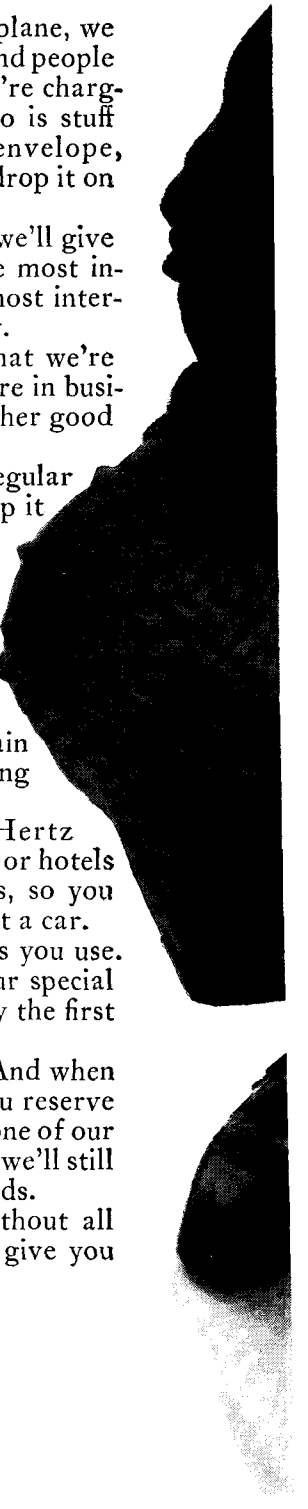

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Tryouts

The Audition

BACK in the days when Maurice Barrymore had three little mouths to feed—Lionel, Ethel, and John—he found a play suitable to star in, and he wanted Charles Frohman to produce it. An appointment was made for Mr. Barrymore to read the play to Mr. Frohman at 11 o'clock one morning in Frohman's rooms at the Gilsey House. That Barrymore got there as early as 11:30 was clear evidence that he was excited and eager about his project.

The two men sat facing each other in comfortable chairs. Barrymore described the cast of characters and the setting, and then he started to read. Frohman, however, had had a bad night. The reading had not proceeded more than five minutes when he was fast asleep. After a short pause, Barrymore reacted to this situation as only a Barrymore would. He rose from his chair quietly, tiptoed about the room lighting all the lamps and the chandelier and drawing the window curtains. Then he returned to his chair, opened the manuscript to the last page, and read the last line, giving it its full treatment—FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR MARY!!!

Frohman awoke with a start and tried to collect himself. Yes, he remembered his morning appointment with Barrymore, made note of the drawn curtains and the lighted lamps. A glance at his watch indicated it was now nearly midnight.

"Well, Charlie," cried Barrymore with hearty enthusiasm, "how did you like it?"

"But, Maurice," answered Frohman, "don't you think the play needs cutting?"

The play didn't, really, but Barrymore needed to find another producer.

—HOWARD LINDSAY.

The Well-Muscled Egghead (Or, Son of Paper Lion)

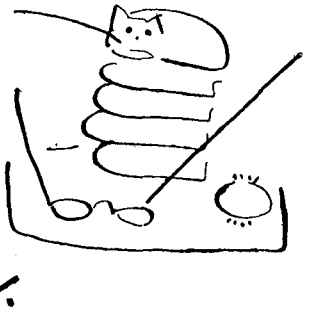
AFTER a harrowing lunch, Spike ("At cornerback, No. 65, Felix 'Spike' Morgan") decided to beat it back to the office ahead of the regulars. He needed a chance to regain his composure, and a chance to look around. It was only his second day at *Epanadiplosis Quarterly*.

At one end of the main office there was a bank of elegant wooden doors leading to private executive offices. The last and most magnificent door belonged to the editor-in-chief. It was closed—but, with a furtive look, Spike opened it and stepped inside.

The walls were covered with framed mementos: a picture of the editor in Paris; a crayon drawing, presumably by his child; behind the desk, an elegantly framed sheepskin. Spike hesitated, then sat down behind the desk, gripping the chair with his hairy hands.

To be an editor! Many a linebacker had dreamed such dreams, but few had ever mustered the courage to try. It was left to him, Felix Morgan, linebacker superb, to cross this frontier, to prove that a musclehead could compete—even excel—in the world of the egghead. And what a book it would make if he succeeded.

He had spoken of his aspirations to the management of *Epanadiplosis Quarterly* after the Hula Bowl. All he wanted



was a few months to hang around and absorb things, maybe mess with a pot of glue or a blue pencil, nothing strenuous; and then, maybe in the fall, edit a page or two. The management had been skeptical. But his well publicized article, "What I Did Last Summer," in a major periodical, had alerted the editors to his latent talent, and they had graciously reconsidered.

Before he had signed with *Epanadiplosis*, most of Spike's reading had been confined to offenses. His throat went dry as he thought of reading a book instead. He had worked out in the off-season with a collection of stories by Jules Feiffer, and it hadn't been *that* bad. Then he had tried another book, without pictures, and panicked. But by the end of March he could manage Albert Payson Terhune, with the help of a pocket dictionary. But what if they asked him to work on something by, say, Hugh Hefner, or Helen Gurley Brown or Vance Packard—something deep? Get hold, he told himself. His hairy fingers were trembling. If you crack now, they won't let you edit *any*thing, and there goes the book.

There were footsteps outside the door. Spike froze. The door opened, and a stringy little man with horn-rimmed glasses on a stringy little nose stepped into the room. He stared at the giant who hulked—timidly—behind his desk.

Spike managed a thin smile. "Just getting the feel of the control seat, Chief," he said.

Spike's mind boggled at the thought of the Chief's intelligence. He had gone to three colleges—some sort of intellectual red-shirting, Spike reasoned. What a man! Wouldn't want to run into him in a dark classroom.

The Chief's gaze was warm, yet cold; in short, tepid. "You had lunch with the staff today?" he inquired.

Inwardly, Spike groaned. The hazing at lunch had been more than he had expected. But he managed another cracked smile. "At least I didn't have to stand on the table and sing," he said, thinking back on his rookie hazing in Green Bay.

The Chief's lips tightened. "Tell me about your lunch," he said.

Spike gulped. "Well, to start off," he began, "someone asked me for a workable definition of pleonasm."

"And?" said the Chief, picking up a pencil and leaning forward.

"Hell, I couldn't even spell it."

He continued. A junior editor asked him to give seven examples of hypallage from Victorian literature. One asked him a question in German. A fellow in a tweed coat asked him to name three great Shakespearean plays. Spike answered that one: Hamlet, Romeo, and Juliet.

And so on. Someone asked for details of Brahms's affair with Schumann's wife. Someone asked him to comment on the politics of Picasso. A tall, sorrowful looking man gave him a line from Keats and a line from Ginsberg, and asked which was which. Spike guessed wrong.

After a few more like that, the guy in the tweed coat stood up again and asked rather sarcastically if Spike could manage an example of any simple figure of speech.

"Your blood is like a red, red rose," said Spike, and slid him down the bar like one beer coming up, with a very swollen head.

Spike ended his report without mentioning the last incident. The Chief finished making notes, looked up at Spike, and said, "Felix, I like your stuff. This thing might work out yet. Now, go down the hall and work on some hyperbole."

Spike walked out of the office on the proverbial cloud. The Chief's praise hung lightly around his well-muscled head like hair-spray. Ah, America, he thought. Few countries give illiterates a chance to do anything. Here they let us run things. —GEORGE KEENEN.

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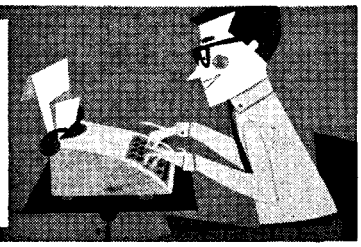

Chuck

All they did was invite him to the fair. . . .

YOU KNOW what the trouble with de Gaulle is? Too tall. It's too pat to blame his deportment in Canada on his age, seventy-six. It's his height—6′ 7″. That height is dandy in watching a parade. Not in being one.

Speaking from that rarefied 6′7″ atmosphere up there, which he shares with Air France, de Gaulle shouted: *"Vive le Quebec libre!"* It was the shout heard around the world, and when the supersonic waves abated—boom! Charles André Joseph Marie de Gaulle was once again nastily on the front pages of all newspapers.

All they did was invite him to the fair, to eat some cotton candy. . . .

To compound this small felony on Canadian hospitality, Marie also said, in his mastery of the language of la bellicose France: "French Canada has become more dear to France."

When he came to Canada he miscalculated, in the grandeur of his 6′ 7″ height, that Expo 67 would be his room. Expo also miscalculated. Officials wanted him to marvel at their exhibitions. Not to make one of himself.

All they did was invite him to the fair, to eat some cotton candy, ride a ferris wheel. . . .

But when a guy is 6′ 7″ it's difficult to be in the mainstream of the ordinary level of common courtesy. Hitler and Mussolini made their revolutionary speeches from balconies. De Gaulle is on a balcony when he's on the ground. And the ground was pulled out from under him by the Prime Minister of Canada, who objected firmly to de Gaulle's interference in the internal affairs of a foreign state.

When the Prime Minister's statement was translated to de Gaulle, the General felt he had had it. His next statement came from the airport, where he was about to board a plane for home. His exit line was: "On leaving we want you to keep in your memory the few days General de Gaulle spent in your midst." An admonition hardly necessary.

All they did was invite him to the fair, to eat some cotton candy, ride a ferris wheel, see a belly dancer. . . .

Meanwhile, back at the fair, the revelers were asking, "Where's Charlie?" Well, Charlie was on the way back to Paris on The High Dudgeon Non-Stop Flight. He left without further adieu. This is known as French leave.

The plane landed at Orly Airport at 4 a.m. Charles André Joseph Marie disentangled themselves and came down the ramp relaxed and smiling.

The ministers who met the plane had not known which way the wind blew till they saw him relaxed and smiling. They interpreted this to mean that the General was proud of his trip. Actually, he had enjoyed the movie on the plane —*High Noon*—starring Gary Cooper, one of the General's favorite heroes. All the General's favorite heroes are tall.

All they did was invite him to the fair, to eat some cotton candy, ride a ferris wheel, see a belly dancer, shoot some clay pigeons. . . .

But, unlike Gary Cooper, who probably never in his life had said, *"Vive le Quebec libre"* (confining himself mostly to "Yup" and "Howdy"), the General had another statement to make when he landed at Orly.

"All this wiggling, wriggling, and scribbling," he said, "is of no historic consequence." Which is a paraphrase of a speech another tall man made a hundred years ago: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here."

But the General was right. French history books will give it little space. There will be only the familiar line: "*Le crayon est sur la table.*" Which any French schoolboy knows the General should have rather said.

Actually, C.A.J.M. deG. could have saved himself the trip. He could have shouted his message over Telstar. Or he could have sent a letter telling us what's on his French mind. Or a French postcard. That's always on the French mind.

All they did was invite him to the fair, to eat some cotton candy, ride a ferris wheel, see a belly dancer, shoot some clay pigeons, and act like a guest.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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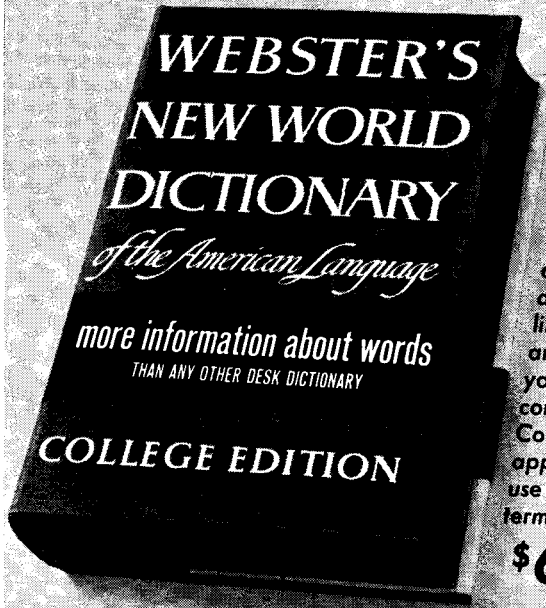

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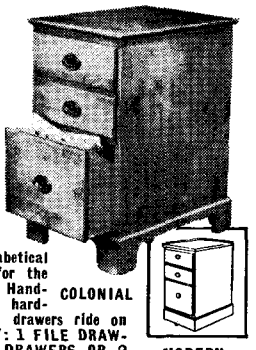

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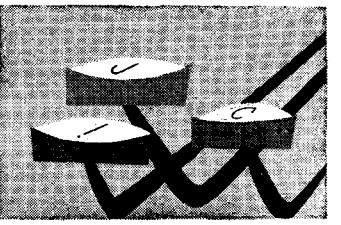

Green: We moved in December, inheriting some fine plantings with our new-to-us old house, and come spring it was time to worry about the trees. Some of the dogwoods were looking sickly. A great boundary-post pin oak, a red pine, and a never-pruned old apple tree were snarled full of dead branches. A huge, ground-hugging, wild apple that made a green cave for the boys' sleepouts had to be unthicketed from itself. The old maple on one side of the house had to be pruned back from the roof. And, above all, the elm on the other side of the house had to be hoped for.

The elm must be doomed, I suppose, but it doesn't seem to know it. Our house is three stories and a gable high, and the elm overarches it in great green, some dead branches marring the canopy, but only such as might be expected in the normal toll of seasons. The elm blight seems not to have found it yet, and the tree man I called in seemed cheerful about its prospects so long as I kept it pruned, sprayed, and cabled at the points of old wind damage.

He, however, was busy in early spring and I was away in late spring. It was well into June, therefore, by the time he got to us, though he and his brother did come swarming when they came.

His brother climbed the elm at 9 a.m. and stayed aloft till 5:30 p.m., eating his lunch in a comfortable crotch. From a third-story window I chatted with him during lunch hour, though I must confess I was not so much socializing as worrying about the tree.

"How's she look?" I asked across space.

"Good, good," he said, sandwich in one hand and thermos in the other. There's dead wood, but she trims clean."

"No signs of blight?"

"Nyuh-huh," he said through what I took to be liverwurst.

The men had brought a big truck and a frightening shredding machine that converted trimmed branches into wood mulch. By the end of the day they had made almost two full truckloads of mulch from the elm trimmings.

"She looks real good," my man aloft said, painting over the day's last cut. "Wood looks real clean."

And still I worry about elm blight. I don't know how I shall be able to look out of that window ever again happily, should that tree have to come down. Its loss, I must believe, would spoil not only my local sky but leave a hole in all of heaven.

I am comforted, I confess, by the fact that those tree men seem to know their business, and by their optimism. But I have lost to the optimistic before now, and I am in a mood for all possible insurance. What is a column for if the columnist cannot save some of this world's green? Somewhere among *SR*'s readers there is the man who knows his elms. I write to beg his advice.

Can the tree be saved? It is not an English elm; it is American. As far as I can see there is not another elm within miles of it. Is its isolation some source of hope? I have suggested root feeding to my tree man, but he says the tree doesn't need it and that two sprayings a year should keep it healthy. Is he being too hopeful? Am I? Speak, man-who-knows. The world's green is to save.

Green and a Question: While one man was passing the day in my elm, the other was in and out of a dozen lesser trees, and even climbed a thirty-five-foot flagpole to replace the halyards some neighborhood brats had pulled out and snitched—to hang themselves, as I am tempted to hope, though the local newspapers have reported nothing to encourage my hope.

I have never had a real flagpole, but with this handsome mast left to me by the last owner it seems a pity not to have the halyards in place. I don't really

do as a patrioteer, but I know I have never returned from any longish stay abroad without flying a flag inside myself, and fly one I shall outside, if only on bright Fourths of July, running up a cocktail flag on the other halyard when the company rates a salute.

The halyards up, my non-elm man went after the dogwoods and I went up to my attic hideout to chew the day's pencils. He was in one of the dogwoods when I heard him bellow to the man in the elm, who bellowed into my window that I was wanted, and down I went to be confronted by a question.

The lower branches trimmed, the tree man had come on a central spray of

(*Continued on page* 46)

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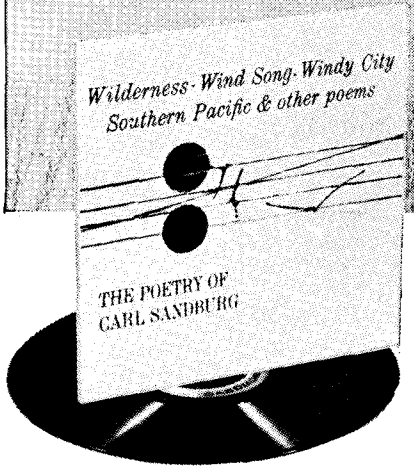

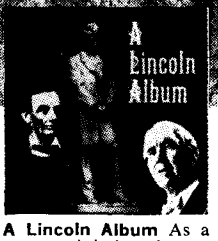

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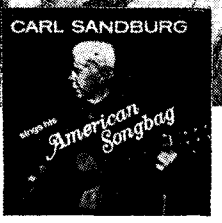

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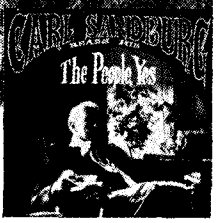

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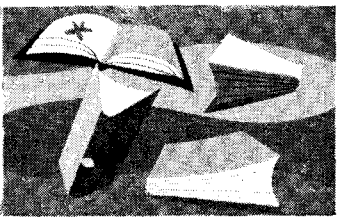
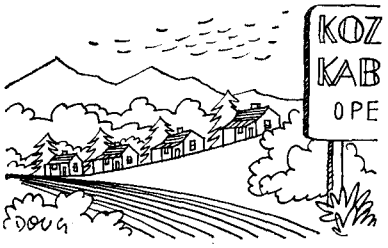
Trade Winds



Once upon a time the simplest thing was to get a motel room for the night. You paid a few bucks in advance to Mom or Pop, got a key to No. 4 in return, drove over to the door, and moved in. The object was a night's lodging, nothing more, and the chance to get up when you wanted to the following morning and get started without any fuss.

Not any more. Like the weapons of war, motels have gone sophisticated. Mom and Pop's little office-living room has been replaced by a fancy lounge with easy chairs and a counter where newspapers and magazines are sold. No kozy little kabin out in the pine glade all to yourself; motels are big, attached dwellings that don't quite allow you to get the old-fashioned feeling of remoteness. They come in chains, called motor lodges and even "inns"—a far cry from the meaning of the word inn.

Rooms have television, wall-to-wall carpeting, phones in the bathroom, air conditioning, two double beds, a coffee-



maker, and a machine which, for two bits, will rock and roll your mattress for ten minutes and put you to sleep (Magic Fingers). These elaborate establishments boast golf courses, private beaches, airports, whirlpool baths, saunas, skating rinks, restaurants, dance floors, beauty parlors . . . and so on. A swimming pool is SOP. A North Carolina place has a bomb shelter, and a Chicago inn, a resident psychiatrist.

The original point of the motel was that the weary traveler could avoid driving into the city and checking into a hotel—a sometimes complicated, expensive, and time-consuming process. But nowadays many motor inns are constructed so you can't park near your room and you have to have a bellboy to carry your luggage. You can't run out to the car in your pajamas to retrieve something you forgot when you unloaded. You feel embarrassed, stepping up to one of those fancy registration desks, all hot and smelly from a long drive, and then being escorted through the lobby while you and your family are an absolute sight to see.

The luxury motels are now more expensive than most hotels, which negates another reason for their creation. Recently I went to the extreme and drove up to a motor lodge a couple of blocks from Times Square. My car was taken away to heaven knows where; one bellboy moved luggage to the lobby and another to the room on the fourteenth floor; it required ten minutes to check in and, the next morning, fifteen minutes in line to check out, in an inhospitable atmosphere that would have shocked Mom or Pop. It all came to more than $25 for two. Next time out I'm gonna find me one of them kozy little kabins.

Everything said in court is taken down by those unsung heroes, the court reporters. Most of them are members of the National Shorthand Reporters Association, and often they compare notes on some of the nutty testimony they hear. The association sent me some excerpts from actual cases, such as the question a lawyer asked of a doctor on the stand: "Now, tell me, doctor, isn't it true that when a person dies in his sleep, in most cases he just passes quietly away and doesn't know anything about it until the next morning?" Or, this exchange:

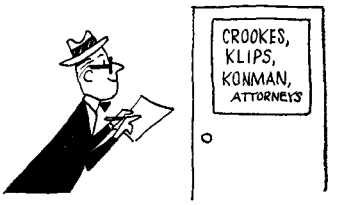
Q: Did you ever stay all night with this man in New York?
A: I refuse to answer that question.
Q: Did you ever stay all night with this man in Chicago?
A: I refuse to answer that question.
Q: Did you ever stay all night with this man in Miami?
A: No.

Here's another witness-stand encounter, in which the names have been changed:

Q: What is your brother-in-law's name?
A: Borofkin.
Q: What's his first name?
A: I can't remember.
Q: He's been your brother-in-law for forty-five years and you can't remember his first name?
A: No, I tell you I'm too excited. (*Rising from the witness chair and pointing to Borofkin.*) Nathan, for God's sake tell them your first name!

The publishing house of Macmillan in England announced that it will give £1,000 for the best first novel submitted to them by a don. J. I. M. Stewart, a fellow of Christ Church College, who turns out innumerable thrillers under the name of Michael Innes, was reported by the *Observer* to have been quite irritated by the idea, saying, "I should have thought there were quite enough dons writing already." Kingsley Amis, an ex-don, said it would be more interesting to have a competition on another level. "Why dons?" he asked. "Why not first novels by probation officers or goalkeepers?"

Sharps and Flats: Author Alan Hynd collects the names of legal firms and recently added to his list a Manhattan at-



torney appropriately y-clept Abel Just. In his hometown of Westport, Connecticut, a local attorney got after Hynd in a matter involving the currency of the realm. He was from the firm of Wake, See, and Dimes.

► Will Yolen and I have written a song which calls attention to how good things used to be. It is titled, "Oh for the Good Old Colony Days, When We Were Under the King!" There are lines like:

"Excise, income, sales tax away!
Send me a tea tax—I'll gladly pay.
Of the world's biggest bargain I sing:
Thirteen colonies under the King.
We blew it, and oh, how we erred,
Overthrowing that wonderful George the Third."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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Oh Lord, who wrought
This schizoid mess,
Did you forget
Togetherness?

Must I now pay
An analyst
To teach them how
To co-exist?

E. Y. Harburg (Rhymes for the Irreverent)

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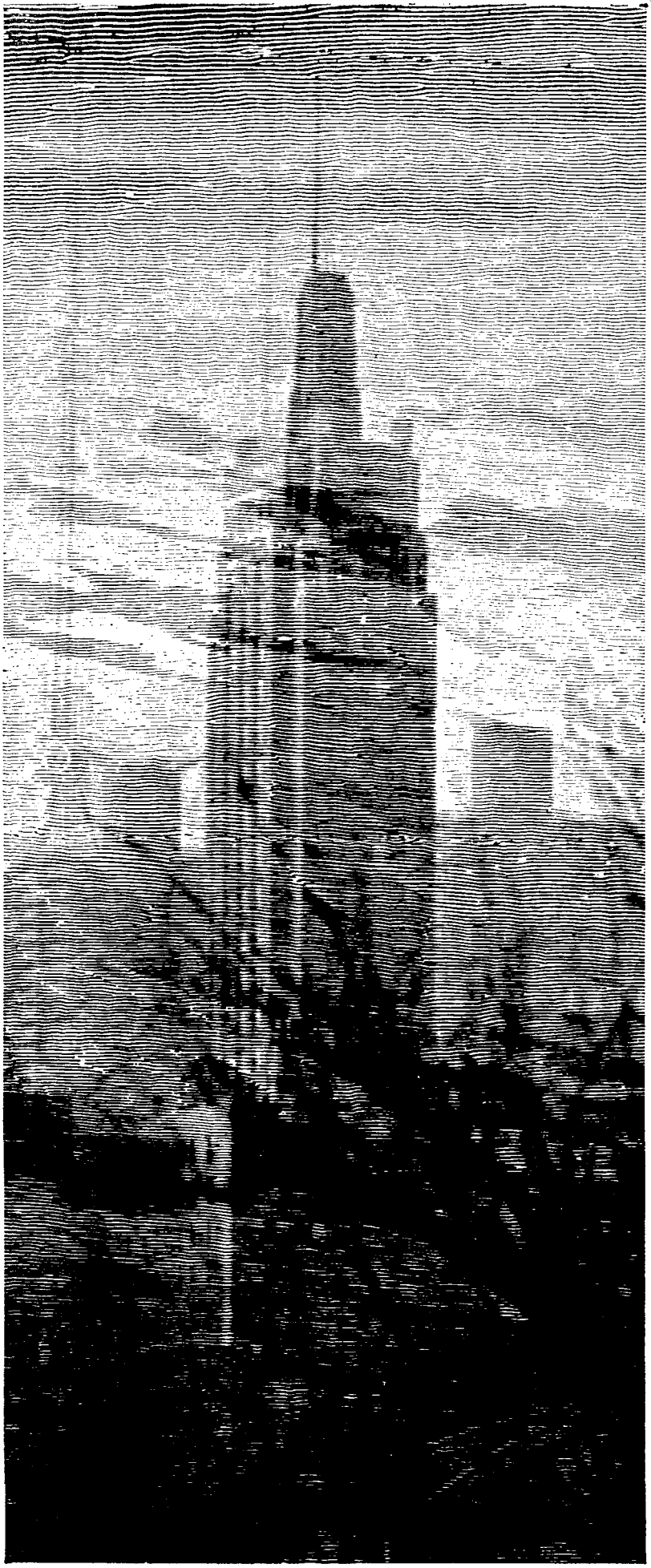

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Saturday Review
August 19, 1967

A Patriotism for All Seasons

What is love of country? More than pacifism or militarism, says an eminent theologian, for it must embrace both summers of domestic strife and winters of war.

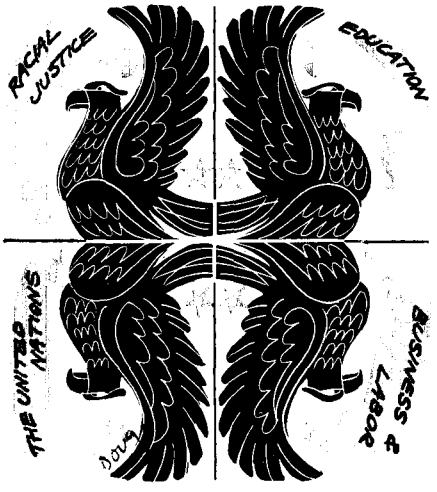
By ROY PEARSON

THE WAR in Vietnam raises significant questions about the substance of patriotism. Commonly defined as "love of country," patriotism is widely held to be among the higher human virtues; but it was no less a man than Samuel Johnson who said that "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." And counting both opinions true, I often discover myself astraddle an extremely uncomfortable fence.

My difficulty usually begins in the common confinement of patriotism to its military expression. In our national calendar the patriotic days are the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington, both wartime leaders; May 30, when we do highest honor to those who died in armed conflict; July 4, inseparably linked with the Revolutionary War; and November 11, the day set apart for the recognition of all veterans of the armed forces. It is the soldier who is the patriot *par excellence*. The patriotism of other citizens is demonstrated by giving the soldier support or applause, and, writing as one whose familiarity with armed combat is limited to battles with mosquitoes and termites, I do glad obeisance to the courage of the warrior.

But a brief tour of duty with the Stateside Army left me in no doubt that patriotism and military service are not always synonymous. Some soldiers are veritable patriots, whose humility, unselfishness, and courage merit all the honor accorded them, and much more. Others, however, are the unwilling captives of laws which gave them no alternative to the armed forces but jail, and, far from loving their country, they hate it for pulling military service out of them as a dentist pulls a tooth. Moreover, I have had enough to do with patriotic celebrations in praise of military veterans to be sure that although many of the participants had no motive but honest love of country, others became involved because there was political, economic, or social advantage to themselves in their involvement.

One need only remember the Nazis of Hitler, the Fascists of Mussolini, and the Communists of Mao Tse-tung to be aware how readily patriotic emotion can be transformed into an unprincipled militarism which destroys the nation it was meant to defend. And, most immediately significant, I confess to a vast impatience with the point of view which interprets patriotism as "supporting our boys in Vietnam" while it becomes increasingly clear that we support



them only as pallbearers to fruitless graves in a war that cannot be won.

The patriotism that manifests itself only in the military is preoccupied with the nation's physical safety: Enemies must not dare attack or, if they do attack, they must be defeated. Given the state of the world, this is far from inconsequential, but it is equally far from adequate. It is like a frontiersman thinking that he had fulfilled his duty to his country when he had driven out the Indians, or like a father assuming that when he has protected his family from hunger and cold he has been a good father. At its worst, militaristic patriotism is a cancerous invasion of a nation's life. Even at its best, it does no more than preserve the nation's freedom to live and to choose.

THERE was a time when I thought that I had found the solution to my problem in the pacifists, and I still find much in them to honor and admire. Some of the noblest patriots I have known have been peacemakers; some of the highest courage I have seen has been that of conscientious objectors; and some of the largest contributions which friends of mine have made to their state and national communities have been made by those who have refused to enter the armed services. Define a pacifist as one who creates the conditions which make enduring peace possible, and you discover that the pacifist is himself a warrior who fights to make the soldier obsolete by removing the need for the soldierly function. To be a pacifist in this sense ranks among the superior vocations, and, given the peculiar awfulness of modern war with its impersonal, missile-

Dr. Pearson is president of Andover Newton Theological School and a contributor to many scholarly and religious journals.

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borne slaughter of innocent millions, I still cannot regard the intelligently dedicated pacifist as other than a patriot of the highest order.

But dissatisfied as I am with the soldier as an adequate symbol of patriotism, I am similarly discontent with the pacifist. If not all soldiers are patriots, neither are all pacifists: If there are heroes among the peacemakers, there are also cowards. Among the pacifists are men and women whose sacrifices exceed those of the battlefield; but among them, too, are people for whom pacifism has simply been the choice which is least expensive in comfort and convenience. Moreover, the belligerence of the soldier is often matched by that of the pacifist, and the result of pacifism is not always the elimination of conflict but only the substitution of one kind of strife for another. Again, the pacifist is frequently an appeaser, and, refusing to carry either his country's burdens or even his own, he abundantly deserves the scorn which history has heaped upon him.

So I cannot flee the drum-thumping, flag-waving chauvinism of our conventional patriotic celebrations and find a satisfying refuge in the opposite camp of the pacifists. There are patriots on both sides of the fence. As a sufficient embodiment of patriotism, however, both the soldier and the pacifist are insufficient, and the reason for their insufficiency is their fascination with the fence that divides them. Both define patriotism in terms of armed combat: The soldier considers himself a patriot because he defends his country by fighting, and the pacifist counts himself a patriot because he defends his country by removing the need for fighting.

But, on the one hand, the goal of war is peace, and the nation that limits patriotism to the borders of battlefields plays false with the purpose for which battles are fought; and, on the other hand, the purpose of peace is the freedom to act constructively, and the patriotism confined to the avoidance of war is equally removed from constructive action. In other words, both the soldier and the pacifist are using different means to achieve the same end—peace; but peace is wrongly conceived as an end and can properly be included only in the category of means. Both the soldier and the pacifist can make significant contributions to the national welfare and hence merit the reputation for patriotism; but the function of each is less to incarnate the nation's destiny than to make it possible for other patriots to give it incarnation.

It is at this point that I run into further corruption in the popular conception of patriotism. The common thought on the matter moves forward in three principal surges: 1) a patriot is a person who loves his country; 2) you covet the best for what you love; 3) therefore, a patriot is one who strives to make his country bigger and stronger, safer and richer, more to be exalted and more to be envied. Yet if the love of country has any meaningful kinship with other human loves, it is sorely maligned by such facile description. My daughter, for instance, is an admirable person and in one sense it is true to say that I love her because she has so many qualities which I admire; but in another and, for me, a more important sense, it is also true to say that because I love my daughter I want her to be admirable.

Or to thrust the idea in a slightly different direction: To say that I love my daughter does not mean that I treat her like a great sack into which I cram all the booty of object and experience which I can trick or beg or buy from her contemporaries until at last she lies swollen and smothered and useless, helpless to help even herself. In other words, my love for my daughter is less concerned with what she has or even with what she is than with what she does with what she is and what she has. Because I love her I want her to be admirable, and to be admirable is not to become a receptacle for treasure but to use treasure wisely, humanly, and responsibly.

Perhaps I oversimplify, but I cannot wholly separate the love of country from these other human loves. And, if the substance of patriotism is loving one's country into responsible stewardship of itself and its possessions, it seems to me that at least four broad fields lie almost untouched by the conventionally patriotic plow.

The first is the United Nations, and it is one of the surest symptoms of our patriotic malaise that a citizen's support of the United Nations is so widely regarded as demonstrating not the love of country but a flaw in that love.

That intelligent men should sometimes be discouraged by that organization's recorded performance or fearful of its capture by irresponsible blocs of nations is neither surprising nor unreasonable. But in the absence of a more promising alternative and in the midst of a world so indisputably threatened by nuclear catastrophe, is he not a patriot who wants to spare his native land the destruction that awaits only the press of a button? Is there no love of country in the dream that when the history of the times is written, it will be said with truth that one's own nation led the way to lasting peace?

If an assembly like the United Nations were not indispensable, it would be inexcusable, and if its exasperations were peculiar to its own distinctive structure, they would be intolerable; but somewhere and sometime the nations of the world will talk together or they will

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die together, and the differences that exasperate are inherent not in the United Nations but simply in the nations. For these reasons, among others, the security of any nation is impossible in isolation, and loyalty to one's own land is never shown better than through insistence on international association.

Second, why have we saved no place in our national celebrations for the patriotism of the wise corporation executive and the mature labor leader? This is not a call for undiscriminating adulation: Men of business and industry are no more impervious to corruption than soldiers and conscientious objectors, and the patriotism which cannot be equated either with war or with peace is certainly not a synonym for the gross national product. But patriotism and the national economy are not irrelevant.

The work of an executive can be—and often is—so conceived that it serves both the corporation and the country, and the devotion of a labor leader for his union can be—and often is—so motivated and expressed that it manifests his love for his nation. Patriotism is not exhausted by the furtherance of a nation's material well-being, but neither is it complete without the awareness that the nation which does not live by bread alone cannot live without bread. No one who loves his country can stand by unconcerned while chaos saps its strength, leaves it prey to rot or revolution, and abandons it to the greed of its competing economic forces. When we wave the Stars and Stripes in praise of men who have fought in the nation's defense, why do we exclude its defenders in the business office and the union hall?

THE third neglected area is education. There are good teachers and bad teachers; there is good education and bad education. Teachers may or may not be patriots, and the results of their work may strengthen or weaken a nation.

But we do not judge medicine by its quacks or law by its ambulance-chasers. "To me," wrote the late Dr. Claude M. Fuess of Phillips Andover Academy, "education is the process of so broadening and intensifying a person's latent, intellectual, artistic, and moral power as to enable him to develop his capacity for enjoyment, to increase his efficiency and his capacity for service, and to enlarge his esthetic and spiritual resources." To the nurture of such individuals the good teacher commits his life—often misunderstood by the people of his community, frequently receiving inadequate compensation for his labor, and living out many a year with no assurance that his efforts have borne their coveted fruits in his students. No nation stands strong until it stands in such strength of its citizens. Does the quiet valor of the classroom merit no attention when the bands salute the patriotic heroes?

And fourth, consider racial justice. Unrest among the colored peoples is an inescapable fact of our times, and, of all that will threaten the peace and stability of the United States of America in the remainder of the twentieth century, the demand of the Negro for equality and even preferment is one of the forces most heavy with both danger and hope. Revolt and insurrection are already among us, and the end has not been reached; the predicament which evokes dependable leadership also provides an opening for unscrupulous exploitation, and the evils that begot righteous rebellion have not ceased their grim begetting.

To such a situation, patriotism is surely not impertinent. I could not say I loved my wife and be complacent while she faced dismemberment, and no more could I say I loved my country. There is ample room for disagreement about timing, strategy, and method, but about the impossibility of separating enlightened patriotism from responsible involvement in the racial crisis there can be no doubt. And when we call to mind the men who bear the nation's burdens, have we no cause to remember the people of widely different backgrounds and convictions who have understood the danger which the turmoil of the races has meant for their country and who have marshaled both their patience and their talent to seek an answer to the problem?

It is the essence of heresy that a part of the truth is confused with the whole. In this sense of the word, too many of us are heretical patriots, and I wish that our patriotic days had wider horizons. I wish that we could save a place on the flag-draped platforms for the wise and faithful mother. I wish that we had a medal or two for the humble and competent rabbi or priest or minister. I wish that we really understood the contribution made to the nation by the skilled and honest carpenter or machinist. Someday perhaps we may.

"Here's a little trick I picked up from Julia Child."

Promised Land

By Thomas John Carlisle

THERE is an old saw that profession
is nine points of the law. The tenth
may have some bearing. What promises
get swept under Oriental rugs
and North American pine needles.
We all end up by subdividing
our acres with heretics
as well as other more or less
legitimate heirs. We share
but not alike.

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WHO WAS HENRY THOREAU?

His reputation is great but his influence small. Why?

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

HENRY THOREAU received no medals in his day and would have insisted that he wanted none. Even his diploma from Harvard he dismissed by exclaiming, "Let every sheep keep its own skin, say I." But this pretended indifference to recognition is the only one of his attitudes in which I suspect some insincerity. He was a writer, and all writers, no matter what some of them may say, want to be read and admired.

In discussing Thoreau, one must begin with a paradox. His reputation has grown steadily since his death and is now higher than it ever was before. Today he is probably more read than Emerson. At last he has been put into the Hall of Fame, both literally and figuratively. By nearly universal consent he has a high place in the accepted canon of American literature.

But despite all this, his actual influence upon society as a whole is very nearly nil. In fact, society has moved so steadily away from everything he approved of and in the direction of everything he disliked or feared that he would certainly find the United States of 1967 far less to his taste than he did that of his brief stay in what he called "this restless, nervous, bustling nineteenth century" and in which, so he said, he refused to live but would, instead, stand or sit thoughtfully while it passed by.

The lesson he had taught himself and hoped he might teach others is summed up in one word: "Simplify." Obviously, this same word will sum up better than can any other what the world of his day was not doing and what it has continued increasingly not to do ever since. So strikingly is this true that when we compare our world with his it seems to us that he actually lived in the simple one he longed for. He thought New York big enough but said that they intended to make it bigger. What would he think of New York today? He disapproved of railways; what would he think of jet planes? He regretted the time when the world of nature was still virgin; what would he think of the proliferation of bulldozers, superhighways, and billboards? On visiting a city, he thought "the presence of so many people must make human life seem very cheap." What would he think of our population explosion?

If we simply welcomed all of these developments; if we did not have at least some doubts about the desirability of exploding population; if at least many were not increasingly dubious about the advantages of going any faster or becoming any more complicated, then we would say merely that Thoreau was wrong; that, as many of his contemporaries certainly felt, he was what Robert Louis Stevenson called "a skulker," or, as we would now say, "an enemy of progress." But partly because the things he disliked and warned against are so much more evident now than they were in his day, there are many more people now than before who recognize them as, at the least, dubiously desirable, increasingly a threat, and, at the very best, heavy prices to pay for the advantages of progress. It is more rather than less true now than then that "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation."

IF Thoreau opposed the war with Mexico, what would he think of the war in Vietnam? And as for what the United States now seems to regard as the one accomplishment most worth achieving, what it accepts as today's equivalent for the Crusades or the search for the Holy Grail—I mean, of course, getting to the moon before the Russians—would he not say what he said, as he lay dying, to a Job's comforter who asked about his hope for immortality: "One world at a time."

Let us consider for a moment a crucial passage which must have seemed to most of his contemporaries pure stubborn perversity. Of railroads he said:

> Men have an indistinct notion that if they keep up this activity of joint stocks and spades long enough all will at least ride somewhere, in next to no time, and for nothing. But though a crowd rushes to the depot, and the conductor shouts "All Aboard," when the smoke is blown away and the vapor condensed, it will be perceived that a few are riding, but the rest are run over—and it will be called, and will be, a melancholy accident.

If I were talking about *Walden* merely as *belles lettres*, I should call attention to the picturesque vigor of this writing, to the extent to which a description of a concrete scene is also an allegory, and to the way in which the passage explodes into ridicule in the humorous conclusion that the expectant riders are run over. But I am not talking about Thoreau as a *belle-lettrist*. I am talking about the fact that he has been increasingly admired without exercising an increasing influence even though there are more people today than in his own time who see some truth in his mocking, yet deadly serious criticism of the assumption that we will all soon be riding somewhere and for next to nothing. Such is, nevertheless, exactly the promise of the technological Utopia we are still pursuing, though we have lost something of the faith which most of Thoreau's contemporaries still had in what they were beginning to call "progress" and in which we did not begin to lose absolute faith until after the First World War.

Not many of Thoreau's contemporaries really believed that there was

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Thoreau, as sketched by D. Ricketson.

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much danger that the railroads would be found to have run over most of the would-be passengers either literally or symbolically. A considerably larger proportion of today's citizens are not at all sure that when the radioactive clouds have been blown away none may be riding at all, and all will be disintegrated rather than run over.

What I am saying is simply that, in Thoreau's day, few thought of technology except in terms of its possible utility. We, too, have not really stopped thinking of that. But we began, some years ago, to realize that there is a problem of controlling the machine or, in Thoreau's words, taking care not to be run over.

Consider, for example, this public service advertisement paid for some time ago by North American Aviation:

> Supersonic supremacy is the absolute condition of America's future security. It is a day-to-day thing. It must grow with major advances.

Consider the implication of that possibly true statement. It does not promise that a desperate day-to-day struggle for an ever advancing atomic technology will confer upon us any new advantages; only that if we do not continually advance in power, we will be worse off than we were before. This kind of progress is like the situation in *Alice* where you have to run as fast as you can just to stay where you are. Instead of new gains, a supreme effort is necessary to prevent immeasurable losses. What it says is not that we have a Pisgah sight of Utopia, but that we stand on the edge of destruction.

I do not know who first said "invention is the mother of necessity," but that statement contains more truth than its familiar opposite. The Industrial Revolution, for example, did not arise out of a necessity. After it had taken place it made possible an enormous increase in population, and once the population had increased, industrialism became a necessity created by inventions. Neither the telephone, the automobile, nor the airplane were necessities until their invention generated a social and industrial system which could no longer exist without them.

Perhaps these non-necessary devices are advantageous as well as necessary. Most people still think so. The invention of the atom bomb was the first invention which caused a considerable number of thoughtful people to wonder if the necessity which its invention had created—and I mean the necessity which North American Aviation was calling to our attention—is not too high a price to pay for any benefits we may gain. The side effects are, so to speak, not outweighed by any likely benefits.

This is tremendously significant because it means that, for the first time, we are considering the possibility that before anything is invented we ought to ask ourselves: What necessities will this invention be the mother of?

Tolstoy, Gandhi, and various members of the British Labor party have acknowledged a great debt to Thoreau. So, I suppose, would other passive resisters of the state—including especially pacifists and defiers of the military draft. But, with the exception of Gandhi and Tolstoy, the political leaders whom I mentioned took a section of his teaching while disregarding his fundamental set of values. Hence, they envisioned a society of which he would have disapproved even more thoroughly than he disapproved of the society of his own day. They accepted his pro-Marxian (really Carlylian) advocacy of production for use rather than for profit and along with it his willingness to defy the existing state. But they disregarded not only the whole of his insistence upon intimacy with nature as a *sine qua non* of the "good life" but also the whole doctrine of simplicity, of the need to diminish rather than increase needs.

Their aim was a managed technological society, which Thoreau himself explicitly repudiated early in his career. Or, to put it simply, they said we need a hair of the dog that bit us—more machines, more material goods, more benevolent intervention of the state in the lives of its citizens. And all this is definitely not in accord with the lesson of *Walden*. It is diametrically anti-Thoreauvian.

This fact brings us back to the question of why Thoreau has exercised so little influence despite the fact that he has been not only widely read and praised but also understood better than his contemporaries understood him. The reason is in part that most of us are, like his left-wing political admirers, unwilling to give up abundance, to accept simplicity and the kind of plain living and high thinking he advocated. We, too, tend to assume that complexity is not an evil even though we have so far not learned how to manage it. There is also, of course, the fact that even if we agreed that a simple, less abundant society would be better, we don't see how we could get it. Inventions have created necessities. Many of the things we have acquired since Thoreau's day are, as he once said of possessions, "more easily acquired than got rid of." It is not merely that there are not enough Walden Ponds to retire to; it is also that even less drastic simplifications are equally impossible, at least rapidly or all at once.

Nevertheless, we are beginning to wonder, as no one did until very recently, if certain steps will not have to be taken even though they hardly seem possible. Will we have to limit population growth, limit also the number of automobiles, and in various other ways recognize the fact that we have reached the bearable bounds of what, until yesterday, we regarded as progress?

CAN we then ask what, given the situation, is the usable lesson of Thoreau—if there is any?

One answer would be, of course, that anyone willing to accept the right of the individual to seek his own salvation in

(*Continued on page* 46)

"Jack Nicklaus clubs, Arnie Palmer slacks, Sammy Snead hat, Ben Hogan shoes, Gary Player sweater—and an old geezer wearing a sweat shirt took me four and three!"

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The Prospect Beyond the Poisons

THE U.S. Department of State has properly denounced the use of poison gas by Egypt against villagers in Yemen. The protest is an accurate reflection of world-wide revulsion against Egypt's action, which was characterized as barbarous and contrary to clear-cut international agreements. The State Department's condemnation refutes the notion that it makes little difference how a man is killed or made to suffer in war. It is precisely because of the fiendishly obliterative nature of war that nations must recognize an absolute obligation to stay within defined limits.

The State Department deserves to be congratulated for having made an essential distinction in weaponry. It has recognized that moral outrage is a vital fact of life—as real as military hardware and occasionally even more explosive. Is it not in order, then, to call attention to the moral outrage felt throughout the world over the acknowledged use by the United States of napalm against Vietnamese?

American surgeons in Vietnam tell of the indescribable horror and pain caused by flesh that has been napalmed. They tell, too, of the difficulty of using rehabilitative and plastic surgery techniques on napalm victims. Napalm has been defended on the grounds that it is no more sordid than warfare itself. This is the same argument used to justify poison gas. But a nation capable of making an essential distinction between hot lead and poison gas should be capable of comprehending the implications of napalm. What is important here is the need to hold the line against ghoulish ingenuity in warfare, and to develop the power of enlarging this capacity for restraint.

The use of flame throwers to flush people out of tunnels raises a similar moral issue. These tunnels have been termed complex underground military fortifications, a characterization that provides a basis for applying severe penetrating measures. Actually, most of the tunnels are protective shelters built more than a generation ago in the struggle against the Japanese invaders. They have been in virtually uninterrupted use since; the Vietnamese have known almost nothing but war for thirty years. There can be no question that Vietcong take refuge in the tunnels along with the civilians. But in the attempt to burn the Vietcong out of the tunnels, we have often burned out far many more civilians, some very young and some very old. The justification is the same as the one used for air raids on cities or villages; namely, it builds up civilian pressure against the government. This argument doesn't hold in this case because the government happens to be in South Vietnam, which the United States is defending.

The basic moral contradiction, of course, that flows out of the American condemnation of the Egyptian use of poison gas has to do with large-scale development and manufacture by the United States itself of ever more deadly forms of poison gases, nerve gases, and disease germs. It is difficult to see why the same argument given by our government against the use of such weapons by Egypt should not also apply to their manufacture and stockpiling here. To make a weapon does not automatically commit us to its use, but the underlying moral issue is nonetheless real.

More than fifty American universities are now under contract to the U.S. Government in connection with the program for developing chemical and biological weapons. The catalogue of capabilities for deforming, disfiguring, and cheapening human life is now almost beyond calculation or comprehension. Now being warehoused are poisons so powerful that a tiny droplet the size of a pencil point on the human skin can produce instant heart arrest. The United States is in the business of creating incurable diseases on a mind-shattering scale.

It will be said that the United States entered into this business only because other nations either were already doing so or would in all likelihood do so. Such a view underestimates the malevolent itch that seizes the human brain when it conceives of something more deadly than has been created before. At such a point, irresistible forces are set in motion. Every possible justification is advanced, the most common one being that if we can conceive and produce such killers, others can do the same.

Obviously, others *can* do the same. Indeed, military scientists and planners in other countries point to us to justify their programs as much as we point to them to justify ours. Each feeds on the other. All are caught up in the most deadly of spirals, propelled by a combination of inventive energy and the sanctifying power of supposed national interest. And the spiral continues—beyond any point of military necessity or reason—until life on earth becomes even more farcical than it is tentative.

THE spiral can be broken or reversed only by the unashamed use of the moral imagination. The United States is worried about the spread of Communist power and influence in the world. That influence is minuscule alongside the kind of power the United States could put to work in the world. If we want to test such power, we have only to demonstrate we are strong enough to admit it if we are wrong, rather than continuing in a futile policy out of the mistaken idea that national honor is involved in any confession of error. Let us test the power that comes from a policy conceived in behalf of, and committed to, the human interest in the world, a policy based on restraint rather than assertion, a policy that seeks an answer to war throughout the fullest development of the authority of the United Nations.

Americans owe it to themselves to put this kind of power to the test. It is not necessary for them to grope or flounder in locating this kind of power. It is in their history and is clearly within their present means. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Viva Dolci

I WANT TO THANK *SR* and Danilo Dolci for his article "Tools for a New World" [*SR*, July 29]. Not only is it an outline for bringing to life an era of light and understanding, but it is written with almost spiritual beauty.

If we study Mr. Dolci's words, we as a people will learn to sublimate our partisan guides and concepts leading to conflict, violence, and insanity for a way of life that is the expression of ministering love and mercy, and to serve all men with our inherent talents.

SIDNEY GORDON BUDNICK,
Architect.

Sacramento, Calif.

THIS ARTICLE should be sent to every home in America. It should be sent to every high school and college. Indeed, it should be studied by every junior high pupil, for in this country even the very young are infected with this virus of violence. Danilo Dolci is a *man*.

(MRS.) MARY SCHWARTZ.

Golden, Ill.

Project for the U.N.?

CLARK M. EICHELBERGER, in the editorial "The U.N. Summit" [*SR*, July 1], mentions some thrilling collaboration possibilities: a counterpart of the TVA on the Jordan, internationalization of waterways, etc.

As a technically advanced enclave in the Middle East, Israel could work toward improving the living conditions of all the people who have been displaced by its creation and expansion. The U.N. might well specify in all areas of the world technically advanced enclaves whose assignments should be to help to improve conditions of less fortunate neighbors.

Student exchange programs have worked well. Why not an invitational program whereby refugees or famine victims could stay for certain lengths of time with families in technically advanced regions?

(MRS.) MILDRED CLAPP.

Meeker, Colo.

Too Hot in Rome?

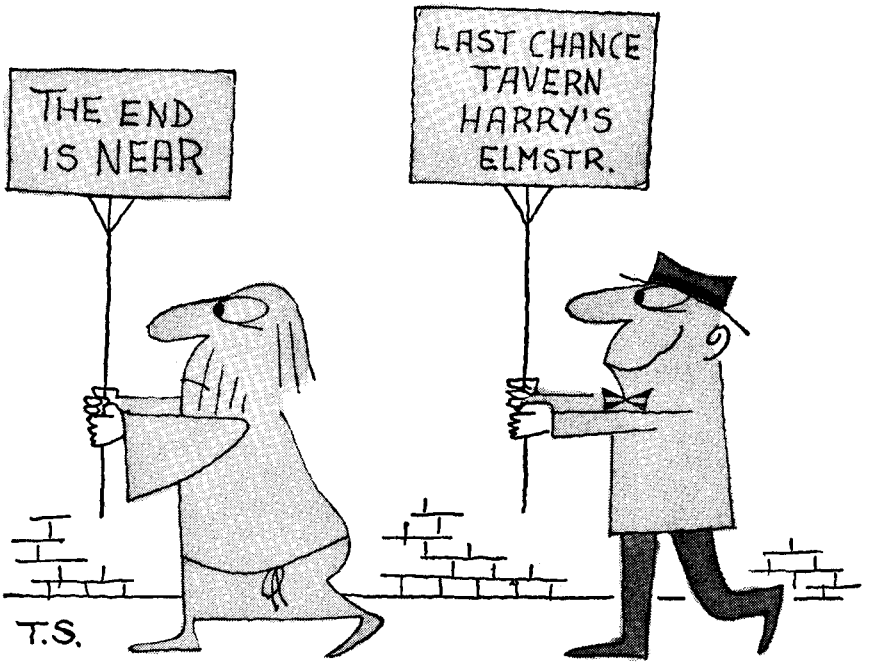
THE POEM by Yevgeny Yevtushenko, "Heat in Rome," translated by George Reavey [*SR*, July 22], opens with the lines: "Monks,/strip off all your cassocks,/plunge into the fountains of Rome!/And as for you,/Signor Prime Minister,/jump quick into the river Po,/and down you go!"

Could the heat in Rome possibly have gone to the poet's head, causing him to ask, in effect, that the Prime Minister don not only his bathing trunks but his Superman suit as well? When last seen, the Po was several hundred miles from Rome.

ROBERT FODASKI,
Department of English,
Brooklyn College.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Reavey replies, "The point that Mr. Fodaski raises puzzled me when translating Yevtushenko's poem. It would obviously have been easier for the 'Signor Prime Minister' to have jumped into the Tiber. But the 'Po' is there in the original Russian text. Yevtushenko's slip, if it is such, reminds me of Mayakovsky's when, in his famous poem 'Brooklyn Bridge,' he wrote 'From this spot,/ jobless men/ leapt/ headlong into the Hudson.'"*



Firearms Controls

ALFRED BALK, in the editorial, "The Firearms Theater of the Absurd" [*SR*, July 22], has cited some impressive data. However, I doubt that tight firearms control will have any appreciable effect upon the criminal element. The Prohibition era should have taught us that it is impossible to remove an undesirable factor by making its sale and use illegal.

The U.S. crime problem is complex. It is interwoven with such components as changing moral values, poverty, mental illness, drug addiction, family breakdowns, gambling, and big-city slums. Any solution to the crime problem must consider the overall situation. A disease is not cured by treating just one of its symptoms. Sportsmen are not blindly opposed to all firearms control laws. They do object to legislation that will restrict the enjoyment of their sport, but will miss in accomplishing its intent.

GEORGE R. JONELUNAS.

Greenfield, Mass.

THE EDITORIAL by Alfred Balk is the most trenchant and telling exposé of the gun racket that I have yet read. It prompts me to quote a comment by Thucydides, the Athenian historian, in his history of the Peloponnesian War some twenty-four centuries ago:

> The land too was infested with robbers; and there are parts of Hellas in which the old practices still continue. . . . The fashion of wearing arms among these continental tribes is a relic of their old predatory habits. . . . The Athenians were the first who laid aside arms and adopted an easier and more luxurious way of life.

We boast of our civilization, but can it be said that we have adopted the civilized custom of the Athenians and laid aside private arms? In the historical view we are still barbarians.

JOHN A. DRON, SR.,
Major General (Ret.).

Ojai, Calif.

THANK YOU for Alfred Balk's editorial. Would you be good enough to provide the address of the National Council for a Responsible Firearms Policy?

NANCY L. SNIDER.

Berkeley, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Council's address is 100 Maryland Avenue NE, Washington, D.C. 10002. J. Elliott Corbett is its director.*

Beatty's Rag Timeband

IT WAS with much amusement—and amazement—that I read of the contribution to history furnished by Jerome Beatty, Jr., on the origin of Alexander's Rag Timeband [TRADE WINDS, July 22].

Earlier, I had heard a finance company commercial pull the same gag, and I immediately credited the deucedly clever remark to some Madison Avenue advertising man. Little did I know that the *real* credit should have gone to your Madison Avenue wit!

DALE D. TOOL.

San Diego, Calif.

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Rare Spirits

STRATFORD, ONT.

WHEN Michael Langham, who has staged more successful productions on the world's best open stage here at the Stratford Shakespearean Festival of Canada, decides to have a final fling before leaving to assume the leadership of a new theater in La Jolla, California, one expects audacity. And when the play is *Antony and Cleopatra* and when the leading actors are Christopher Plummer and Zoe Caldwell, one tightens one's seat belt, for truly anything can happen.

This production begins by thumbing its nose at all the majestic and usually boring presentations of a smitten general and a deeply-in-love empress. Instead, we meet the famous lovers in the full foolery of their revels. It is thus immediately obvious that this is a sophisticated affair pursued as a merry release from the world's sobriety. Mr. Plummer's Antony is an all-appreciative audience for Miss Caldwell's skylarking Cleopatra as she launches into a hilarious imitation of Caesar's imperiousness. But it is not long before we also sense that Antony's overflowing doting is neither folly nor misplaced affection, but rather the necessary expression of a large spirit in a world too petty-minded for such grandeur.

Similarly with Cleopatra. Dressed in low-cut costumes designed by Tanya Moiseiwitsch to show us not a beautiful queen but an aging nymphomaniac who grotesquely tries to compensate by overdisplaying her past-ripe breasts, Miss Caldwell daringly paints Cleopatra's lusty vulgarity. She doesn't seem "in love" with Antony. Rather he is her bedmate in a game they both make work by playing it to the hilt. Thus there is something touching in Antony's absurd proposal that tonight they will "wander through the streets and note the qualities of the people." For underneath all the play-acting these two do for each other's benefit lies the sad realization that it is past the time when youthful pleasures can be genuinely enjoyed.

While Cleopatra appears to have nothing but this love game to occupy her and therefore suffers moods of surliness, ill temper, and sexual frustration—Miss Caldwell writhes with lascivious thoughts of physical lovemaking—Antony has the additional pleasures of fighting and soldierly camaraderie to give him satisfaction. In Plummer's portrayal, the emphasis is on good fellowship, and we feel that the politics of world leadership and the acquisition of power interest him hardly at all. Indeed, he is never happier than when he is having a drunken night out with his officers, and the most thrilling moment of this production comes when he joins his officer, Enobarbus, in a half-Greek, half-Egyptian belly dance.

Likewise, after his arranged marriage with Octavius Caesar's sister, his temptation to return to Egypt is less due to his love of Cleopatra than the impotence of his spirit in the cold political atmosphere of Rome. Although Plummer makes it quite clear that at the moment he begins his new marriage he sincerely hopes to make a go of it, we see his resolve immediately toppled by the soothsayer's argument that Antony's spirit can only express itself away from Caesar. This seems to be the key to Plummer's characterization. True magnanimity cannot be bounded by considerations of what is practical, and therefore can lead to self-destruction. And the first half of the play comes to an end with the cold and calculating Caesar ominously exercising his seriousness of purpose by setting out to defeat an Antony whose greatness is his vulnerability.

Now comes the naval battle of Actium. Again Plummer makes the reckless decision to fight by sea appear a natural outcome of his generosity. The practical course is to fight by land, but Cleopatra wants him to fight by sea, so the adventurous gesture is to disregard logic. "By sea?" he asks her, and when she nods, orders his credulous men, "By sea." This interpretation, however, makes it difficult for us to believe that it was his attachment to Cleopatra that caused him to lose the battle by following her fearful sails as she fled from the action. Thus, while Shakespeare's text is explaining Antony's downfall as the result of an excessive love, it here appears to happen out of excessive gallantry.

Fortunately, once we are past this point, the line of this production becomes clear again. First Antony is roused to a superb anger by Cleopatra's friendly reception of Caesar's messenger, sent to persuade her to split with Antony. Plummer's "Aaah, you kite!" purges him of the weakness he has too long adopted in his relationship with Cleopatra. But his anger, unlike Caesar's, is not channeled into opportunism. Nor does he blame Cleopatra for her cowardice. He trusts her again, only to be again betrayed. But such is the generosity of his mind that he forgives her for what he knows she cannot help. And in his realistically played death scene, he most movingly is concerned with the welfare of the woman responsible for his death. From this splendid example, Cleopatra draws the strength to kill herself, and Miss Caldwell resists the temptation to let it happen too quickly. Only at the final moment does she reach the sublime regality she has all her life evaded.

Abetting this unorthodox conception of the play is William Hutt's comic portrayal of Enobarbus, who throws away the usual lyrical recital of Cleopatra's charms in favor of a hard-bitten assessment of how a woman who doesn't fool him was able to fool Antony. The rest of the cast seem at a disadvantage in this production. For one thing, Mr. Langham has rushed the action by starting a new scene on one portion of the stage almost before the preceding scene finishes on another. It is therefore often hard to absorb all the geography and politics, and one suspects that this production is at some distance from the play visualized by Shakespeare. Yet it is a fascinating attempt by two remarkable actors to truly explore the inner natures of history's most famous couple.

—HENRY HEWES.

—Photos by Douglas Spillane.

Zoe Caldwell (above) and Christopher Plummer in *Antony and Cleopatra*—"two remarkable actors."

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Nine Bright Beginnings

IN SPITE of all the complaints we hear, first novels do get published. I have on my shelves twenty that have appeared in the past few months. Of these I have read nine, all with some interest, three or four with real satisfaction, and one with excitement. I shall save the best—Robert Stone's *A Hall of Mirrors* (Houghton Mifflin, $5.95)—for the last.

Very often first novels are published in what can only be called a clandestine fashion. It was therefore a matter of some importance that this spring McGraw-Hill not only brought out seven first novels—a large number for one firm in one season—but actually advertised them. I don't know whether the books have sold well or not; but the authors got a better break than most first novelists do—they have at least seen their pictures in the papers.

Three of the seven are among the novels I shall consider. Chester Aaron's *About Us* (McGraw-Hill, $5.50) describes the life of a family of Jews in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh in the Thirties and Forties. Benjamin Kahn, the youngest member, begins the narrative when he is eight and proceeds episodically until he is eighteen.

At first Ben emphasizes the almost idyllic quality of the Kahn family life when he was young, and later he quotes a letter from his oldest brother, who says flatly that in the early days "our house was a virtual Eden." But Chester Aaron is not following in Sam Levenson's footsteps. By 1932, when Ben's story begins, Poppa's once prosperous store is in trouble because he has given credit to the unemployed miners. Other woes follow quickly, and the parents attribute all their misfortunes to anti-Semitism, sometimes unreasonably, sometimes not. Ben himself encounters prejudice in some of its most disgusting forms while he is still a child.

The novel moves jerkily, and not all the characters take shape; but as an account of the disintegration of a family, it becomes more and more moving. And, although one knows it is not altogether fair, one cannot be unmoved by the mother's deathbed outburst: "In Germany . . . Poland . . . Russia . . . we knew. It was out . . . not hid . . . everyone knew it, could see it. Curse the Jew . . . beat the Jew . . . steal from the Jew . . . kill the Jew. But here . . . you don't see it you think it ain't here. It's here. Believe me, you'll learn."

Chester Aaron writes about Jews without money, Anne Richardson in *Digging Out* (McGraw-Hill, $4.50) about Jews with money. The story is told in alternating chapters: first, Laura Smith's description of what she does, says, and thinks while waiting for her mother to die of cancer; then a third-person account of her mother's family, the Tumarkins, who have prospered. Although Miss Richardson is more sophisticated in both form and style than Aaron, her book impresses me less than his. The novel does give a sense of the emptiness of life for persons who have lost a set of values without finding anything to take its place, but it remains close to the surface.

WE meet another kind of Jew in William Herrick's *The Itinerant* (McGraw-Hill, $4.95). The parents of Zeke Gurevich are nonreligious radicals, and he is brought up on the angry debates of Leftwingers of every sort. In his early teens he is equally obsessed with sex and politics. He works on a cooperative farm in the Middle West, tries to organize Negro sharecroppers in the South, fights on the Loyalist side in Spain, and survives five years of service in the Second World War. Through all this, and through countless sexual adventures, he is in love with Rachel Farrell. She marries other men, he other women; but the tie persists.

It is a strange novel, full of energy, written in a rough-and-ready style, wandering as restlessly as the itinerant himself. A late starter—he was born in 1915—Herrick has written a first novel that is full of flaws but does bring to life the Thirties and Forties. Incidentally, it is a reminder that the emphasis on the Jewishness of Jews found in many Jewish writers today is to a great extent a post-Hitler phenomenon; earlier writers were likely to be concerned, as Herrick is, with Jews as social radicals.

The father and son in Gerald Zeigerman's *A Rightful Inheritance* (Atheneum, $4.95) are Jewish, but that fact is of only incidental importance. This is a story of the conflict between generations, set forth in the words of the father, although the author is considerably nearer the age of the son. As the story begins, Dr. Ash and his wife are visiting an experimental college in Vermont at which their son, Sigmund, is enrolled. The first thing they see on campus is a girl in a bikini tied to a tree. Since the day is cold they hurry to help her, but she tells them that she has herself tied in this way for two hours every day because she wants "to weather with the tree" and "to be wed to Nature." Other educational eccentricities are soon manifested, and the parents decide that this is no place for Sigmund. Before long he agrees with them.

The farcical opening leads the reader to suppose that the novel is a comic extravaganza, but it soon settles down and becomes mostly serious. Sigmund, an

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only child, has had a long series of fads and fancies—drama school, art school, dancing school, book clubs, psychiatry, etc.—and his father, a prosperous obstetrician, has gratified each for the brief period it lasted. When, having left the college in Vermont, Sigmund enters a university in his native city (apparently Philadelphia), he demands an apartment of his own. Then he wants to give up his classes in order to write. Then he wants to live in Europe.

In each instance Dr. Ash gives in, though only after putting up a fight; and if the struggles seem funny at first, we soon realize that they are symptoms of a serious problem. Sigmund is infuriatingly irresponsible and immature; yet it is also true that his father is a limited person with little understanding of others. His exasperation with his son is aggravated by the fact that he, as an immigrant, worked his way through college and medical school. He is cheered to find that some of his colleagues and friends are facing the same problem, but it does not help him to discover a solution, nor does Zeigerman suggest that a solution is possible. Young as he is—twenty-seven—he tries to do justice to both generations.

Unlike the novels we have been considering, Hilary Masters's *The Common Pasture* (Macmillan, $4.95) is compact and dramatic, almost a thriller. The action takes place in less than twenty-four hours, the night before and the morning of a civic celebration in Hinton City. Involved are a banker; his more or less disreputable political associates; a romantic cowboy from Paramus, New Jersey, and his usually frantic manager; a high-class whore who once lived in Hinton City and is out for revenge, and the demented man she proposes to use as her instrument. There is also a group of Negroes who are demonstrating because the community improvement being celebrated has made their situation worse.

The author is the son of Edgar Lee Masters, whose *Spoon River Anthology* caused a stir more than fifty years ago and initiated what Carl Van Doren called "the revolt against the village." *The Common Pasture* is not a literary landmark, but it holds the reader. Hilary Masters, incidentally, takes as dark a view of human nature as his father: the only honest person in the book is the fake cowboy, who is not very bright.

I might not have read Robert Somerlott's *The Flamingos* (Little, Brown, $6.95) if someone had not sent me Lon Tinkle's enthusiastic review in the *Dallas Morning News*. "Read *The Flamingos*," he concluded, "and watch the career of Robert Somerlott." I read it, and I'm glad I did. If it's not quite so good as Tinkle says, it's a lot better than anyone would guess from Martin Levin's brief

note in *The New York Times Book Review*.

Somerlott has used the *Grand Hotel* pattern, assembling his characters in a Mexican coastal town called San Antonio Tlaxtalapan. Although a few natives figure in the action, most of the characters come from the United States. It's a strange bunch: two old-maid school teachers, one hating Mexico and the other loving it; a self-indulgent woman of wealth and her two children; a disillusioned young would-be writer who has lost a hand in combat; an ex-football player who is on the lam and on the make; an aging homosexual; a self-centered professor and his unhappy wife. The most important natives are the Excelentisima María Carlota, who presides in her high-handed and greedy fashion over the social life of the town, and the local doctor, who was once a revolutionary.

I am impressed by the skill with which Somerlott handles his large cast of characters and the many kinds of action that make up the book. Although the novel covers three months, we are concerned with only three days: Christmas Day, the day of the concert at the Beer Garden, and the day of María Carlota's rain dance, which ends in the night of the hurricane. Each scene is carefully focused and makes its contribution to the total effect.

My chief criticism is that Somerlott was too anxious to make everything come out right. A hurricane is an asset to any novel, but Somerlott requires his to work wonders. His general thesis is that there is more good in most people than usually meets the eye, which is likely enough true, but the blossoming of so much goodness during the hurricane is hard to take. The writing is always competent and often witty.

Two short novels are interesting for particular reasons. John Yount's *Wolf at the Door* (Random House, $4.95) is an attempt to portray the existential crisis in a pure form. Its hero, Tom Rapidan, aged twenty-two, has decided that the only important question for him at this moment is whether he should or should not commit suicide. His marriage has proved a mistake, and the idea of an academic career bores him. Having elected suicide, he tries to pass his last days in, as Housman put it, "liquor, love, or fights."

Tom is by no means an attractive character; both Maggie, his wife, and Dixie, his girl, are more sympathetic. We never find out why Tom has concluded that life is not worth living, and the ending is intentionally enigmatic. But Yount has managed to convey a sense of Tom's final desperation, and to do that is something.

In *Hanger Stout, Awake!* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95) Jack Matthews has done something that is even more difficult: he has created an eighteen-year-old boy who is unselfish, conscientious, thoughtful, and well liked by almost everybody who knows him; and he has made him credible. Clyde (Hanger) Stout, who barely got through high school, knows and loves cars and finds an automobile junk yard romantic. He also loves thick milk shakes, and thinks he loves Penny, who is obviously not the girl for him. In the summer before he is drafted nothing very exciting happens, but we come to see Hanger more and more clearly.

Matthews has let Hanger tell his own story, and he has created a style for him that seems as authentic as Holden Caulfield's in *The Catcher in the Rye*, though much less colorful. Hanger is neither a wise guy nor a brain, but he is no fool either, and the reader is confident that he will make out all right in the Army. Matthews has dedicated the book "to the Hanger Stouts of this world"; I hope there are a lot of them.

As I began by saying, the first novel about which I am most enthusiastic is Robert Stone's *A Hall of Mirrors*, which would be notable in any season and whether it was the author's first or his tenth. The fact that Mr. Stone received a Houghton Mifflin Fellowship Award reminds us that these awards, though not, I think, limited to beginning novelists, have in fact aided in the writing of a most distinguished list of first novels.

Stone has written about a number of persons who are badly adjusted to the society in which they find themselves. The principal character, called Rheinhardt and only that, we meet on a bus bound for New Orleans. His seatmate,

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who belongs to a team that is selling Bibles, is well adjusted in the sense that he will do anything for the sake of money. Rheinhardt, once a student at the Juilliard School and a clarinetist of some promise, has earned a living in a variety of cities as a disk jockey. But he has come to rely on alcohol to anesthetize the resentment he feels at the compromises he has to make, and that has become a serious problem.

In New Orleans he meets Geraldine, who has left a husband and been badly scarred by a lover, and she becomes his mistress. He also meets Morgan Rainey, son of a prominent Louisana family, who is doing a kind of marginal social service work after serving in the Peace Corps. And he renews acquaintance with Farley the Sailor, who has had many nefarious forms of employment and is now a successful radio evangelist. It is Farley who gets Rheinhardt a job with a radio station that propagandizes for the Radical Right.

Gradually, as Rheinhardt, Geraldine, and Rainey follow their respective courses, we see that they are up against people who will do anything for the

sake of power and money, while they have other standards. Rheinhardt is aware of a greater world because of his devotion to music. ("I know about that music," he says, thinking of a Mozart clarinet quintet. "Without rant, without tears, rising and falling like life—tender and a trifle cruel, compassionate and mocking itself—moving through light and shadow like a hedging lark, soaring and stately under the larger wings of death and night.") To Geraldine nothing is more important than love, and Rainey has a conscience and a passion for justice.

Stone's picture of the New Orleans underworld, though it is not so sensational as that to be found in John William Corrington's *The Upper Hand* (*SR*, June 24), is frightening enough.

Whatever happens to them, these are persons whose reality we feel. They are constantly alive as the characters in *The Flamingos*, for example, only occasionally are. Stone writes out of strong feeling, and his style communicates his passion. As I have often remarked, our most talented novelists are likely to be concerned with misfits. Few of them have made misfits more understandable or more significant than these characters of Stone's. I don't want to disparage the other first novels that I have been talking about, but *A Hall of Mirrors* is exciting in a way that even promising first novels rarely are.

—Granville Hicks.

Hard Experience Talking: When Robert Stone was doing the first draft of *A Hall of Mirrors* at Stanford University the other members of that writing workshop listened to the successive chapters with an enthusiasm that grew by the week, and that was curiously untouched by envy. They looked upon Stone himself with a gingerly, oblique deference, as something special, anointed, his lips touched with a hot coal. He was the one who would not only publish his book—they all expected to do that—but publish it big. None of them was surprised that the half-finished manuscript won Stone a Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship. No amount of success for this novel would surprise them; the class could only be surprised by its failure; they expect critics and readers to greet *A Hall of Mirrors* with the same admiration that the work met around their seminar table.

It was not technical dexterity and fireworks that they responded to. This writing distinguishes itself by being capable of everything it is asked to do, but it never shows off. Neither was there any special charismatic quality in Stone himself, who is more often self-contained than otherwise. What his fellows thought they heard was hard experience talking, but always talking dramatically, never in the vein of public confession or lament. The group heard a seriousness as intractable as Dreiser's, a compassion, an anger, and an honesty that could only have come from someone who had been there, and who understood where he had been.

They were not mistaken; Bob Stone has been there, and not with a notebook in his hand committing experience for literary reasons. His sort of biography, common in the Depression Thirties, has been generally reserved in recent years for boys with dark skins.

Bob was born in Brooklyn and brought up fatherless. His mother, a schoolteacher with something of a gift for spitting in the eye of adversity, alternated their periods of near-want with splurges—vacations to Canada and elsewhere—so that her boy became used early to poverty and the life of cheap hotels, and at the same time acquired a taste for travel. Once they decided to go West, got as far as Chicago, and had to be rescued by the Salvation Army.

Youth was school trouble: bad grades and discipline problems. When seventeen, Bob dropped out of high school and joined the Navy, which quickly switched his half-baked political opinions from Right to Left and made a reader of him. Stone saw the Mediterranean and Antarctica. Tempted briefly to stay with the service, instead he tried NYU, but it didn't last. He worked for the *Daily News*, fell in with the Beat crowd and began writing poetry, which he read in murky espresso bars. When his life got sticky Bob took to the road. In 1959 he married a guidette at the RCA Building, and they spent the next year "in excruciating if picturesque poverty" in New Orleans. His list of jobs is like those novelists of the Thirties commended to jacket covers as a badge of honor. He read more poems in bars and coffee houses; and in the French Quarter, where the couple lived, "there was wild stuff happening all around us."

That is the immediate setting for *A Hall of Mirrors*, but the life of mean streets is not comprehended in a year's residence, and the unsentimental, unself-pitying understanding of skewed lives does not come easily or soon. Bob Stone was preparing for this novel from childhood.

Of character after character he must have been able to say, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." The world of drifters, con-men, Syndicate hustlers, census-takers, and census-dodgers that he creates is a composite of what he has known in a dozen places and times. Even the politicians: though he confesses to getting on better with hippies and love-trippers than with politicos, the fascists of this novel are better understood because for a while in his teens Bob toyed with joining some Brooklyn survival of the Christian Front. And the nightmare in which the novel crests is persuasive because nightmare has never been far away in Bob Stone's life.

He sees the world as afflicted with an inescapable malaise, a sickness that is less sickness than a rot. If I don't fully agree it is because I have probably been luckier than he. I do not quarrel with the accuracy of his vision; he has seen what he has seen with a quite remarkable clarity. Quiet, nervous, given to black depressions and psychosomatic ailments, Stone is a completely genuine, however tormented, article. Most of all, he has the gift that a novelist must prize above everything—the capacity for intense, concentrated, self-losing visualization of people and scenes. Robert Stone does not appear in *A Hall of Mirrors*, he is not likely to appear in any future book. He has been refined out of existence, and become his creations. But the act of dramatic obliteration would not have been possible if he had not submitted himself, first, to things that could easily have destroyed him.

—Wallace Stegner.

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LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Reader Commentary?

I WOULD LIKE TO SUGGEST that *SR* open a column in which readers could comment on books which they have found particularly good or bad. A brief note from a reader who had enjoyed a book might serve to call it to the attention of many who had missed the original review.

ELIZABETH W. WALTER.

Sewickley, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR would be interested in readers' reaction to Mrs. Walter's suggestion.*

Purely Technical Aspects

IT IS OUTRAGEOUS for J. H. Plumb to call Christopher Alexander's essay in *Environment for Man* [*SR*, July 29] nonsensical because Alexander defends some well-known criticisms of the modern city. Does this same type of dismissal apply to all the other, highly knowledgeable and "unromantic" critics of the city, like Mumford and Geddes? Furthermore, it is apparent that Plumb has neglected to acquaint himself with some of the technological solutions proposed by Alexander for some of our well-known urban pathologies, such as alienation. These solutions will be found in Alexander's *Notes on the Synthesis of Form* and *Community and Privacy*, the latter done jointly with Serge Chermayeff.

Plumb accuses the contributors to this volume of neglecting the importance of class structure and politics in city planning. But John W. Dyckman has stressed the constraints of social structure and politics on city planning in one part of his essay. So too has Janet Abu-Lughod, one of Dyckman's consultants. Bertram M. Gross—who is currently doing much original work on the measurement of the quality of social life—went out of his way in his essay to discuss the importance of politics in planning. In fact, he had a special section of his paper entitled "Power and Planning." Wheaton, another contributor, made it perfectly clear that planning had to recognize that government must play a central role in the achievement of a better environment. This was also emphasized by two other conference participants—Scott Greer and Gibson Winter. And, most important of all, Stanley Hallett's contribution, "Planning, Politics, and Ethics," was directly on the question of the importance of politics to planning, which Plumb feels was so generally neglected.

The contributors to this volume have concentrated on the technical aspects of planning. Other individuals and groups have concentrated—and will continue to concentrate—on the historical aspects of our urban pathologies and on the needed political devices to eliminate these pathologies. To demand that all aspects of the subject be covered by the contributors—as does Plumb—is to be unreasonable. This same consideration applies to Plumb's complaint that the contributors neglected to discuss the assets and attractions of urban life.

HENRY WINTHROP.

Tampa, Fla.

U.S. in Vietnam

ROBERT S. MCCANDLISS [Letters to the Book Review Editor, *SR*, July 29] mentions that "thousands of farmers" in North Vietnam were "executed" by Ho Chi Minh, and that this "is the future countless South Vietnamese can expect if the Communists are victorious."

Perhaps Mr. McCandliss prefers that this executing should be done by Americans, whose bombs have been falling, on good days, on South Vietnam at a rate faster than fell on all of Europe at the height of the bombing during World War II. Or perhaps he would prefer that the South Vietnamese government do it. Then we could have another parade of slaughtered bodies through the streets of Saigon, as befitted Diem and his followers. Wasn't what happened to Diem and company just the same as what he is criticizing Ho Chi Minh for, *i.e.*, consolidation of power through imprisonment and execution?

I can assure Mr. McCandliss that I loathe Communism just as much as he does, but if we are not to condone the actions of Ho Chi Minh, surely we cannot condone the actions of the United States.

RALPH E. WEBER.

Columbus, O.

IT IS DISTURBING TO READ the words of Mr. McCandliss, who would have us continue to imprison people in their own land (strategic concentration camps) and to exercise tyranny over the minds of 500,000 American men in the form of "just military duty," that duty being to interfere with the struggles *internal* to another country—Vietnam.

Ho Chi Minh has not yet sent troops to Harlem, Watts, Newark, etc., though by failing in our own "community building programs," through diverting our economic might into the military-industrial complex, we have come to be unwanted even in our own land.

There is always the "other side of the coin." Right now we are seeing too much of the destructive eagle: the face of winged violence. We are committing an international violence which has ugly possibilities of further repercussion within our own boundaries.

JOHN HEIGL.

Short Hills, N.J.

PERHAPS SOMEONE WOULD BE WILLING to list the books to which Robert S. McCandliss refers. I, for one, would have appreciated his doing so, as they are not easy to find. For every book which tries to justify our disastrous policies in Vietnam, there are five or six others, by reputable scholars, which point out all too clearly the mistakes we have been making for the past ten years and which we are now compounding by the use of military force.

Please add to the excellent list by Senator Hatfield [*SR*, July 1] a book which I have just read: *The Lost Revolution*, by Robert Shaplen. When you have finished that one, you might look for an older book by I. F. Stone, *The Hidden History of the Korean War*, and make the chilling analogies with Vietnam for yourselves.

MARGARET WILLIAMS.

Escondido, Calif.

Cheers

CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER for Daniel Callahan's excellent review of an outstanding book, *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church* [*SR*, July 29]. Keep up the good work.

JAMES M. MURPHY.

Chicopee Falls, Mass.

"For heaven's sake, Tom, you can't let a little thing like a dark night of the soul obscure the smooth industrial flow of 50,000 spark plugs a week."

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Saga of a Deadly Dynasty

***The House of Krupp,** by Peter Batty (Stein & Day. 333 pp. $7.95), chronicles the fortunes of the German arms-manufacturing dynasty whose influence on world history has been incalculable. Henry C. Wolfe, author of "The German Octopus," has visited the Villa Hügel and observed the Krupp empire from close at hand.*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

WHEN Imperial Germany violated Belgium's neutrality in August 1914, British and American military writers expected the powerful forts surrounding Liège to hold off the Kaiser's invading troops. But "Big Bertha," the giant mortar forged by Krupp, speedily wrecked the defending bastions. It was the "incredible Krupps" who turned out "Long Max," the monster rifle that shelled Paris in 1918, and "Fat Gustav," the biggest gun ever made, which Adolf Hitler used in besieging Sevastopol.

But the House of Krupp has done more than produce massive lethal weapons designed to win military victory and political triumph. Its huge coal and iron complex has been described as a "state within a state," a power that could make or destroy German political leaders, and influence—if not direct—government policies. Its offices abroad have not infrequently been invested with the pomp and prestige of embassies. In business it has often played no favorites among nations, even arming its own government's enemies. At Königgrätz (1866) there were Krupp armaments on both sides; Prussian General von Voigts-Rhetz wrote to Alfred Krupp: "These children of yours conversed for long hot hours with their Austrian cousins . . ." Eleven years later Krupp supplied arms to the contending armies in the Russo-Turkish war. At the battle of Jutland (1916) Krupp armor plate bulwarked both British and German ships.

In *The House of Krupp* Peter Batty, a British radio and television writer and producer, has written a hard-hitting exposé of the firm that has played a key role in Europe's military and political history. He gives an astounding account of the centuries-old organization which, a very phoenix of destructiveness, has survived depressions, military defeats, and foreign occupations. His book is must reading for those who want to understand world affairs from the inside.

The saga of the Krupp dynasty is a "story of intrigue and greed, of the lust for power and the possession of power." This economic empire has been controlled by "insensitive men—unscrupulous, grasping, materialistic, but thoroughly able." Their extraordinary ability and limitless cynicism have made them an international menace. By "their indiscriminate selling of weapons to all comers" they "helped exacerbate one diplomatic crisis after another."

The first Krupp we know about was Arndt, founder of the dynasty, who died in 1624. Among his successors it was Alfred (1812-1887) who, by turning out guns in a big way, really got the show on the road. His ruthless business practices brought him orders from many countries, and he "would not stretch his patriotism at the cost of potential Krupp profits." Alfred not only made money but also received decorations from France, Portugal, Japan, Sweden, and—not surprisingly—Prussia. In 1870, when the invading Prussian armies reached Paris, most Prussian generals opposed bombarding the French capital. Even though Alfred had been twice decorated by France, he argued strongly in favor of it.

Alfred's granddaughter was the celebrated Bertha, after whom the pulverizing mortar of 1914 was named. She married Gustav von Bohlen und Halbach, upon whom the Kaiser conferred her family name. He was "perhaps the most contemptible Krupp of all time." After World War I the Allies decided to put an end to the Krupp menace by breaking up the firm; they sentenced Gustav to fifteen years in prison, but within six months he was out and soon back in full control of the organization. With Hitler's seizure of power Gustav became a "super-Nazi," and made his son, Alfried Krupp (who died July 30, 1967), his collaborator.

The most horrible chapter in the Krupps' evil history deals with their exploitation of slave labor in World War II. The unspeakable conditions under which the victims worked—starved, frozen, tortured by SS men and women—almost defy belief. After the Nazi defeat, Gustav was too ill to be prosecuted, but Alfried was brought to trial. In his indictment General Telford Taylor charged: "There was no crime such a state could commit—whether it was war, plunder, or slavery—in which these men would not participate."

On July 31, 1948, Alfried was found guilty on the counts of spoliation and slave labor and was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment. Yet by February 3, 1951, he was a free man, able to return to Essen and take up the reins of Krupp management again. This time, however, he turned his talents from cannons to supermarkets, engineering, motor trucks, and other more profitable enterprises.

The Krupp company is currently experiencing some financial difficulties, and for the first time has been opened to outside stockholders. With Alfried's death there will probably be changes in management and policies. Even so, the Villa Hügel, seat of the House of Krupp, may still resound to "talk of matters of State. Where kaisers and führers once pontificated, presidents, shahs, kings, emperors and even Communist cabinet ministers now mingle and chatter . . . The House of Krupp has risen, fallen, and risen again."

—From the book.

Alfried Krupp being sentenced for war crimes at Nuremburg, 1948—guilty of spoliation and slave labor.

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Three Goals for Prussia

The Blood and Iron Chancellor: A Documentary Biography of Otto von Bismarck, *by Louis L. Snyder (Van Nostrand. 423 pp. $8.95), draws mainly on primary sources to reveal the personality and policies of a militaristic Junker. Hans Kohn is professor emeritus of history of the City University of New York.*

By HANS KOHN

IN THE five years between 1866 and 1871 a Junker of unusual ability achieved three goals.

The first was the unification of Germany under Prussian leadership, an attempt vainly undertaken by the democratic National Assembly of the German people, or rather the German middle classes, assembled in Frankfurt on the Main in 1848-49. The second was the defeat of these middle classes by the Prussian military monarchy and nobility, which maintained its privileged position wholly until 1918 and partly until 1933. The third was the elimination of the Habsburg dynasty from the affairs of Germany (and Italy), which pushed the Habsburg empire to seek compensation in an expansion into the Balkans. The man who accomplished these objectives was Otto von Bismarck. Yet twenty years after his death in 1898 his creation suffered a severe setback, and a quarter of a century later Prussia and the ruling dynasty, which he so faithfully served and which seemed still so strongly rooted in 1914, disappeared.

There has rarely been a statesman whose work lasted as short a time as did Bismarck's. The same cannot be said of Gladstone, whom Bismarck despised. Gladstone introduced a number of reforms that continue to dominate British life, and his home rule for Ireland has set the example for the peaceful transition from an empire and great bitterness to friendly cooperation. How different German and European history of the last hundred years would have been if the Germans had had a Gladstone, or even a Cavour, instead of Bismarck. It is very possible that the war of 1914 would not have broken out if Bismarck had not insisted, under the pressure of the military, on France ceding Alsace-Lorraine, and if Count Andrassy, the Austro-Hungarian foreign minister, who was pro-German and anti-Slav, had not led Austria-Hungary into the occupation of Bosnia-Hercegovina and the alliance with Germany.

In German domestic policy Bismarck refused to allow "un-German" parties, first the Catholic Centrum (1872-78) and then the Social Democrats (1878-90), full participation in the political life of the country. He thought them unreliable on account of their "internationalism." His successors provoked what he feared, an alliance of the democratic republic of France with the reactionary monarchy of Russia, whose ideological differences were bridged by a common apprehension over Germany's power. In his famous speech of February 6, 1888, Bismarck justified increased armaments as the best guarantee for peace. "That sounds paradoxical, but it is true. With the powerful machine which we are making of the German army no aggression will be attempted." The Reichstag supported him unanimously. Bismarck was wrong, but we should not forget that in other countries similar arguments are propounded today.

"Hold it! Thirty-six of you went out there but only thirty-five came back."

BISMARCK's victories in 1866 and 1870 convinced the German intellectual middle class, who were ready to assume leadership in Germany in 1848, that they could not do it and that leadership belonged to the Prussian nobility. In the last century the events of 1848-49 have almost been forgotten, and German history has been interpreted as a triumphal progress from the war of liberation, in 1813, to 1914, when the spirit of Prussian militarism seemed to most German scholars and people so superior to the "decadence" of the West. In 1945 there was hope that the temper of 1848-49 would be revived. Now the centenary of 1870 is fast approaching and with it the glorification of Bismarck, the civilian chancellor who almost always appeared in a cuirassier uniform.

For that reason it is most important that Professor Snyder's documentary biography be widely read and pondered. Bismarck, a legend in his lifetime, is brought nearer to us mostly from primary sources, so that the present generation gets a well-rounded view of his personality and policy. *The Blood and Iron Chancellor* will sustain the interest of all laymen concerned with German history. Though the present reviewer believes it is most improbable that a new Hitlerism will appear in West Germany, a new Bismarckism, with its rejection of the ways of the West, is not an impossibility. There exists a very deep difference between the two. Nevertheless a new Bismarckism would be in the second half of the twentieth century even more of an anachronism than it was in the second half of the nineteenth century. Today, as then, it would carry a greater threat to the Germans than to other peoples. Professor Snyder's book, which is written with restraint and objectivity, might help the reader to understand the fundamental aspects of the Bismarckian Reich.

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Eichmannesque King of Judea

Herod: Profile of a Tyrant, *by Samuel Sandmel (Lippincott. 282 pp. $5.95), concludes that the cruelties perpetrated by the petty ruler were due to "the malaise of the great executive." Martin E. Marty is chairman of the historical field at the University of Chicago Divinity School. He is also associate and book review editor of The Christian Century.*

By MARTIN E. MARTY

PONTIUS PILATE's name would have appeared in a footnote to a historical footnote were it not that he became involved with Jesus of Nazareth. Now millions of Christians repeat his name daily or weekly when they recite their creed. At the most sacred and mysterious moment his name enters, says theologian Karl Barth, "like a dog into a nice room."

King Herod "the Great" would also have remained a minor figure had he not been sucked up into someone else's history. Even his newest biographer admits that "his special eminence in wickedness is, to be sure, accidental" because his name occurs in the Gospel of Matthew. "As a consequence Herod receives more attention . . . than he really deserves." Christians still read a story about his assault on Bethlehem's babies on Holy Innocents Day. An old English carol sings of his "raging," and Lord Byron made his "frenzy's jealous raving" proverbial.

Rabbi Samuel Sandmel of Hebrew Union College tries to assign Herod his rightful place. He does not regard the story in Matthew's Gospel as authentic, but he thinks little more of the rabbinic literature's references. The attempt to locate Herod is notoriously difficult. Hardly "great," he was given the name "simply to separate him from his children." He revealed military and administrative skills and survived as a petty client-king over the Jews in precarious Roman times.

He lived in the years just before the point where our world turns its dating from B.C. to A.D. These hinge periods often attract the curiosity of historians, and Sandmel is not the first to do research into the career of Herod. Sandmel knows well the period of Christian origins, and in this book he does more to account for Herod's times than for Herod himself. The work grew out of the spillover from an encyclopedia article written several years ago; because it retains its encyclopedic character, it makes heavy demands.

Herod is crammed with references to places, events, and persons. The reader has to become acquainted with four Aristobuluses, three Alexanders, three Salomes, and two Cleopatras; even the author sighs at one point, "How these repeated names tend to confuse!" When he occasionally pauses, as, for instance, to explain synagogue customs or Jewish factions, he provides refreshment for the reader who is weary of proper nouns.

A major historiographical problem prevents this author and his predecessors from discovering much of the secret of Herod's personality or of his brutal activity: they have to depend upon Flavius Josephus, who left dual accounts (in *The Jewish War* and *Antiquities*) which are often contradictory and leave modern historians uneasy. Sandmel states, "I have perhaps moved from the position where the evidence supplies support, and have gone in the direction to which the evidence points, but does not quite reach." This leaves modern readers uneasy.

Sandmel finally settles for an Eichmannesque basis of Herod's evil. His was "the malaise of the great executive." He was untouched by Jewish religious or moral teaching; "at no time does it ever seriously enter into Herod's ken . . . Herod was a Jew, but not Jewish . . . He had no great wish to be."

The lessons to be derived from Herod are all negative. In a rare semiphilosophical moment Sandmel speculates on the roots of Herod's tyranny, and concludes that if power corrupts, "the fear of the loss of power is the mightiest corrupter of all." We are not likely to learn much more than this; few would want to.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

W E

Israel Soifer of Jerusalem, Israel, asks you to assign each magazine to the correct past or present editor. The masthead clue is on page 73.

Max Ascoli ( )
Edward M. Bok ( )
Henry Seidel Canby ( )
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George Horace Lorimer ( )
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Philip Rahv ( )
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Karl Shapiro ( )
Oswald Garrison Villard ( )

1. *American Mercury*
2. *Atlantic (Monthly)*
3. *Bookman*
4. *Cosmopolitan*
5. *Dial*
6. *Ladies' Home Journal*
7. *The Nation*
8. *The New Yorker*
9. *Partisan Review*
10. *Poetry*
11. *The Reporter*
12. *Saturday Evening Post*
13. *Saturday Review (of Literature)*
14. *Smart Set*
15. *Vanity Fair*

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Well-Off, Middle-Aged Rebels

The American Revolution Reconsidered, *by Richard B. Morris (Harper & Row. 178 pp. $5);* ***The Ideological Origins of the American Revolution,*** *by Bernard Bailyn (Harvard University Press. 335 pp. $5.95), and* ***The Diary of the American Revolution, 1775-1781,*** *compiled by Frank Moore, abridged and edited by John Anthony Scott (Washington Square Press. 605 pp. $7.95), deal with the roots and world significance of our war for independence. Saul K. Padover's books include "The Genius of America" and "The Meaning of Democracy."*

By SAUL K. PADOVER

THIS freshet of books is likely to be the forerunner of a literary flood resulting from the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission, established by Congress in 1966. And indeed the Revolution was of such historic importance that it deserves careful study and, in the light of modern confusions, thorough re-examination.

There is no doubt that it was a major event. Jawaharlal Nehru was right when he remarked briefly, in his *Glimpses of World History,* that the revolt of the thirteen colonies was "destined to bear great results." This is also one of the main points made by Richard B. Morris in his somewhat discursive *The American Revolution Reconsidered,* a short book based on public lectures he delivered at New York University in 1966.

Professor Morris argues, and I believe correctly, that of the two contemporaneous revolutions—the American and the French—the former was by far the more significant. This is a view not easily accepted by Europe-oriented scholars. Thus Professor Morris takes to task such political-philosophical writers as Hannah Arendt for her observation (in *On Revolution*) that the American war for independence has "remained an event of little more than local importance," while the French Revolution "has made world history." The reverse is probably true. Morris believes that the American Revolution was a turning point, initiating a "broad movement of liberation which has not yet run its course." He concludes that the "message" of the Revolution is as relevant in the nuclear space age as it was in the time of George Washington. This is a broad statement, but a good deal can be said in its support.

The term "American Revolution" should of course be used, as Professor Morris does, to include the whole era, up to and including the Constitutional Convention. If one takes into consideration, as one must, the creation of the Federal Constitution and the remarkably successful not to say unique Republic which it created, one cannot avoid the conclusion that the Revolution was indeed epochal. Its long-range consequences—among them the creative idea of effective political federalism on a large scale—have been deeper, and certainly more enduring, than those that flowed from the French Revolutionary period.

The French Revolution, to be sure, had more drama and more bloodshed, and made greater political noise, especially among Europeans, than the relatively modest movement carried out under the leadership of George Washington. Judged by the literature it inspired (there are hundreds of thousands of books and articles on Napoleon Bonaparte alone), the French Revolution was a super-gigantic affair and, in spots, a real upheaval; but in retrospect it would appear that the fireworks begun in Paris in 1789, and continued there and elsewhere for a number of decades, did not lead to results comparable to its dimensions. To a considerable extent it was an aborted revolution. Its grandiose and often noble promises went largely unfulfilled in most of Europe, not to mention Latin America, where it had had an initial appeal. In France itself, the Revolution produced no long-run stability or orderly freedom. Quite the contrary; it helped to create more or less permanent political-social divisiveness. In general, it can be said that the French Revolution left behind it little liberty, less fraternity, and not much equality.

Not so the American Revolution. It differed from the French in many fundamental respects. Take, for example, the matter of leadership: Unlike the French, the American Revolution was not led by ideologues (in Napoleon's contemptuous word) or utopians. The American leaders, including those of the Constitutional Convention—legislators, soldiers, merchants, lawyers—were a sober lot, given neither to grandiloquence nor fanaticism. There was not a Rousseau or a Robespierre among them. Partly this was due to ethnic temperament: the Americans in the thirteen colonies were mainly of Anglo-Scottish stock, folk not traditionally susceptible to dizzy rhetoric or, for that matter, sentimentalism. Rousseau, for example, although known to the educated American colonial leaders, did not serve as their political mentor and was rarely quoted by them. The Frenchman who did appeal to them was a cool and logical political-legal analyst —Montesquieu.

As a matter of fact, it may be doubted whether the leaders of the American Revolution were revolutionists at all in the conventional sense. They were not motivated by a Leninist or Robespierrean frenzy to destroy the old social order. In fundamental matters—preservation of property, respect for individual rights, maintenance of law—they were conservative. Mostly middle-aged (the median age was forty), solid citizens, the great majority of them were property-owners, and some (Jefferson, Madison, Washington, among others) possessors of big estates. Only a very few—Samuel Adams and Thomas Paine come first to mind—were impecunious.

TWO important characteristics marked these leaders: respect for and knowledge of British law, and experience. There was an astonishing number of lawyers in the colonies. More than half the members of the Constitutional Convention were lawyers or had had legal training. All educated Americans had a measure of familiarity with political history, notably the British Parliamentary struggle for freedom and individual rights. They also knew something (and many knew a great deal) about the history of Greece and Rome, to which they habitually referred in their writings and speeches. They were imbued with political theory, especially that which dealt with the meaning of government and the institutions of freedom, and writers like Harrington, Hobbes, and especially Locke were virtually household names.

The leading figures of the Revolutionary era were mostly men of experience in public affairs and administration. Many had participated in local politics, including councils and legislatures; others had experience in business or plantation administration. The fact that they were practical men of affairs, and not mere theorists or agitators, goes far to explain why the American Revolution was a comparatively moderate movement and why it ended in solid political success.

Another reason for the successful outcome of the American Revolution was that the leaders did not take a position at variance with the fundamental outlook of the people. It was not a feudal

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leadership, derived from aristocratically inherited privilege; it was largely rooted in the interests of the community. Although not "democratic" in the modern meaning of the term, the leaders reflected not only the ideas but also the social-economic conditions that then prevailed in the colonies.

This brings us to a basic fact about the American Revolution: it did not spring out of popular misery or accumulated, centuries-old discontents, as have revolutions elsewhere. It was not a revolt in which desperate people rose to destroy their oppressors. Eighteenth-century Americans (always excepting Negroes), unlike the common people of countries like France or Russia, were neither degraded nor starved. Land, so bitterly coveted by the peasantry of Europe, was fairly widely distributed, despite a number of vast plantations in the South. Illiteracy was nowhere near as widespread as in Europe; a sizable number of ordinary men (and even some women) could read and write. Workers were relatively well off, at least compared to Europe's poor. In general there was an air of hopefulness among the people of America.

How, then, explain the Revolution? Here Professor Bernard Bailyn's *The Ideological Origins of the American Revolution* may serve as an illuminating guide. This tightly written and politically sophisticated book is an elaboration of the general introduction to Bailyn's projected four-volume edition of *Pamphlets of the American Revolution* (Volume I: Harvard University Press, 1965). Harvard Library's ample pamphlet collection, hitherto largely neglected, provides plentiful material for an understanding of early eighteenth-century American political ideas, including those that seeded the American Revolution. Professor Bailyn reminds us that pamphlets, rather than newspapers (of which there were thirty-eight by 1775), were the colonists' characteristic medium for communicating ideas and especially polemics. Ranging from ten to fifty pages (5,000 to 25,000 words), they were flexible and easy to produce. Professor Bailyn quotes George Orwell (himself a pamphleteer) with approval:

> The pamphlet is a one-man show. One has complete freedom of expression, including, if one chooses, the freedom to be scurrilous, abusive, and seditious; or, on the other hand, to be more detailed, serious, and "high-brow" than is ever possible in a newspaper or in most kinds of periodicals. At the same time . . . it can be produced much more quickly than a book, and in principle, at any rate, can reach a bigger public. . . .

Bailyn's analysis of pre-Revolutionary pamphlets, illustrated with a wealth of quotations, makes at least three essential points. One is that long before the Revolution broke out the colonists had been engaging in lively debates and polemics regarding political rights, British jurisdiction, personal liberties, and self-government. On the eve of the Revolution there existed already an educated public opinion, with crystallized, or crystallizing, theories of politics. This meant that by 1775 a substantial number of Americans knew what they wanted and why. The educated men among them could argue legal and constitutional questions with the best British lawyers.

HENCE, and here we come to Professor Bailyn's second point, the American Revolution did not seek a disruption of society but a fulfillment of the liberty Americans had inherited from their British forebears. Thus it was primarily a constitutional struggle, not a social-economic class conflict. Its basic objective was the "disposition of power"—from London to the colonists.

Bailyn's third point is that during the period of the Revolution the Americans were already aware of, and had faith in, their historic destiny as builders of a new world. To quote from his concluding paragraph: "The details of this new

world were not as yet clearly depicted; but faith ran high that a better world than any that had ever been known could be built . . ." In the field of American Revolutionary studies Bailyn's book must henceforth occupy a position of the first rank.

The Diary of the American Revolution, 1775–1781 belongs to a different category from the works of Morris and Bailyn. It is not really a "diary," but a collection of clippings, mainly from newspapers, and contemporary songs. First published in 1860 by its compiler, Frank Moore (1828–1904), this new edition contains a scholarly introduction on the life of Moore by Professor John Anthony Scott. The *Diary*, despite probably unavoidable trivia and antiquarianism, should be welcomed as a most useful source of items, including anecdotes, not easily available elsewhere.

Check List of New Books

Crime, Suspense

BOUND TO DIE. By Bill Turner. Walker. $3.95.

MURDER ONE. By Dorothy Kilgallen. Random House. $5.95.

VERDICT OF TWELVE. By Raymond Postgate. Knopf. $4.95. (Reissue.)

THE WITCHES' BRIDGE. By Barbee Oliver Carleton. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

Current Affairs

BEHIND THE SHIELD: The Police in Urban Society. By Arthur Niederhoffer. Doubleday. $5.95.

EQUALITY BY STATUTE: The Revolution in Civil Rights. By Morroe Berger. Doubleday. $5.95. (Revised edition.)

FROM ATLANTIC TO PACIFIC: A New Interocean Canal. By Immanuel J. Klette. Harper & Row. $4.50.

THE VIETNAM WAR: Christian Perspectives. Edited by Michael P. Hamilton. Eerdmans. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.95.

WORLDS IN CONFLICT. By D. W. Brogan. Harper & Row. $4.50.

Fiction

A CIRCLE OF FRIENDS. By Julian Mitchell. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

THE END OF SOMETHING NICE. By Angus Wolfe Murray. Viking. $5.

FARO'S DAUGHTER. By Georgette Heyer. Dutton. $4.95.

THE GRUDGE FIGHT. By John Hale. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

A HORSEMAN RIDING BY. By R. F. Delderfield. Simon & Shuster. $7.50.

THE IRISH GAME. By J. R. Lowell. Prentice-Hall. $3.95.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN. By Michel Mohrt. Viking. $4.75.

THE LIEUTENANT. By André Dubus. Dial. $3.95.

THE LOST STEPS. By Alejo Steps. Knopf. $5.95.

THE MAN WITH THE TALENTS. By Stead Jones. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE MAN WHO HAD POWER OVER WOMEN. By Gordon Williams. Stein & Day. $5.95.

MASTS TO SPEAR THE STARS. By Stephen Longstreet. Doubleday. $5.95.

A MATTER OF MIRACLES. By Edward Fenton. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.50.

THE TALISMAN RING. By Georgette Heyer. Dutton. $4.95.

TEN GREEN BOTTLES: Short Stories by Audrey Callahan Thomas. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

WIFE TO THE BASTARD. By Hilda Lewis. McKay. $4.95.

History

AMERICAN EPOCH: A History of the United States Since the 1890s. By Arthur S. Link. Knopf. $9.

THE BATTLE OF THE FALAISE GAP. By Eddy Florentin. Hawthorn. $7.50.

BYZANTIUM AND EUROPE. By Speros Vryonis, Jr. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.50.

(*Continued on page* 48)

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Blocks Behind Our Words

The Subconscious Language, *by Theodore Thass-Thienemann (Washington Square Press. 437 pp. $6.95), theorizes that our language has been formed and transformed over the ages by repressive anxiety. Joseph Jaffe, M.D., is director of research at The William Alanson White Institute and associate professor of psychiatry at Columbia University.*

By JOSEPH JAFFE

THIS book is addressed to "everyone whose work is in the field of psychology or who deals professionally with verbal material: such as the writer, the teacher of English, the preacher of the Bible, or the copywriter in marketing and advertising." Curiously, the professional linguist is omitted from the list, although the book proposes a major linguistic hypothesis. The breadth of the intended audience invites a paraphrase of a famous remark: What surprises is not that the book fails in some of their areas but that it succeeds in any. For while each of these professionals specializes in the manipulation of verbal symbols, their diverse motives, methods, and goals are difficult to subsume within the framework of Freudian psychology. Theodore Thass-Thienemann has succeeded, however, in writing an enjoyable and scholarly book that delivers much of what it promises. This is achieved by a synthesis of psychoanalytic constructs with aspects of existential psychology.

The organizing themes of the book are birth, sex, death, which are seen as psychologically traumatic in that they pose existential problems: the beginning and end of personal existence and the possibility of transcending an individual life by procreation. The thesis is that our language has been shaped and transformed over the ages by repressive anxiety, focused mainly upon these three themes, and that our lexicon is in effect a grand euphemism. The investigation proceeds by tracing the etymology of seemingly unrelated words to their origins. There they are found to have universal symbolic meanings related to vague anatomical fantasies as the primary reality. They hang together by virtue of these unconscious fantasies that all humans share. The notion of a "collective unconscious" is deemed unnecessary to account for the appearance of similar unrealistic fantasies in unrelated minds. The author holds that "the lore of our inherited verbal expressions is archaic and collective by its very nature." Thus the implicit structure of language, learned anew in each generation, is a vehicle for the continuity of thought process. This concept is among the hypotheses of psycholinguistics.

One goal of this new hybrid discipline is to relate language to thinking. For when a child acquires speech he also learns an implicit set of grammatical rules of which he is largely unaware. They enable him to understand sentences he has never heard before and to produce sentences never before heard. But these rules are learned at a price, since they also exert constraints upon our possible thoughts and structure our experience of reality. Every language has difficulty expressing certain ideas that are communicated with relative ease in another. The linguistic machinery for making the required distinctions may simply be absent. There are psycholinguists who feel that when a notion is incapable of communication it is also unlikely to be conceived or else will be stillborn.

Thass-Thienemann believes that much unsuspected machinery for the evocation of infantile fantasies has been precipitated in our surface vocabulary by the cumulative effects of repressive anxiety. By analogy to psychoanalytic theories of neurotic symptom formation, these surface forms would still be in dynamic interplay with the frightening original meanings. The latter are bared in the verbalizations of psychosis, in the speech of children, in dreams, etc. One mechanism that preserves contact with the archaic content is phonetic symbolism, *i.e.*, "a secret relationship between sound and meaning," and an elegant taxonomy is developed for this. A biologic basis is suggested, for example, in the observation that negatives begin with a nasal consonant in unrelated languages and are associated with interjections of disgust and an expressive gesture of the nose. Another mechanism by which archaic meanings are claimed to be held in abeyance is excessive repetition which dilutes or even reverses the original stressful meaning.

But a yet stronger semantic-syntactic hypothesis is advanced. It is that the high frequency of function words such as adjectives, adverbs, and prepositions that have lost their substantial visual content is the consequence of the repression of their original tabooed connotations. A similar origin is suggested for prefixes and suffixes. Such hypotheses would appear to be objectively testable by modern linguistic techniques. Others are speculative flights of fancy, as in a tour de force which relates the concept of logical negation, the mathematical cipher zero, castration anxiety, and the world of gnomes, elves, and leprechauns.

The professional linguist, especially the American linguist, is liable to be less impressed. First of all, the method of proof is that of myriad confirmatory instances, with contradictory evidence either omitted or not explained. Secondly, the universality of these phenomena is claimed, yet almost all examples are from the Indo-European languages. Parallel evidence from totally unrelated languages, *e.g.*, American Indian or Oriental, would bolster the major thesis. Thirdly, alternative explanations for linguistic evolution are implicitly rejected—for example, that some meanings may simply become obsolete because due to technological change they no longer serve any communicative function. One theory of language evolution holds that significant changes originate as individual random variations, some of which are unconsciously selected by other speakers and eventually become accepted. The present author's theory suggests a possible explanation for the particular direction taken by the unconscious selection.

Finally, the allegation is made that the thinking of primitive peoples at the dawn of language was much more animistic and anthropomorphic than our own and that their apparent metaphors were accepted as reality. Psycholinguists have developed quite powerful techniques for testing such assumptions. If during a rain prayer a Hopi speaks of clouds as if they were alive, it can be determined whether this is an optional ceremonial figure of speech or whether the classification of clouds with animate things is obligatory, *i.e.*, there is no other way to say it in the language. This approach to linguistic proof is generally not preferred by Thass-Thienemann. In the reviewer's opinion, there is no necessary conflict between such rigorous methods and the more inferential style in which his material is presented; the proponents of each could profit from a study of the other. The author's rather dogmatic and polemical presentation of an overarching theory does not detract from the numerous provocative insights he offers. And contemporary linguistics could well be fertilized by these notions about emotional forces that operate in its transformations.

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Victim of His Own Might

The Taste of Power, *by Ladislav Mnacko, translated from the Slovak by Paul Stevenson (Praeger. 235 pp. $5.95), portrays a Communist chief of state who seems more a victim than a victimizer of his gray and embittered society. Robert L. Stilwell is a member of the Department of English at the University of Michigan.*

By ROBERT L. STILWELL

ABOUT certain novels we are compelled to feel, rightly or wrongly, that their largest significance belongs as much to the history of politics as to the realm of literature. Such works are animated, however tacitly, by the pieties and passions of ideological systems. They show us characters committed to, or in some manner involved with, those pieties and passions. And their advent is more often than not converted into an extraliterary occasion.

The classical tradition of these "political" novels, as Irving Howe has demonstrated in his book *Politics and the Novel,* may be said to extend from Stendhal, Turgenev, and Dostoevsky in the nineteenth century to Malraux, Silone, Koestler, and Orwell in the twentieth. During the past decade or so, however, the most publicized of such fictions have come from writers in the Soviet Union or in the Communist societies of Eastern Europe. Ilya Ehrenburg's *The Thaw,* Vladimir Dudintsev's *Not By Bread Alone,* Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago,* Petru Dumitriu's *Incognito,* Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*—most readers in the West will be able to assemble their own open-ended list of titles.

The Taste of Power, by the Czech journalist and novelist Ladislav Mňačko, is among the most recent of these works and the latest to become available in English. It is a post-mortem inquiry into the career of "the head of the government" in an East European state; its force and innovative nature derive mainly from its exposure of the ironic discrepancies between the public conduct and private motives of this individual, who throughout is identified only as "the statesman" or "the great man." During the three days of listless public mourning before his official funeral, the statesman's sloppy drinking, his lechery, his greed for more and more authority, his growing paranoia—all are relentlessly brought to light through the memories and conversations of his closest boyhood friend, a professional photographer named Frank. It is Frank who serves, rather like the newsreel reporter in *Citizen Kane,* as a catalyst for the complaints of various people who were used or abused by the dead leader. And from these complaints there emerges, cumulatively, the picture of a far from attractive yet curiously human figure, for whom the taste of power had slowly turned into the taste of gall.

The Oxford scholar Max Hayward, in his foreword to the present edition, suggests that by the outspokenness of its indictments Mňačko's novel "goes far beyond anything hitherto published in Russia or anywhere else in Eastern Europe." In my opinion this is true (although I might draw back from employing the word "far"). Mňačko renders a gray and embittered society, a society in which revolutionary idealism has hardened into a totalitarianism that makes the late chief of state seem less a victimizer than a victim. At one point he displays a band of Soviet army stragglers who have become thugs indistinguishable from the Nazis they once fought. And in the person of Galovitch, the dead leader's principal rival for power, he presents a Party functionary who is not only brutal and boorish but a fool.

Regrettably, Hayward is also forced to note that unspecified pressures have delayed the publication of a complete text of the work in Czechoslovakia. But in our time any untrammeling of the creative spirit surely furnishes cause for gratification; and the very existence of *The Taste of Power* represents, if not exactly a liberation of that spirit, at least another liberalizing.

What seems likely to depress many readers is the generally undistinguished quality of Mňačko's writing. His basic plot-premise—the piecing together of the life of a powerful public figure following his death—is embarrassingly hackneyed; nor does that life ever become much more than the thinnest sort of scenario. Coincidences multiply shamelessly; flashbacks are handled in a wooden and creaking manner, and the narrative is consistently flat and gritty. Moreover, either the author or his translator appears to have reached almost invariably for the first cliché of idiom or idea that lay at hand. Characters are forever sowing the seeds of suspicion, making themselves scarce, heaving sighs of relief, or realizing that "Power . . . is neither good nor bad in itself—it depends on the man and how he uses it."

Ultimately, the controlling lesson of the entire novel would seem to be the hoary truism that power can imprison a man and corrupt him to the bone, regardless of the ideological sphere within which he gains it. That Mňačko's less than admirable central character was unmistakably a Stalinist, and that Mňačko has been able to dissect him while retaining his personal allegiances to the Czech Communist Party, are facts that confer a measure of interest upon this truism in its present incarnation. Nevertheless, it remains a monumental banality; and as such it does little to illuminate either the art of fiction or the desperately problematical condition of modern politics.

Deeds in the Mind

The Apple in the Dark, *by Clarice Lispector, translated from the Portuguese by Gregory Rabassa (Knopf. 361 pp. $5.95), the story of a fleeing criminal and two isolated women, demonstrates the treacherous power of words over thought. Richard Franko Goldman translated from the Portuguese Eça de Queiroz's "The Mandarin and Other Stories."*

By RICHARD FRANKO GOLDMAN

BRAZILIAN writers have been part of international literature ever since Machado de Assis, and today the number of interesting poets, novelists, and essayists in that country is impressive. Many are comparatively well known to American and English readers, but Clarice Lispector, who must be considered among the most accomplished of contemporary novelists writing in Portuguese, has remained almost unknown here. Miss Lispector, born in 1924 in the Ukraine (while her parents were en route to Brazil), published her first novel at the age of nineteen, and has been highly regarded in her adopted land for the past twenty years or more. *The Apple in the Dark,* published in Brazil in 1961, is her fourth novel, and the first to appear in English.

A fascinating and distinguished work, it more than explains the esteem in

(*Continued on page* 48)

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For Whom Do They Write?

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

IT'S ALWAYS delightful to read an impassioned plea by a stranger who expresses just what *you* think. What perspicacity! What intelligence! What this means is that I have just seen an article by Carolyn Heilbrun (*Publishers' Weekly*, July 10), in which she appeals for more and better books for young people, urges the abolition of Victorian fiction for the high school, and suggests that literary quality and accessibility might produce adolescent book-buyers.

Mrs. Heilbrun has three children, and she is an assistant professor of English literature at Columbia University. The first time I saw an article by her I was intrigued, although not completely in agreement. That time she claimed that more children had read Gilbreth and Carey's *Cheaper by the Dozen* (Crowell, $4.50) and Kerr's *Please Don't Eat the Daisies* (Doubleday, $3.50) than all the children's novels of any one year—and that there wasn't a librarian living who would have suggested either of them, if anybody had thought to ask.

Well, it all depends on the librarian; some of them are aware of children's reading tastes. Mrs. Heilbrun's statistics I can't dispute, although they seem suspiciously sweeping. There's no doubt, however, that young teen-agers like this kind of book, a humorous chronicle of family life, just as they have taken for their own many of the autobiographical accounts by those physically handicapped. Mrs. Heilbrun claims, in her more recent article, that many of the books designated by publishers as teen-age books are too young for the intended consumer and that many of them are mediocre.

I can't wholly agree that "No one who has known Jane Eyre's passion, or Heathcliff's, is going to settle for the shatteringly mundane adventures of Jane Smith from Cooksville High." First, many voracious readers—young or old—can enjoy reading at different levels of quality; second, young people are passionately interested in the present and in the problems peculiar to their age in that present. Third, one cannot assume that no good books have been written for the adolescent or the pre-adolescent about a Jane Smith in a small town. There are more puerile than good ones, true, but the good do exist.

Mrs. Heilbrun's dark suspicion is that "publishers are producing all their young people's books for libraries and schools, which now buy 75 to 95 per cent of them, or for Grandma's gift hunting, or for tots who want to look at magnificent illustrations while being read to." In a recent meeting the president of the Children's Book Council, Seth Agnew, said there were two answers to the topic of the day, "Children's Books: Who Is the Audience?": that librarians think the books are published for book-sellers, and book-sellers think the books are published for librarians.

One can't deny that authors and editors want their books to sell, but surely one must concede that many, many of them are thinking of the young people who will read the books. Some books really are produced not for libraries or bookstores but for enjoyment by individuals. Phyllis Whitney, in *Writing Juvenile Fiction* (The Writer, Inc., $3.50), says, in the chapter advising the neophyte to consider the demands of each age group, "Last of all, we have the 'twelve and up' group. As a matter of fact, many of the books in this group are read by ten- and eleven-year-olds, but it is simpler to refer to the teen-agers. Sometimes a publisher's blurb on a jacket will refer to the book as being for the 'older teens.' This is either wishful thinking, or an effort to flatter younger readers into being interested in the book. The 'older teens' are reading Ernest Hemingway and John Steinbeck. [This was 1947.] Don't try to fool yourself by claiming them for an audience. Concentrate on the twelve-thirteen-fourteen ages and confine yourself to their interests."

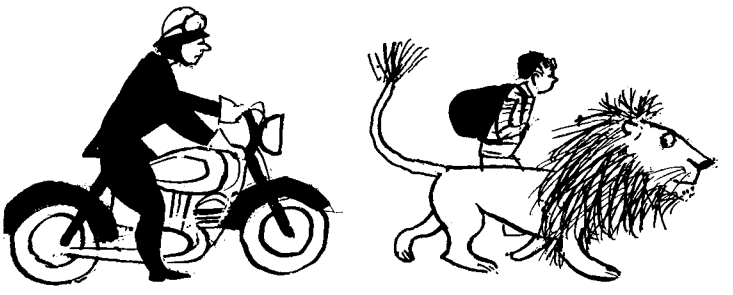
Seems to me the thing to remember is that young people's interests are enormously wide and variable. I confess that at the age of twelve I was on a Galsworthy binge, still read the Marjorie Maynard books, and devoured anything with a medical background whether I understood it or not. Book lovers learn to discriminate, and an occasional relapse seldom does permanent damage.

A wonderful example is the anecdote with which Annis Duff begins *Longer Flight* (Viking, $3.50). Her adolescent daughter was leaving the library, and a teacher asked if one of the books she was carrying wasn't too old for her little brother. She was taking the book for herself, she explained. "You were reading that book in third grade." "Once a good book always a good book, and I'm going to read it again." Later she told her parents, "The funny thing is that he said these other two were too old for me!"

The Four Clever Brothers. *By the Brothers Grimm. Illustrated by Felix Hoffmann. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 32 *pp.* $4.50. Sent out into the world to learn a trade, each of four brothers became skilled: one was a thief, one a stargazer, one a hunter, and the youngest a tailor. When the King's daughter was carried off by a dragon, her rescue was effected by the combined talents of the brothers. Unable to agree on whose effort was most important, they relinquished the hand of the princess, and each accepted a fourth of the kingdom. The familiar tale is illustrated to perfection with softly colored pictures that are beautifully designed and humorous in detail. Ages 5-8.

The Happy Lion's Vacation. *By Louise Fatio. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. McGraw-Hill.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. Amiable as ever, the Happy Lion goes off for a beach picnic with his friend François, the zookeeper's son. Unfortunately, the ticket-seller for trains and the ticket-seller for bus rides have the same reaction: "You understand, there is no rule that says you can't. But, on the other hand, there is no rule that says you can." The Happy Lion quietly decides that he and his friend must walk. Arrested the next day while hitchhiking, they escape and go for a ride in the town-fair balloon, which is carried out to sea in a storm. François is rescued by a ship, the Happy Lion by Eskimos, but finally they are reunited, and then they go home. This is a pleasantly bland and lightly amusing tall tale, nicely complemented by the funny illustrations. Ages 5-8.

The Honeybees. *By Franklin Russell. Illustrated by Colette Portal. Knopf.* 30 *pp.* $3.95. In this lovely picture book the life cycle of a honeybee colony is factually yet poetically depicted. "They reach out of sight into pastel halls where the light of the sky is dim/To suck the sweet drops of nectar which they will transform into honey.



—From "The Happy Lion's Vacation."

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Pollen, the yellow dust of flowers that will become their bread, clings to their legs. Then, their wings frayed with flying, burdened with nectar and pollen they flit to the hive. . . ." Set apart from the print by a frame of ample white space, the illustrations are stunning, with bold designs and soft, nacreous colors. Ages 6-8.

A Gopher in the Garden: And Other Animal Poems. *By Jack Prelutsky. Illustrated by Robert Leydenfrost. Macmillan.* 32 *pp.* $3.95. Here's a book that's fun to read aloud even if children subsequently drive you to distraction by endless repetition. The catchy verses are full of the nonsensical word play, internal rhymes, and swinging rhythm that youngsters love. "You should never squeeze a weasel/for you might displease the weasel/and don't ever seize a weasel by the tail." The illustrations have vitality and wit. Ages 6-10.

Milkweed. *By Millicent E. Selsam. Photographs by Jerome Wexler. Morrow.* 48 *pp.* $3.95. With her usual sure touch, Millicent Selsam describes in this admirably simple and lucid book for the beginning naturalist the structure and life cycle of the milkweed. The photographs (some magnified, some in color) are large and clear, showing the plant and its parts in all stages of growth including the mechanics of pollenization. Photographs of other flowers are used to explain the difference between simpler botanical structures and the more complicated morphology of the milkweed. Ages 7-10.

Especially Sisters. *By Fern Powell. Illustrated by Nancy Grossman. Dutton.* 160 *pp.* $3.95. Small Susie Morgan had been living with her grandfather in the Welsh village of Merthyr Tydfil since the death of her parents, and she was not at all pleased when Grandpa decided that it was time she went to live with her two older sisters and Uncle David in another town. Nancy and Mary were alarmingly lively, while going to school meant frightening encounters with boys and teachers, and nothing was at all like the security of Grandpa's cottage and the familiarity of Merthyr Tydfil. Gradually, however, Susie adjusted to her new, wider world and to the enjoyable excitement of being with new people—especially sisters. The setting has a quiet charm, and the story is told in a restrained and gently droll style. Ages 8-10.

Mossy Trotter. *By Elizabeth Taylor. Illustrated by Laszlo Acs. Harcourt Brace & World.* 160 *pp.* $3.25. The author, who is known for her adult novels and many short stories in *The New Yorker*, has written an engaging first book for children. Mossy, who is eight, lives in a small English village, where his favorite pursuit is combing the dump heap and his biggest worry is that he has been selected as a page boy for the wedding of his mother's friend, Miss Silkin. She is a somewhat exaggerated version of the fussy old maid, but the other characters are wonderfully real, as are all of Mossy's ploys and little disasters. There is no real plot: Mossy has a birthday party, he has a minor operation, he gets lost; Mother has a baby; Grandfather comes for a visit. The book is notable for the ease and humor of the writing rather than for any drama or suspense. Ages 9-10.

The American Revolution, 1775-83: A British View. *By Clorinda Clarke. Illustrated by H. Toothill and H. S. Whithorne. McGraw-Hill.* 64 *pp.* $3.50. Written in 1964 for young people in England, this is a refreshingly different brief history of the Revolution, at once objective in tone and balanced in treatment. The author briskly describes the major campaigns and important battles, the military leaders and—on both sides—the triumphs and mistakes. She considers the effect on the Revolution of the European struggle for power, and closes with a discussion of the fate of American Tories. Endpaper maps show the thirteen colonies and some of the areas of major military engagements. Ages 10-14.

Hawaii Nei. *By Ruth M. Tabrah. Illustrated with drawings by Herbert Kawainui Kane and with photographs. Follett.* 320 *pp.* $4.95. Written with pride for the state in which the author has lived for many years, this is quite a comprehensive book about Hawaiian history, geography, and economic life, but its most interesting and appealing aspect is the information it gives about the happy heterogeneity of the population. Although the material is often romantic or dramatic, the writing is straightforward and sprightly, with a note of affection that is reflected in the title, which means "Hawaii, this place." Ages 10-14.

Great River, Wide Land: The Rio Grande Through History. *Written and illustrated by Armstrong Sperry. Macmillan.* 216 *pp.* $4.50. One of the great rivers of the world, the Rio Grande roars down from Colorado into New Mexico, then flows into Texas and along the Mexican border to the sea. The spectacular setting is all but eclipsed by the dramatic events that have happened along the Rio Grande: the search for the Seven Cities of Cíbola, Coronado's expedition, the conquest of the Indians, the coming of the pioneers and of the mountain men, the war with Mexico, the fight to achieve statehood, and the terrible achievement at Los Alamos. Ages 11-14.

Where Does the Summer Go? *By Ethel Edison Gordon. Crowell.* 172 *pp.* $3.95. Fredericka had always loved spending the summer at the beach, but she knew that this fifteenth summer was going to be magic, especially because of David. Last year he had kissed her once—but David had spent a year at college, and now there was a gulf between them. And it wasn't just David; her family too seemed different to Freddy. Had she never realized before that Grandma nagged, or that Aunt Louise was so restless and unhappy? Slowly, as the summer passed, Freddy adjusted to the imperfections that she had begun to see, and with a new maturity accepted them. Nothing remarkable happens to Freddy, but her story is captivating because it is honest and perceptive; the dialogue is excellent and the characterizations and relationships—particularly the familial—are incisively real. Ages 12-15.

People Who Make Movies. *By Theodore Thomas. Illustrated with photographs. Doubleday.* 158 *pp.* $3.95. Hollywood Press Agent Tells All, or almost all; there isn't an acid personal remark in the book, yet there is plenty of gossip and inside information to enhance the more factual material about people who make films. Mr. Taylor discusses every job from producer to distributor, including stunt men, make-up experts, actors, writers, cameramen, musicians, prop men, even Hollywood press agents. The book is written with humor and zest, the photographs are good, a glossary and an index are included, and the allure of the motion-picture industry pervades all. Ages 12 up.

A Wall and Three Willows. *By Najmeh Najafi and Helen Hinckley. Harper & Row.* 212 *pp.* $5.95. Leaving her husband to finish his studies in America, Najmeh Najafi returned to Iran to bear her second child and to meet again the villagers with whom she had once striven to improve and modernize their way of life. Her work in health programs, in crafts, and in childhood education was absorbing and tiring; when her husband joined her she found that her dedication to her career was impinging on marital harmony and that adjustments had to be made. This third book about Najmeh's work in Iran (*Persia Is My Heart* and *Reveille for a Persian Village*, Harper & Row, $4.95) closes with Najmeh planning to go with her husband to Mecca following the successful establishment of a factory after a trip to the United States to get financial support from CARE. The writing has a colloquial flow and an infectious enthusiasm that make it very pleasant reading, and Najmeh's dedication and persistence are awesome. A glossary is included. For young adults.

You Should Have Been Here an Hour Ago. *By Phil Edwards with Bob Ottum. Illustrated with photographs. Harper & Row.* 178 *pp.* $6.95. Bob Ottum is an associate editor of *Sports Illustrated*, and Phil Edwards, unofficially the world's best surfer, is known even to those who are not aficionados for his movie, *The Endless Summer*. Their book has, expectably, anecdotes about Edwards's first surfing experiences as a child, vivid descriptions of the joys of the sport, comments on techniques, stories about competitive surfing, et cetera. The bonus is in the zest, humor, and common sense of the writing, which is slangy, ebullient, rambling. The action photographs—especially those that appear in series, showing Edwards riding in—are arresting. For young adults.

Edith Hamilton: An Intimate Portrait. *By Doris Fielding Reid. Norton.* 174 *pp.* $5. In this lively and loving biography, Doris Reid gives a remarkably vivid impression of the modesty, grace, and wit of a great scholar, who was her close friend. Revered as a fine teacher, Edith Hamilton began writing when she was sixty; by the time of her death at the age of ninety-five she had produced some of the distinguished works of our time on mythology, and on Greece and Rome. Bound into the biography is a section of photographs; the beauty and vitality evident in them are echoed in the story of Miss Hamilton's life. A list of her awards and honorary degrees is appended to a final section in which her books are discussed. This is an adult book that young people will enjoy.

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Summer Days in Psychedelphia

I SEE WHERE my good friend and sometime voyaging companion, Mme. Inez Robb, has delivered herself of a few opinions on the joint matters of Nureyev and Fonteyn, San Francisco, and the hippies. When those cats got caught on the roof, San Francisco, which should have known better, "blew its cool sky high," Mrs. Robb declares. One would have thought that San Francisco, "the most beautiful, cosmopolitan, and thoroughly delightful city in the nation," would be the least likely to be ruffled by the presence of visiting dancers in the hippie quarter, says Mrs. Robb. "It was an action as astounding as if a Paris flick had suddenly begun arresting American tourists for patronizing the peephole pleasures of the French capital."

That comparison is not altogether impossible considering the Charles-in-Wonderland fancies that emanate from the capital of all Gaul these days, but I know what Mrs. Robb means. San Francisco, as she points out, has a long history of worldly attractions. The girl on the swing, the girls who slide down brass fireman poles, and the more recent shirtless society fad all had their origins in the old Barbary Coast. Chinatown had wicked overtones, and Mrs. Robb, in her column for the United Features Syndicate, recalls that her mother, when a girl in her teens, was taken on a tour of the Grant Avenue neighborhood by a captain of police, an officer of the law who, she says, was "more tolerant of civilian curiosity in his day than his counterpart in 1967."

The truth is that San Francisco, long renowned for its permissive air, is both self-conscious and even nervous about its hippie colony. It wishes the hippies would go away. Admittedly, it is a strange attitude for a city whose libertine attitudes go back to the Gold Rush days. Says columnist Herb Caen of the sociology of San Francisco's past, "All the people who couldn't make it at home came here and made it here. They were misfits, outcasts, and fortune seekers. San Francisco has always been a sanctuary for the disenfranchised."

At summer's beginning, the paid drummers for the city were downright wary about hippies and Haight-Ashbury, the déclassé section where they live. They were not eager to promote it to visiting writers, maintained no file of photographs, and went along reluctantly when journalists were determined to do on-the-scene research. The Gray Line, which had made something of a zoo of Haight-Ashbury, ran tours out to the home of the hippies five days a week. The excursion was known as the "Hippie Hop Tour," and anyone with the price of a ticket could take the trip without taking the acid.

"The only foreign tour within the continental limits of the United States," said the brochure, and the tour guide's canned speech opened like this:

> We are now entering the largest hippie colony in the world and the very heart and fountainhead of the Hippie subculture. We are now passing through the "Bearded Curtain" and will journey down Haight Street, the very nerve center of a city within a city. . . . Marijuana, of course, is a household staple here, enjoyed by the natives to stimulate their senses. . . . Among the favorite pastimes of the hippies, besides taking drugs, are parading and demonstrating; seminars and group discussions about what's wrong with the status quo; malingering; plus the ever-present preoccupation with the soul, reality, and self-expression, such as strumming guitars, piping flutes, and banging on bongos.

At the conclusion of the tour, which did not make a stop for refreshments because of the "hostile shyness" of the natives, the excursionists were given a glossary of hippie terms. The tour ran for two months and then Gray Line stopped it abruptly. There was pressure from the unhippie or "straight" residents of the quarter, and from the police, who thought the buses were tying up traffic. The hippies, moreover, wanted to put their own guides on board the buses and urged the company to let the rubbernecks debark to sprinkle some money in the shops. Occasionally, the hostile shyness of the natives came in the form of a tomato lofted at the bus, perhaps on the theory that tomatoes are, after all, love-apples.

The closing of the packaged tour has in no way limited tourism. A day after the overactive San Francisco police captured Dame Margot and Rudolf the red-faced dancer, Mrs. Robb got a letter from a San Francisco friend urging her to come out and visit. A trip to Haight-Ashbury was promised as an incentive. "It's the swingin' place to go, like Harlem used to be in the Twenties," the Bay resident wrote.

Mme. Inez thinks the dancers were victims of the glamour campaign launched by newspapers, magazines, television, radio, and motion pictures, all of whom have romanticized "a colony of noxious, dirty, drug-addicted bums." The hippies, however noxious, remain a social phenomenon of the times, and a rather colorful one at that. The communications media, no less than visitors to San Francisco, can scarcely be expected to ignore the hippies in the hope that they will go away.

Tourists who clog Haight Street throng into The Drogstore, so spelled because only legitimate pharmacies can call themselves drugstores. A true drug-

(*Continued on page* 41)

—*H.S.*

Hippies in their native habitat—"Flower shops in Haight-Ashbury are doing better than barbers."

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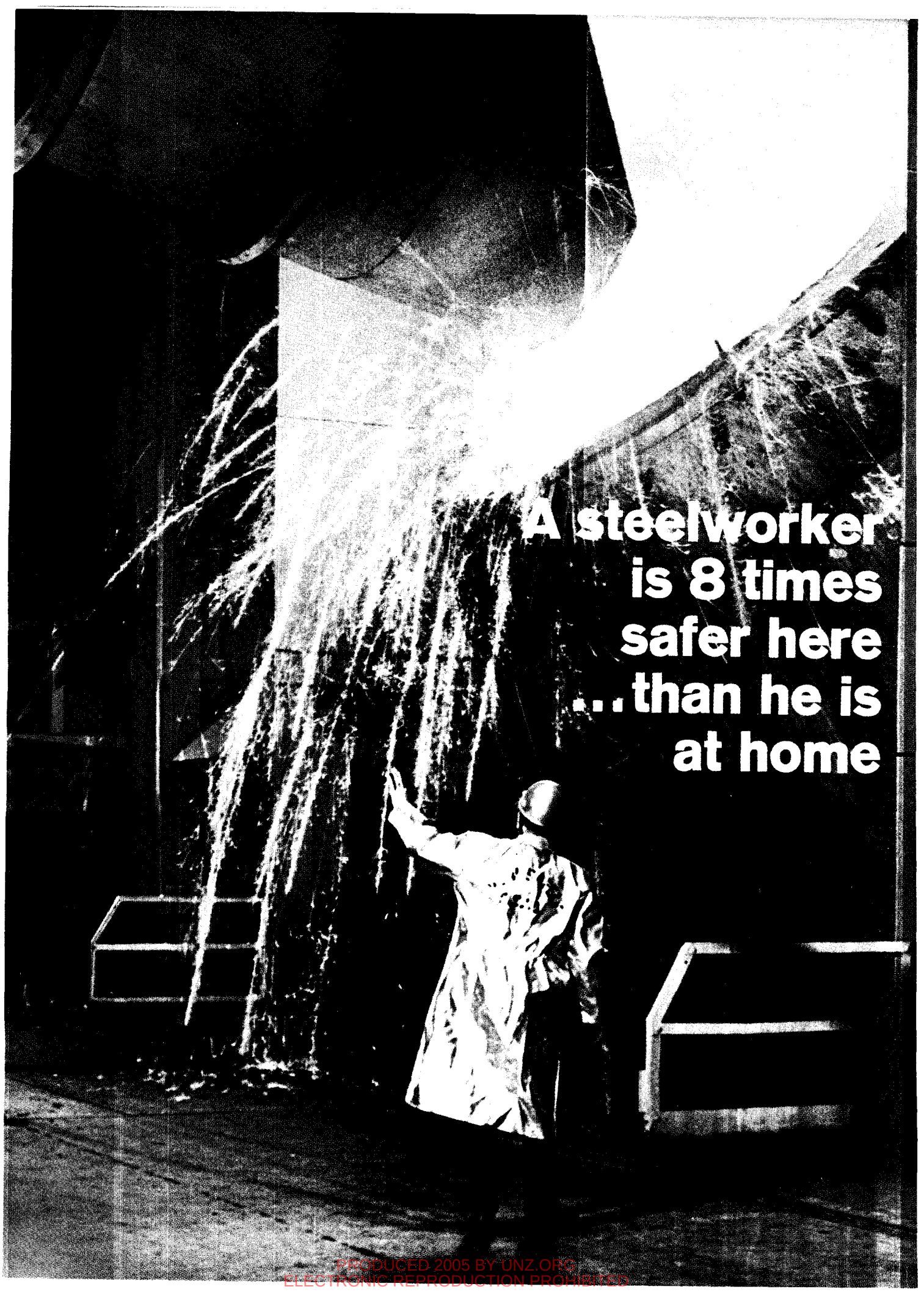

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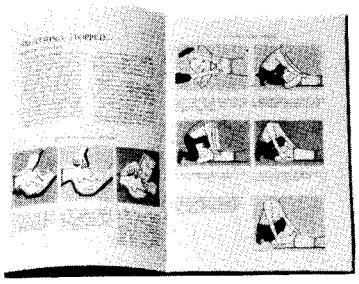

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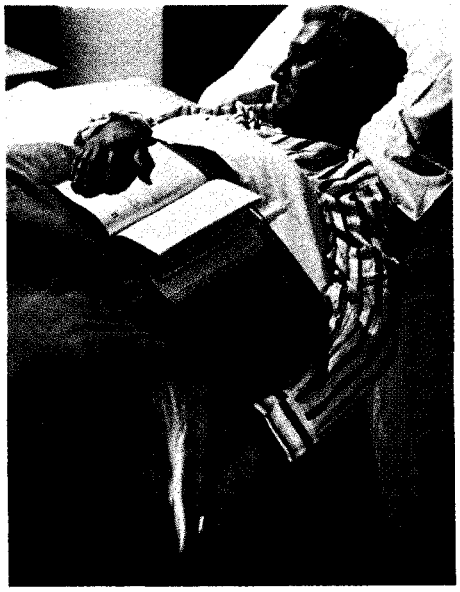

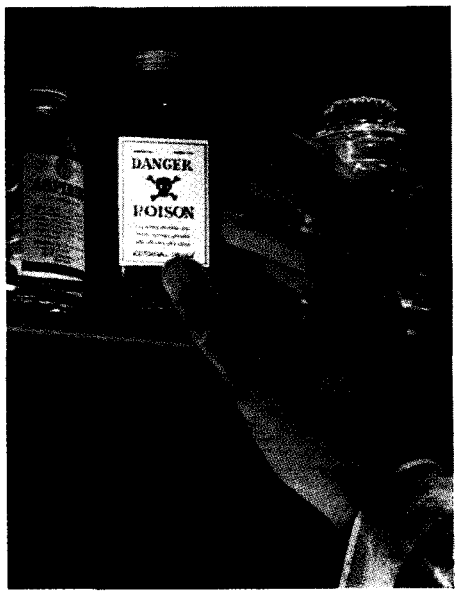

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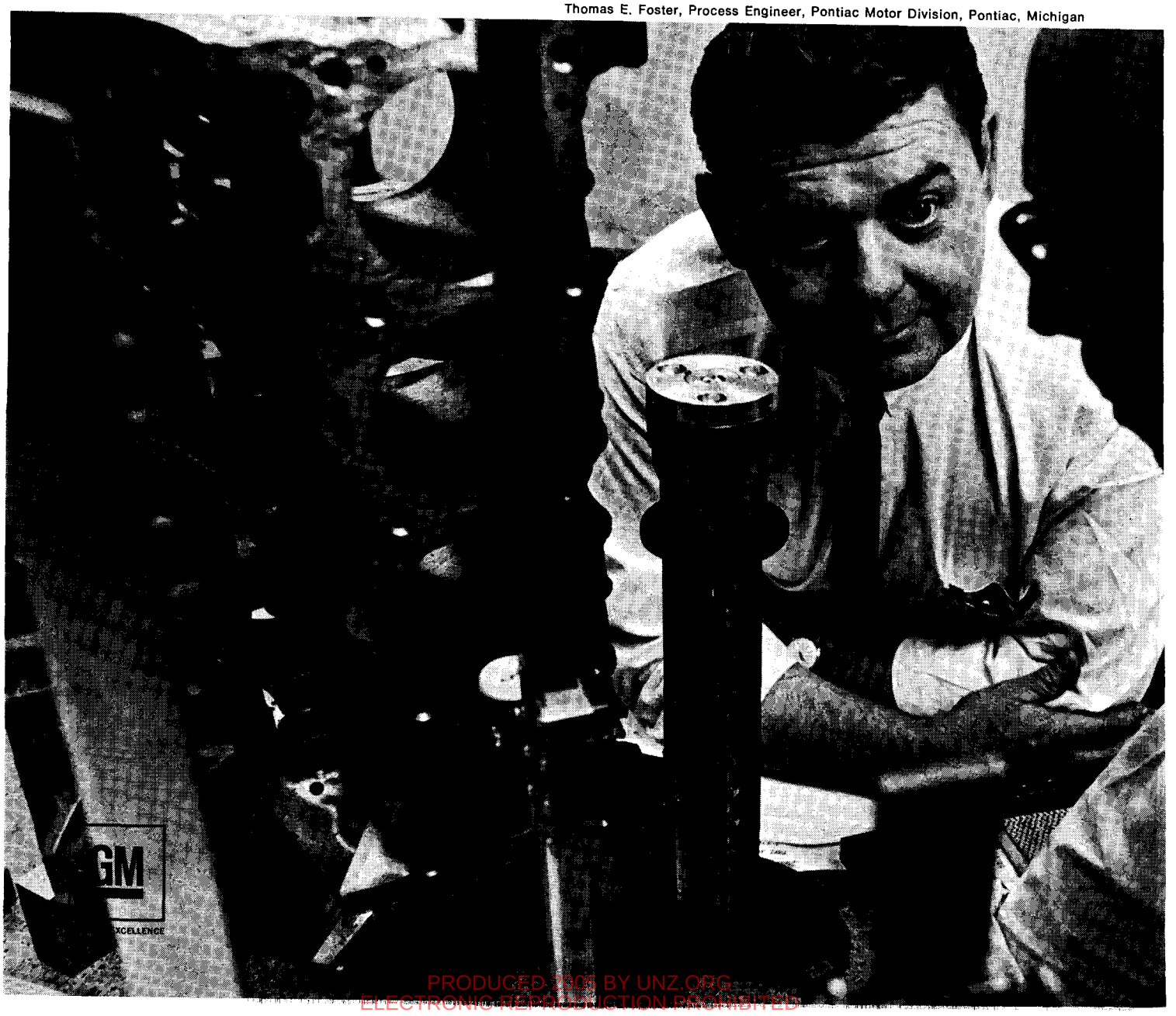

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Continued from page 36

store as far back as the 1890s, The Drogstore now dispenses hamburgers, chicken, and minestrone, staples of hippie sustenance. Members of the order, if they can find room among the tourists, use the place as a sort of clubhouse, and on Fridays and Saturdays it doesn't close at all.

For the gawkers, and for the hippies themselves, there are stores such as The Blushing Peony, which sells buttons, posters, and Garbo hats, and posts a poem in its window that reads, "There is no difficulty that enough love will not conquer." The Print Mint specializes in posters advertising musical aggregations who have played for hippie concerts (if that's the right word), the designs executed in the frilly, art nouveau style so favored by the practitioners. The Print Mint also obliges the neighborhood by posting clubby signs that read, WANTED—EMPLOYED HEADS TO SHARE A FLAT; LARRY PLEASE CALL, URGENT . . . JOYCE; and LOOKING FOR TWO CLEAN-LIVING (NOT NECESSARILY STRAIGHT) HUMAN BEINGS TO SHARE LARGE FLAT FOR THE SUMMER. The day I was in The Print Mint, an artist was at work on a large mural, dressed for the occasion in a huge beaver hat stuck with feathers.

SOME merchants in what Caen calls *Psychedelphia have gone along with* the trend, although flower shops in Haight-Ashbury are doing better than barbers. Snack shops dress their cooks in beads and advertise Love Burgers and Love Dogs. More authentic is the bookstore which has a meditation center and announces ALL HOLY MEN, GURUS, PSYCHEDELIC MESSENGERS ARE WELCOME TO SIGN UP FOR AN HOUR OR SO TO DO THEIR THING. ALSO MUSICIANS AND INSTRUMENTALISTS (FLUTES, DRUMS, SITARS, TABLAS, ETC.) ARE WELCOME.

In the cool of San Francisco's summer, it is the vogue to wear ponchos cut of old army blankets, and blue jeans. Many hippies carry their earthly wares with them, including kitchen pots which dangle from their belts. A Caucasian American girl with her Mexican companion were so attired when I saw them out for a stroll one day, although the girl carried her Negro baby strapped to her back papoose style. The adults were barefoot. Holding a single flower and gyrating to some unheard tune is popular, and so is picnicking on doorsteps and lounging in the gutters. The new styles include leather headbands and beads worn by males, as well as such hirsute decorations as the Buffalo Bill goatee.

Visitors who take the Market Street bus, which trundles straight out to Haight, will find a middle-class neighborhood that looks not unlike some sections of the Bronx. They might also run afoul of roistering students and nonhippies who rent wigs and come out to Haight-Ashbury for a lark. Although liquor bottles are now strewn in the heart of hippiedom, true hippies don't drink, perhaps on the theory that it interferes with the enjoyment of pot. They occasionally appear on the street carrying a white mouse, or blowing a kazoo, an instrument enjoying a revival. Some of the hippie stores carry such books of the kazoo era as *Tom Taylor at West Point* and *The Motor Boys on the Border*. The bands that play on weekends at *Fillmore Auditorium* have strange names, not the least of them being the "Thirty-Three Hunt St. Clinic Band," in honor of the address of the local venereal disease station. The brethren who check in at the clinic make it a festive event, and some bring along banjos and do their thing while waiting.

CAEN, who rarely misses an opportunity to put down Los Angeles, says, "The Sunset Boulevard hippies look synthetic. Our hippies are really dirty." Somewhat more soberly he explains, "This is cleanliness-next-to-godliness being put down." San Francisco's hippies have organized peaceful marches on City Hall, demanding blocs of tickets to musical events so their people could be entertained. Later they marched on City Hall bearing pots of spaghetti to feed the employees. That's love, sweet love. Since some hippies have to work to support those who don't, San Francisco has shaggy-headed postmen who make their appointed rounds in uniform, except for shoes, which they disdain.

Some 100,000 part-time hippies from all over the country were supposed to descend on San Francisco this summer, but the figure has fallen far below expectations. At times, the tourists congregating at the corner of Masonic and Haight, the Hollywood and Vine of the hippie world, seem to outnumber the flower children. Undismayed, some enterprising hippies are planning to export their subculture in an effort to "turn on the world." They are trying to charter an airplane, pack it with local bands, poster artists, and diggers—those who provide the food for other hippies—and send it on a European tour. No missionaries ever had a bigger advance press, and not the least of the world-wide publicity was made by what one San Francisco paper called "Those Fun Dancers." "Today Haight-Ashbury, Tomorrow the World," is the underlying theme of the messiahs. Considering what the straight cultures have wrought, the flower-power subculture seems to have an open field.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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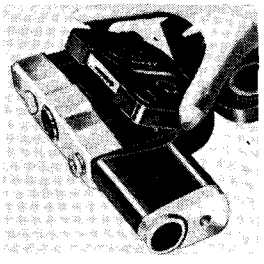

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The "Kalevala"

By KENNETH REXROTH

PHILOSOPHICAL CRITICS in the nineteenth century decided that a culture is most solidly based on a great epic which incorporates all the prime factors in the national or folk consciousness—or "unconscious." There is a whole nest of very disputable assumptions hidden here. First, that Greek culture was solidly based. It was not. Its glory was in its dynamic equilibrium—which was short-lived. National consciousness does not come from the *Nibelungenlied* or the *Iliad*. It is an intellectual notion, born with the nation-state, which came to fruition with the State as an Armed People in the French revolutionary wars and degenerated into the idea of the "folk unconscious" in the long drawn out struggle of the Germans for a national identity.

All national literatures today seek epic foundations: the *Shanameh*, *The Knight in the Leopard Skin*, *Digenes Akritas*, the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*, the Serbian Ballads; even Dante's *Divine Comedy* has been forced into the service of the national consciousness. (The Italian national epic is, in fact, the operas of Verdi.) In many cases these constructions are purely synthetic, yet, astonishingly, this does not necessarily invalidate them.

It would be easy to narrow the definition of a classic by applying it only to literature which fulfills such a role. Conversely, all literature which deserves the name of classic defines, in a sense, the consciousness of a people and yet is, in extension, a moment in the consciousness of mankind. In the narrowest sense, many synthetic epics, written as myths to shape the life of a people, have been successful and have been classics in the wider sense as well. The *Aeneid*, the *Kojiki* and *Nihongi*, the *Kalevala*, the history plays of Shakespeare, the *Shanameh*—these are all synthetic myths, made by intellectuals, which succeeded. They provided foundations for the structural relationships through which their peoples saw themselves. There is nothing really strange about this. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* and even the *Epic of Gilgamesh* are literary products. The notion that they were grunted out by folk sitting about a fire and munching bones was a hallucination of a few nineteenth-century German scholars.

If effect on his own people is a measure, if intensity, profundity, and duration of impact are measures, the most successful of all creators of epics was Elias Lönnrot (1802-1884). "Who on earth was he?" most people will say. He was a country doctor in the most remote country in Europe, the Grand Duchy of Finland, a country which had never been a nation and would not become one for another century. As with so many country doctors, his hobby was philology and folklore. Early in the last century he began collecting the folksongs and narrative ballads of the peasantry, especially in the most remote regions, along the borders of Lapland, and in the forests of Karelia. He became convinced that these songs were fragments of a connected epic narrative which had once been as coherent as the *Iliad* or the *Nibelungenlied*. In this assumption he has been proved wrong, but it does not matter. As he worked his folk materials into what he imagined the original must have been, he produced the most successful constructed myth in modern literature, and one of the most successful of all time.

THE *Kalevala* saturates Finnish life. Its deep, resonant evocation of the natural environment, the rich, dark green or snow white land of forests and lakes and pastures where herdsmen, hunters, and fishers go about their timeless ways, its strong matriarchal bias, its ironic acceptance of the tragic nature of life, its dry humor, its praise of intelligence and hospitality as prime virtues—all these elements go to sustain the unique Finnish character, and that among the most advanced sections of the intelligentsia as well as among the common people.

In recent years there have appeared in several magazines little anthologies of modernist Finnish poetry, edited by Anselm Hollo, who is very much a part of the international avant-garde community. This poetry, including his own, may or may not echo Voznesensky or Gertrude Stein, Allen Ginsberg or Pierre Reverdy, but it is all marked by the influence of that one great book of ballads, collected in fragments from the Finnish countryside over a hundred years ago.

Gallen-Kallela, Finland's greatest painter, did his finest work in illustrations for the book, and is famous for a sort of pre-Raphaelite, Jugendstil, art nouveau style, invented by him and known as the "Kalevala style." Either through Gallen-Kallela, or directly, the *Kalevala* influences the most modern Finnish architecture, textile, ceramic, and silver design. What William Morris tried so hard to do for English art and letters, and failed to do, the Finns do naturally. It is questionable if at any period the *Odyssey* and *Iliad* had as deep an influence on Greek life.

Yet most non-Finnish readers find the *Kalevala* puzzling and difficult to read. In the first place, the trochaic meter, which is natural to Finnish, sounds artificial and monotonous when imitated by German and English translators. In *Hiawatha*, Longfellow deliberately imitated the *Kalevala* in meter, method, subject, and purpose. He took one of the first comprehensive collections of American Indian legends, itself distorted and Europeanized, and formed it into a connected narrative with many elements of the story borrowed from the *Kalevala*. He cast his American epic in the same eight-syllable trochaic lines and used the same repetitive devices and fixed epithets, none of them natural in English or American speech.

He hoped to write a poem which would connect white Americans with the earth beneath their feet, through the Indian past. For two generations *The Song of Hiawatha* was taught in school, and many American children could recite it; the poem did play, feebly, something of the role Longfellow had hoped for. Then it began to fail, and today most Americans, young or old, consider it comic, if they have ever heard of it. Yet the *Kalevala* is still successful among Finns who read Paul Eluard and Finns who read nothing. Why?

First, both Elias Lönnrot and his peasant informants were much better poets. Recited in the original language, the *Kalevala* has a gripping sonority and haunting cadences quite unlike any other great poem in any language; the repetitions and recurring epithets have a chime and echo very different from

(*Continued on page* 73)

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Hitchhiker Who Made Good

HOLLYWOOD.

THE SHORT, dark-haired, young man stood by the side of the Merritt Parkway at Norwalk, Connecticut, thumbing a ride to New York. He had just hitchhiked all the way from Jacob's Pillow in the Berkshires, something he did almost every week, in order to see the great dance stars and the promising newcomers at the famous festival. He made the effort because he was determined to be a dancer.

In 1946, after he got out of the service, he had been a student, under the provisions of the GI Bill, at Jacob's Pillow ("the most strenuous training I ever had was there"). The next year, he continued studies at the American Theater Wing in ballet, in tap, and with such great modern dancers as Martha Graham, Charles Weidman, Hanya Holm. But he had to ask for rides to and from festivals because he didn't have bus fare; in fact, he just barely got by financially.

Twenty years later, he no longer hitches rides. He has an air-conditioned Lincoln Continental (and a sporty runabout) and he lives in Hollywood in a richly appointed hillside house filled with works of art gathered from all over the world. And, of course, he has a swimming pool (heated).

He is one of the most prolific of American choreographers, he is one of the most versatile stagers of dances in all show business, and he is one of the most successful and sought-after choreographers in the highly competitive world of TV. He is Tony Charmoli, who rose to TV fame with his brilliant work on the long-gone *Your Hit Parade* and went from there to do *The Dinah Shore Show*, *The Danny Kaye Show*, *The Julie Andrews Show*, and an endless array of specials with such stars as Bob Hope, Ethel Merman, Cyd Charisse, Juliet Prowse, Carol Lawrence, Carol Channing, Gwen Verdon, and, well, just go ahead and name them all.

It isn't simply that Tony Charmoli is quick, slick, and incredibly adaptable to any style, any theme, any personality. He has won a TV "Emmy," the George Foster Peabody Award, and other honors. He deserves them, for he is an absolutely first-rate choreographer. Some of his numbers may be incidental to a show or even trivial (because of the limiting nature of an assignment), but many have been memorable.

"Sometimes," says Charmoli, "so-called serious dance people say, 'But Tony, what you do is commercial.' Of course it's commercial. I'm a professional and I expect to get paid for what I do, and if you get paid, that's commercial. Aren't Margot and Rudi commercial?"

Charmoli, who started out as a child with "tap, a bit of bastard ballet, jazz, and folk dancing in my gym classes" in his native Minnesota, and was later graduated *magna cum laude* from St. Thomas College, is firmly opposed to the notion that mass media of entertainment invite mediocrity. "You don't have to make bad dances for TV," he says. "You don't have to settle for a line of girls doing high kicks. Some choreographers do, but I don't want the viewers

—*NBC Television.*

Julie Andrews watches Tony Charmoli choreograph a number for her TV show.

—*NBC Television.*

Juliet Prowse dances Charmoli—"He is an absolutely first-rate choreographer."

—*CBS Television.*

Charmoli turns to Americana for TV—" 'I have to choreograph for 40,000,000 people . . . I try to reach them.' "

—*CBS Television.*

Charmoli goes Spanish on TV—" 'You don't have to settle for a line of girls doing high kicks.' "

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—CBS Television.

Tongue-in-cheek on TV with Cyd Charisse—" 'I try never to vary in quality but I do scale differently for each medium.' "

—Marcia Roltner.

Male dancers, in invisible black, support Jackie Gregory on a Danny Kaye show— " 'I don't downgrade dance. . . .' "

to think that this is all there is to dancing.

"I try never to vary in quality but I do scale differently for each medium. For ballet or concert dance—and I've worked in that area and love it – you are creating for a knowledgeable and sophisticated (for the most part) audience. In TV, I have to choreograph for 40,000,000 people—people from cities, towns, farms. I don't downgrade dance for them, neither do I try to bewilder them. I try to reach them."

In trying to reach the vast American "them," Charmoli is acutely aware of all levels of interest. "A show," he says, "is planned as a family show. But who's in the family? Teen-agers as well as adults. *Hit Parade*, after many successful years, came to an end because the taste of an entire nation changed. Instead of songs with lyrics inviting all kinds of imagery, we got rock 'n' roll. To the grownups, all rock 'n' roll sounded alike—it didn't to the kids—so *Hit Parade* had to go. But teen-agers don't.

"The Beatles are great, and if you want a family show you'd better recognize that fact. I'm working now with Cyd Charisse, two male dancers, Tony Martin, and Tony, Jr., on a stage show which they are taking to Africa for a tour. Tony, Sr., sings a song in his great style; then Tony, Jr., who is fifteen, sings it as today's kids would, and his mother dances it that way. Of course, it's tongue-in-cheek because Cyd belongs to another generation. But isn't that really making a family show?"

It hasn't always been easy for Charmoli to maintain his standards of freshness, taste, and outpourings of imaginativeness. In the old *Hit Parade* days, a song had to be given a different staging each week, no matter how long it hung on. "Slow Boat to China" was a favorite but the lyrics were so specific that they were limiting. "We had to have a phone booth in every one." Another, "Harbor Lights," lasted for twenty-seven weeks. "We all quietly tore our hair out. But on that show, I really learned how to stage musical numbers as well as choreograph dances, and this has been of immeasurable value to me today.

"For example, Dinah Shore is not a dancer, but on her show I tried to make her seem like one when she wanted that effect. She liked to move, so then you give her a fast walk and a single turn which will suggest dance. You mustn't inflict yourself on any star. It is your job to maintain the public's image of that star. Gwen is a star but she is also a dancer, so you don't hold back choreographically. But even dance stars are different. Cyd is long and languorous—she's not gut-bucket like Gwen—so you do something different for her rather delicate style (she's strong but willowy). Carol Lawrence? She's absolutely fearless, and I have a ball making up wild lifts and throws and tosses for her."

The little boy who made up his own dances for the annual dance recital in Mountain Iron, Minnesota, the hitchhiker who made good is now making "commercial" dance respectable, for he recently shared a podium with distinguished dance educators on campus at the University of California at Los Angeles. It was an important occasion for him, but so also is his staging for Cyd Charisse and her African tour, for the forthcoming Danny Thomas special, for his adored Juliet Prowse, for his new musical (Broadway-bound), *Dumas and Son*, and for his forthcoming musical in the land of his forebears, Italy.

But there is another Tony Charmoli who doesn't even think about the sophisticates in concert dance or the 40,000,000 who watch his work on TV. It is Charmoli the painter. And he is not a dilettante. He paints whenever he can; he has had exhibitions, and he has sold his paintings for large sums—because they are good and as versatile as the choreographer himself.

But they are truly special in the life of one who serves millions of viewers on TV. "My painting," he says, "is a little area in my life that is my own. It is my private world. It is not for the 40,000,000 I love and try to entertain. I paint for only one person. Myself. Yet, people buy my pictures, even though I don't paint for anyone but me. So I guess I can't get away from being commercial, can I?"

—Walter Terry.

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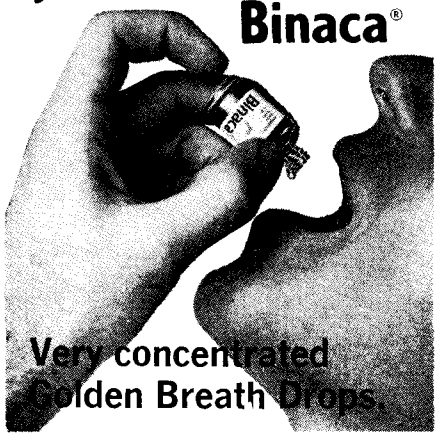

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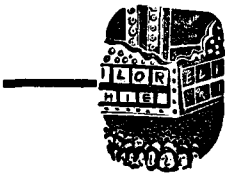


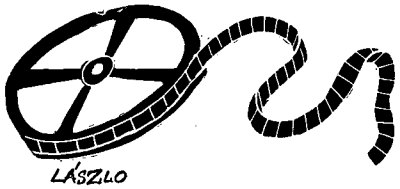
The Actor's Medium

IT HAS BECOME commonplace to regard movies as primarily a director's medium, thus casting into shadow such other contributors as actors, writers, producers, and photographers. But, in the case of *The Whisperers*, Dame Edith Evans is so potent a collaborator that *auteur* theories, as they are known, will probably have to undergo considerable revision. Miss Evans, as a retired domestic living on welfare in a tacky London flat, a prisoner of age and loneliness, not only dominates the film as its principal character but, through the art of acting, infuses it with rich feeling. How separate, then, the performance and the direction by Bryan Forbes? The screenplay, also by Mr. Forbes, offered her all her opportunities, no doubt, but it wouldn't have risen much beyond case history without her and without the considerable contribution of Eric Portman and other good British actors.

Acting in films doesn't have quite the cachet of acting on stage, and a good many actors have been known to complain about what editing does to their finer touches and how they are at the mercies, after all, of a director who might be good and, just as often, bad. Miss Evans has obviously disdained all that nonsense. She has simply taken her role and made of it a notable creation.

The material couldn't be more drab, on the surface. The lady she plays is slightly dotty, her principal companions are voices that whisper to her, and, in the long run, they are more reliable than the tangible humans she encounters: welfare officials, a son who is a petty criminal, a long-vanished husband who returns to her for a time, a seemingly friendly woman she meets who is out to scavenge her pocketbook and who dopes her into insensibility and then illness while doing so. It is not enough to be old and forgotten; the outside world insists on adding to her miseries.

Bryan Forbes does balance the catalogue of minor iniquities she is subjected to by showing in a fairly sympathetic light the insufficient attempts of public agencies to alleviate the plight of old age. The beleaguered welfare officials have their human sides, the public hospital cares for her, and she even gets psychiatric treatment, but, in the long run, it is the voices that prevail. Yet Miss Evans is so real, always, that she literally hurts. The story has a way of wandering away from her now and then—perhaps old age is not quite so bleak as Mr. Forbes insists—but through Miss Evans



we believe, and it is this that makes *The Whisperers* a success.

THE CURRENT film season has been providing us with a plentiful supply of good acting—*In the Heat of the Night*, for instance, in which Rod Steiger and Sidney Poitier give throbbing performances. Actors, of course, require good scripts and understanding directors, and it is the wise director who uses his actor as collaborator rather than a creature to bend to his will. *The Flim-Flam Man* comes close to being successful, but here the director, Irvin Kershner, attempts to put his own stamp on the film, and the screenwriter, William Rose, too, isn't always sure of just what kind of tale he is telling. That estimable actor, George C. Scott, is seen as an elderly cheat, a sleight-of-hand artist who swindles the suckers, often enough just for the joy of it. Guy Owen's novel, *The Ballad of the Flim-Flam Man*, introduced the character, and Mr. Scott has made him racy and resourceful, a decidedly colorful scoundrel. But Scott is not able to immerse himself in his role to quite the degree that Miss Evans does in hers, and touches of artificiality keep showing through. On the other hand, a new young actor, Michael Sarrazin, as Scott's reluctant accomplice on a wild odyssey through the South, seems to have instincts that strike one as true, and, although he can hardly be expected to have Scott's skill, is likable and impressive, and not at all hampered by the fact that he bears a remarkable resemblance to the young John F. Kennedy.

Where the film unsettles is in its uneasy blending of reality and farce. Mr. Kershner's camera is, for the most part, realistic as it explores Kentucky's Blue Grass country, but Kershner has had to contend with Mr. Rose's will to farce. At one point, a whole town is neatly wrecked as the lawmen chase the bunco artist. It's done well, but it appears to be a leftover from *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*, which Rose also wrote. The trouble is, it doesn't go with the rest of the action. This happens frequently through the film. When Kershner concentrates on his characters the mood seems right and proper, but then come the directorial touches, and instead of film style we get flashiness. Even so, the film is original enough to survive the display of disparate talents.

But a nearly total disaster is *Luv*. It is advertised as based on the play, but by the time Clive Donner, the director, has made Brooklyn look like a combination of Wichita and San Bernardino, and Jack Lemmon enters some cloudland of acting all his own, neither Elaine May nor Peter Falk has the chance to demonstrate ability. *Enter Laughing*, in which Miss May is also present, is directed by Carl Reiner, who also wrote the novel and the play, and while it has several funny moments, some of them provided by Reni Santoni as the neophyte young actor, it is hardly guaranteed to make you "exit laughing," as several film reviewers would have you believe. It should look good on television, though, where Mr. Reiner seems to have learned much of his craft. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Thoreau

Continued from page 19

a world which refuses to mend its ways can, within very narrow limits, attempt to do what he attempted to do: refuse to live in "this trivial, bustling century." He found that pretty difficult to do, even in the nineteeth. It is probably more difficult today, but at least it is a possible ideal which a few individuals do actually pursue with some degree of success.

Most of us at least stop short of complete involvement and commitment. Some of us, for example, refuse to try to keep up with the Joneses. We may use, but not worship, the automobile. We may refuse to buy what the TV commercials tell us to. And, on the whole, I think this is wisdom. But it is a characteristic of our time to be less than satisfied with recommendations which seem to be usable by only a few individuals. We demand social solutions. We are inclined to say, "If Thoreau deserves to exert a major influence, he must have something to say that may be of possible use to a whole society, not merely to a few rebellious individuals."

Does that mean that we will have to dismiss him as no more than an aberrant individual who happened to say some pointed things momentarily striking but not ultimately helpful? Was he a mere eccentric whose best writings are entertaining *belles lettres* but no more?

A few months ago a writer in the *American Scholar* quoted with approval —and it is the *approval* that I want to emphasize—the remark of a young man from Harvard University: "You see, my generation does not have goals. We are not goal-oriented." The scholar who quoted this remark—to me, an appalling one—praised it as an indication of a total commitment to the evolving modern world.

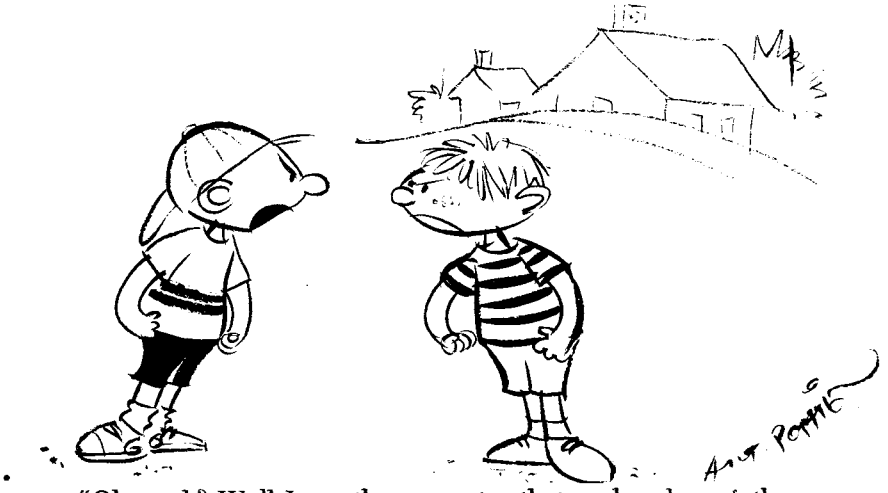
I, on the other hand, cannot understand it as anything other than a radical denial of what Western civilization has always taken to be fundamental—namely, that one thing, one experience, one action is more desirable than another, and that nothing is more important than the attempt to choose one rather than another on the basis of some value judgment. Instead, we are here asked to accept the "because-it-is-there," or "I-don't-know-where-we-are-going-but-we-are-certainly-getting-there-fast" philosophy.

Thoreau's concept of the "good life" may be incomplete. Some may think even that it is mistaken. But one thing is certain. The irreducible minimum of truth in his message is that we *should* be goal-oriented and that the goal is the "good life"—not wealth, or power, or even knowledge for its own sake. Refusing to recognize that fact is exactly the mistake the age of technology and science is inclined to make.

One of Thoreau's favorite aims was what he called *multum in parvo*: much in little. It was as relevant to the form in which he expressed his thoughts as it was to the immediate tangible goods he sought. And so when he once wrote in his journal, "Many a man goes fishing all his life without realizing that it is not the fish he is after," this was a small example of a great truth, one aspect of which is this: many a civilization has sought wealth, power, even knowledge, and a high standard of living without realizing that it was none of these things which it was after but a "good life," with which they mistakenly identified one or all of these things.

I say many civilizations have made this mistake. I should say almost all civilizations and almost all individual men make it. If we can remember not to do so, then remembering may just possibly be the salvation of our civilization.

This article is based on a speech by Mr. Krutch to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston upon his receipt of the Thoreau-Emerson Award.



"Oh, yeah? Well I say the computer that replaced my father is much bigger than the computer that replaced your father!"

Manner of Speaking

Continued from page 10

deadwood, in the main fork of which there was a nest with three fuzzlings cheeping for the bugs and worms of heaven.

"You want me to cut?" he said from up in the tree when he had explained the situation.

I knew I wanted to save the tree. "Will all that deadwood hurt the tree?" I said.

"Sure won't do it any good."

I had been handed a moral question. What does a man choose in a contest between three dead fuzzlings and a possibly dead dogwood? If the sparrow's fall is noted, shall the dogwood pass without a mark in the metaphysical ledger?

"How far along are they?" I said.

"Up to first feathers," he said. "Should be flown in four-five weeks."

Morality, of course, is what we compromise for. Or toward. "Let's leave them," I said. "Come August I can get up with the ladder and trim out those few branches."

"Right," he said. And I knew as he swung down from the tree that I had said what he wanted me to say. When, later, he itemized his bill, he even subtracted $3 for the branches he had not cut out of the dogwood.

I like that man. He left me thinking, too, that I have never known a tree-climber who did not have the right sense of the green questions. Tree climbing is, by nature, a hitch up toward green balances. I was once a tree-climber myself and can testify that I have never been tempted to evil while aloft. Aside from a few snipers who have climbed trees for bad reasons, mostly in war, the worst of man has happened only when he was down from his trees. If only Congress, I am tempted to think, could be relocated in tree houses and. . . .

BUT wishful thinking buds no bough, and I am not at all sure Congress should be wished anything as hopeful as a tree. Perhaps a mine shaft would be nearer the right psychic image, especially if the timbering has begun to rot.

In any case, I am happy to report that the birds made it to air and that I got the deadwood out and the cuts painted. I cannot see that it cost the tree anything. It may even be that I made a little profit with the local dryads, whose tutelary influence must certainly include the birds. Not only does the dogwood seem to be doing well, but the elm stays full green as I mark a conceptual hex sign on it and head for Vermont and Bread Loaf to do some private hoping over the stumps of the blighted elms there.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Chess Corner—No. 117

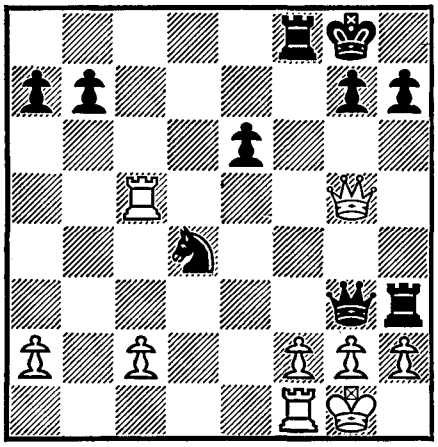
UNIQUE in Caissa's annals is the sparkling victory of United States champion, Frank J. Marshall, over S. Lewitzky in the Breslau 1912 International Tourney.

Legend has it that Marshall's Queen deployment, 23 . . . Q-KN6, where the Queen was subject to capture three different ways, was so impressive that the American was showered with gold pieces. Be that as it may, to this day, Caroline Marshall, the vivacious widow of Frank, still seeks that pot of gold.

The simple beauty of the decisive move is its penetration to the hostile King in a quiet way, without fanfare or fury.

FRENCH DEFENSE

Lewitzky White	Marshall Black	Lewitzky White	Marshall Black
1 P-Q4	P-K3	13 B-R3	QR-K1
2 P-K4	P-Q4	14 Q-Q2	B-N5
3 N-QB3	P-QB4	15 BxN	RxB
4 N-B3	N-QB3	16 QR-Q1	Q-B4
5 KPxP	KPxP	17 Q-K2	BxN
6 B-K2	N-B3	18 PxB	QxP
7 O-O	B-K2	19 RxP	N-Q5
8 B-KN5	O-O	20 Q-R5	QR-KB1
9 PxP	B-K3	21 R-K5	R-R3
10 N-Q4	BxP	22 Q-N5	RxB
11 NxB	PxN	23 R-QB5	Q-KN6!!!
12 B-N4	Q-Q3		



Resigns

If 24 RPxQ, N-K7 mate. If 24 BPxQ, N-K7ch; 25 K-R1, RxR mate. If 24 QxQ, N-K7ch; 25 K-R1, NxQch; 26 K-N1, NxR, Black remains a Knight ahead. And, if White fails to take the Queen, Black will play 24 . . . QxP mate.

That this theme should be echoed fifty-five years later in a Puerto Rican Open is inconceivable. Curiously, the Queen immolates herself on the same square—KN6—and "Resigns" comes on exactly the same numbered move. [The next CHESS CORNER—No. 118—will deal with this game.]

—AL HOROWITZ.

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Deeds in the Mind

Continued from page 33

which Miss Lispector is held. Unlike much Brazilian fiction, its appeal derives not at all from its regionalism, for it is quite unconcerned with local color. It is fascinating simply because Miss Lispector is a superb writer, an artist of vivid imagination and sensitivity, with a glorious feeling for language and its uses. She employs words playfully, meaningfully, deceptively, and of course seriously, not necessarily as a poet does but as few novelists do. This makes translation more than normally difficult, and it should be said at once that Gregory Rabassa has succeeded remarkably well.

The book is about many things: the relation between speech and act, knowledge and being, perception and awareness, reality and imitation. Miss Lispector has considered the existentialists, and her ontology is essentially theirs. Superficially *The Apple in the Dark* is the story of a man who has committed a crime, which represents to him a genuine act. It tells of his flight and his attempt to reconstruct himself "from the exact beginning." On a remote farm the protagonist, Martim, becomes involved with two women in states of psychological isolation almost matching his own. At the end Martim is no longer sure even of the nature of his crime, let alone its meaning.

At least that is what appears upon the surface; but an outline of the "plot" is in this instance of little value; the action is in the minds and even more specifically in the words of the three principal characters. For Miss Lispector is telling us that the mind is made up in large part of the words it knows. A feeling of "horror" about his crime, Martim concludes, is "what the language expected of him," and he often "preferred what he had said to what he had really wanted to say." Each character is aware of "how treacherous was the power of the slightest word over the broadest thought."

Such conceits as these would be dangerous for anyone less skillful than Miss Lispector. Words are as elusive as the feelings and thoughts they attempt to represent, and this is true even for writers. Communication may be impossible among people, but the first-rate writer can work with elusiveness and allusiveness to create poetic meaning; and so Miss Lispector, while preoccupied with the difficulty and the danger of words, is able at the same time to demonstrate their power and beauty.

If her work is thoughtful and poetic, distinguished by touching insight and human sympathy, it is also full of irony and the wild humor that is a necessary part (cause or effect?) of verbal virtuosity. There are passages in *The Apple in the Dark* that bring to mind the blackest pages of Ivy Compton-Burnett, others that recall the saddest passages in Virginia Woolf's *The Waves*. It is feminine writing, but on this very highest level, and these comparisons are not meant to suggest that it is derivative. There are of course many influences: Kafka, Gertrude Stein, and perhaps even Lewis Carroll are in the background. But Miss Lispector is original and authentic, and her style is impressive.

The Apple in the Dark is heavily invested with symbolism, used vividly and effectively and, in general, discreetly. Occasionally Miss Lispector descends to the obvious, even to a hackneyed image or phrase; but one feels that this is done consciously, and more to reassure the reader than to shock him. She often relies on alarming juxtapositions, and the technique of the sudden let-down is handled with splendid effect. The title represents a symbol of knowledge that one must seek with imperfect illumination. One gropes for the apple in the dark, and tries not to drop it. But one does drop it more often than not. At the end of the book Martim has a fleeting impression that he has reached some kind of certainty, but he cannot grasp it, and is forced, in one of Miss Lispector's most aptly disconcerting phrases, to "accept guessing as the maximum ideal."

Mr. Rabassa has consistently found the right words, not always an easy job, and also preserved a flexible and compelling prose rhythm. I have serious reservations about his introduction, which seems to me somewhat on the wrong track. But *The Apple in the Dark* is susceptible to a variety of "interpretations," and whatever one thinks it may be about, or whatever one may think it means, it remains a delight to read.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1254

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1254 will be found in the next issue.

BVYPY GPY JK GAGBYMPO, HMB

KJQD BVKOY FVK LGUJB HGX

LUIBMPYO.

—YXKMGPX AGJYB

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1253

Nobody can be as agreeable as an uninvited guest.

—KIN HUBBARD.

Check List

Continued from page 31

INCREDIBLE VICTORY. By Walter Lord. Harper & Row. $5.95.

MAFEKING: A Victorian Legend. By Brian Gardner. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.75.

PIONEERS EAST: The Early American Experience in the Middle East. By David H. Finnie. Harvard Univ. Press. $7.50.

A SHORT HISTORY OF CEYLON. By E. F. C. Ludowyk. Praeger. $6.

Literary History, Criticism

THE BEST OF FACT. Edited by Ralph Ginzburg and Warren Boroson. Trident. $5.95.

THE EXPERIENCE OF LITERATURE: A Reader with Commentaries. By Lionel Trilling. Doubleday. $12.95.

THE MANCHESTER AFFAIR. By John Corry. Putnam. $4.95.

Miscellany

CLAYMORE AND KILT: Tales of Scottish Kings and Castles. By Sorche Nic Leodhas. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

LADY IN ARMS. By Virginia Weisel Johnson. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

THROUGH THE GREAT CITY. By Anthony Bailey. Macmillan. $5.95.

TIME IS SHORT AND THE WATER RISES: Operation Gwamba; The Story of the Rescue of 10,000 Animals from Certain Death in a South American Rain Forest. By John Walsh with Robert Gannon. Dutton. $6.95.

TOWARD DISCOVERY. By Helen Merrell Lynd. Hobbs, Dorman. $6.50.

Poetry

COLLECTED POEMS 1937-1966. By Martin Bell. Macmillan. $5.75.

EIGHT LINES AND UNDER: Short, Short Poems. Edited by William Cole. Macmillan. $3.95.

POEMS WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH. By T. S. Eliot. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $3.95.

POP POEMS. By Ronald Gross. Simon & Schuster. Paperback, $1.95.

Political Science

MARX IN THE MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY: A Yugoslav Philosopher Reconsiders Karl Marx's Writings. By Gajo Petrovic. Anchor. Paperback, $1.25.

THE SOCIALIST REGISTER 1967. Edited by Ralph Miliband and John Saville. Monthly Review. $6.

Religion

THE GLORY OF MAN. By David Jenkins. Scribners. $3.50.

IDEALS AND REALITIES OF ISLAM. By Seyyed Hossein Nasr. Praeger. $6.

Travel

SLOWLY DOWN THE GANGES. By Eric Newby. Scribners. $6.95.

VANISHING CORNWALL. By Daphne du Maurier. Doubleday. $7.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

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EDUCATION AROUND THE WORLD

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The Global Revolution

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Philip H. Coombs, the author of this guest editorial, is director of the International Institute for Educational Planning in Paris.*

AMONG THE CHANGES sweeping the developing regions of the world, none has been more important than the world-wide revolution in education. There has been an enormous increase in enrollments and an equally striking increase in educational expenditures, not only in absolute terms, but as a percentage of total national income.

The less developed nations are endeavoring to move from an earlier vest-pocket educational system, which served only limited purposes and a lucky minority, to a full-blown educational system designed to serve the whole population and the full gamut of national development needs. This is a goal which more advanced countries have been pursuing for a century or more, and have not fully achieved yet. These developing countries, understandably, are in a great hurry; they reckon in years, not decades.

Equally impressive are the quantitative expansion targets of these countries for the future. The majority of developing countries are pledged to achieving universal primary education by 1975 or 1980, even though many are as yet less than halfway there. Most have equally ambitious expansion targets for secondary and higher education. In short, this educational revolution has only begun.

Educational expansion is not simply the consequence of unilateral decisions by political leaders. It is the product of widespread popular demand. Around the world the impatient masses see education as the upward ladder for their children. For them, freedom and democracy mean the promise of educational opportunity, not eventually but right away. The impressive progress already made, in so short a time, should not be allowed to obscure some severe problems that lie ahead for educational development. These can be summarized in terms of three basic imbalances:

1) *Imbalance between the educational output of a nation and its development needs.* There is almost everywhere a serious mismatch between the manpower skills and specialties turned out by the educational system and those required for economic growth. Village education, for instance, is often ill-suited to the individual needs of rural youngsters and to the requirements of improved agricultural productivity and overall rural development; in some cases the kind of education given may even prove counterproductive to national development. Similarly, the complaint is widely heard that urban secondary schools are turning out too many young people with an old-fashioned preparation for university entrance, and too few who have had terminal programs which equipped them for middle-level technical work required for economic growth. There are similar maladjustments at the university level—overproduction of lawyers and arts graduates, for example, and underproduction of scientists, engineers, and other technically trained persons needed to modernize the economy.

2) *Imbalance between the different levels within the educational system itself.* In many countries early priority was given to expanding elementary

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and university education, both having great popular appeal, while teacher training and secondary education were left waiting. The result, of course, is that elementary schools find themselves without qualified teachers, universities without enough qualified students, and employers without enough well trained middle-level manpower.

3) *Imbalance between the scale of available educational resources and the scale of educational expansion.* Inadequate resources have been spread so thin that quality has suffered severely. The old educational status quo—which in many respects is now the wrong educational system to fit the new needs and scarce resources of these countries—has been left relatively unchanged; it has mainly become bigger and, in many cases, worse.

Because substantial and heartening educational gains have been made, a powerful momentum has been established which can, if properly channeled, help to overcome these deficiencies in the future. But if this is to happen, educational planning must be concerned from here on with much more than making statistical projections and promoting a larger version of the educational status quo. The four tasks of highest priority are the following:

1) *Better integration of education with the major needs of economic growth and social development.* This will require deeper analysis of prospective manpower requirements, not only on a national scale but more particularly in various subregions and major labor markets and not least of all in the agricultural and rural sector. Equally important, and much more difficult, it will require a broad overhaul of the curriculum and in the pattern of student flow.

2) *A more balanced and selective expansion of the educational system.* The quantitative expansion of the past cannot and should not be stopped in its tracks, but it must be brought into a viable, sensible relationship with available resources. The aim now should be to bring the different levels and the different programs—such as general education and technical education—into better balance with each other and with the realistic needs of society.

3) *The energetic inducement of essential changes and improvements of all sorts within the educational system.* These changes must be far reaching; they should comprehend the structure, content, teaching methods and materials, physical plant and equipment, admission standards, and organizational and administrative arrangements. They should aim at raising quality, efficiency, and effectiveness; some will cost more while others will save money. These changes and aims are essential in their own right, but they are also tactically essential if education is to justify its claim for getting still larger resources. The road to progress lies not simply in spending more on education, but, equally important, in utilizing more effectively the resources already being spent.

4) *Strengthening education outside the classroom.* This includes all those things that are often lumped together—some much more important than others—under the ambiguous label "adult education." The developing countries suffer seriously from the sharp dichotomy between "formal education" and all other organized forms of training and education, many of which are just as important to national development as what goes on inside the schools and universities. For nations at an early stage of development, these types of activities can often give a quick and relatively inexpensive boost to national development — if they are carefully selected, planned, and operated.

The sweeping internal educational changes implied by these four tasks will not come easily. This is not simply because educational systems by their very nature are resistant to fundamental change. An equally important reason is the sheer logistical complexity of educational change. Like agriculture, education is a large industry of small and widely dispersed units, run by thousands of "operators" (in this case, teachers and administrators). To achieve a widespread change of standard practice requires communicating with the "operators," and somehow persuading, retraining, and assisting them (and often the parents and students as well) to accept new practices and apply them effectively. In other words, educational change itself requires a major educational effort.

The most fundamental obstacle to educational change is the absence of sufficient institutional mechanisms within the educational system whose prime business it is to change and improve the system—to evaluate old practices critically, to develop new and better ones, and to persuade and assist the far-flung "operators" of the system to innovate as is done in the more dynamic industries as a matter of course. Priority should therefore be given to creating such mechanisms, to changing negative attitudes, and to modernizing clumsy and outmoded administrative rules and arrrangements.

Miracles should not be expected of educational planning, but it can produce far better results than blind-flying. For educational planning, after all, is simply the application of rational analysis, common sense, and a broader- and longer-range perspective to the essential business of developing a nation's human resources.

On balance, one can take encouragement from the serious efforts being made today by the majority of developing countries to establish an effective process of educational planning, but success is not yet assured. Whatever the more developed countries can do to help in this endeavor is bound to bring high rewards—not only for the recipients, but for the donors. For most of what can be said about the future priority tasks and strategies of educational planning in the developing nations applies with equal force to the more advanced ones. Because of the vast changes that are shaking and reshaping the world today, every nation, whatever its level of economic development, finds itself educationally underdeveloped and therefore in trouble. —PHILIP H. COOMBS.

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Letters to the Editor

Nun's Real World

OF LATE, articles dealing with nuns seem to adopt one of two approaches. Patricia Doyle's interesting article, "The Real World of Jacqueline Grennan" [*SR*, July 15], employs both, and both, I feel, are misleading.

Either Sister X accomplishes what she does *because of* some undefined but irresistible charisma that attaches to the nun and her dress ("her audacity . . . proved irresistible in a nun's habit"), or she achieves success in her work *in spite of* being a nun. The implication here, of course, is that her personal talents and intellect allow her to overcome certain vague obstacles she faces in living the life of a nun, a life labeled as "very circumscribed." But both of these approaches are based on stereotypes which have no place in a serious discussion of the "real world." Approach No. 1 is insulting (or should be) to those purported to be charmed into action, while approach No. 2 rightly offends most nuns who find their lives challenging rather than inhibiting.

Miss Grennan is contrasted with ". . . a nun in the traditional stereotype of the gentle, quiet, obedient sister. . . ." Yet, to state what should be obvious, nuns vary as much as others in temperament, talent, and spirituality. Furthermore, in the real world *I* live in, some of the most impressive individuals I have met are both gentle and quiet, and—when they happen to be members of religious orders—obedient.

SISTER M. NORBERT OATES,
Graduate Student,
Yale University.

New Haven, Conn.

Education in Vietnam

JOHN NAISBITT'S FINE article "Education in Vietnam: America's Dien Bien Phu?" [*SR*, July 15] contains an apparent inaccuracy which you may want to correct. It alludes to a contract ". . . with the University of Michigan for the training of Vietnamese civil servants. . . ."

This is, alas, not the first time that East Lansing (Michigan State University) has been confused with Ann Arbor. While the U of M did have a contract with the Agency for International Development (centered in Bangkok, but with branches and University of Michigan personnel stationed in Vientiane and Saigon), 1) the contract dealt with linguistics and English teaching, 2) it phased out when it was supposed to, and 3) no one attempted to silence anybody from the U of M contract after they returned to the United States.

As former Chief of Party of the University of Michigan's contract in Southeast Asia, and a loyal alumnus, I wouldn't want Ann Arbor and the U of M confused with that other place.

EDWARD M. ANTHONY,
University of Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

MR. NAISBITT MAKES a statement I would like to challenge. He says, in speaking of the textbooks for elementary schools written in five subjects, that they are "for a curriculum established fifty years ago." I challenge this sweeping statement, particularly with regard to geography textbooks where I know it to be a mistake.

As the wife of one of the U.S. AID education advisers in Vietnam from 1964-65, I gave voluntary service on committees of four Vietnamese and two Americans which were writing three of these geography textbooks. Our first duty was to write new and up-to-date curricula. Then we worked on the lessons with minute attention to detail and with care to see that no errors or misstatements crept in. The lessons were illustrated with pictures, diagrams, and maps drawn by a competent artist under our direction. Do you really believe that two American advisers would have worked on curricula fifty years old? Let me assure you that this would have been impossible in my case as I was trained at the London School of Economics under Sir L. Dudley Stamp, one of the world's famous geographers. I taught geography, moreover, for thirty-five years. No, sir, I know that statement about an antique curriculum to be wrong.

Further, I believe the statement to be equally misguided in relation to textbooks in the other four subjects, but I challenge what I know specifically.

MABEL C. RING.

Silver Spring, Md.

Kari's Handicap

CONGRATULATIONS are too small a thank-you to give to Robert E. Samples for his moving story, "Kari's Handicap—The Impediment of Creativity" [*SR*, July 15]. Last year in the system I was working for we had a Kari, but no one of equal caliber was present on the staff. Maybe one day the "administrators" of the school systems in this country will awake to the fact that it might not be harmful to have a "Kari" on the teaching staff of the school.

RICHARD F. NEWTON.

East Lansing, Mich.

IT IS enlightening to know that there are enough "Karis" in the world for Mr. Samples to feel that they are worth writing about. Creativity is the basis of civilization.

If someone hasn't already said that, I just did. Everyone should be aware of this, especially teen-agers.

I try, perhaps unlike Kari, to "take advantage" of society. I do not let my feelings about life, the world, and people get in the way of my education. In a sense, I use society to understand society. To not take advantage of the benefits of society is wrong, just as to be completely guided by society is wrong.

Then, thinking back, I wonder who will guide this world, who will be the shapers of tomorrow . . . who cares enough today to think about tomorrow?

We are all slaves of society. The hippies tried to break away, but went in the wrong direction and lost their cause. Maybe Kari is creative enough to know the right direction.

JIM MAGDANZ,
A high school Junior.

Omaha, Neb.

I FEEL strongly that the position set forth by Mr. Samples is not only inherently wrong but also potentially destructive of creative adolescents and society.

To seek to protect the creative adolescent at that particular stage of development would, I feel, be a critical mistake. Protection is not the answer for Kari—she must face her alien environment because she is a part of it; she is not separate therefrom, and those who encourage her to feel that she is may do serious harm to her personal maturation and the full development of her creative capacity.

Rather than attempt to isolate and protect Kari she must be encouraged to accept her role as a woman and an integral part of the society which surrounds her. Hopefully she will choose to learn to communicate the creative force which she possesses—whether in the performing or so-called creative arts, the practice of law or medicine, or whatever field she may choose. For then she will produce two results: first, a benefit to herself in the beauty of creative expression, whatever the media; and second, a benefit to the society of which she is a part.

EDMUND G. GLASS.

New York, N.Y.

"KARI'S HANDICAP" is an article which should be classified as must reading for every person who is teaching or intends to teach children.

MRS. ROBERT BEHAR.

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

IT IS an honor to have my work quoted in an article as fine in purpose as that by Mr. Samples. To point out errors, therefore, seems ungrateful. Yet the errors alter my meaning not only theoretically, but in a sense which can have practical consequences for techniques of education.

1) When I discuss the creative process I never characterize individuals as creative or noncreative. It is sufficient (and also sufficiently hard) merely to characterize a single act as creative or noncreative, and then to study what facilitates, blocks, or distorts this. For many reasons, which I have discussed in several publications, I deliberately avoid extrapolating from this

(*Continued on page 72*)

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—*Marc Riboud (Magnum).*

University students singing "Socialism Is Good"—"The achievement of ideological correctness and the acquisition of technical expertise cannot be complementary at all times."

THE CHINESE UNIVERSITY

TARGET OF THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION

By C. T. HU, *professor of comparative education at Teachers College, Columbia University, and a leading Chinese scholar.*

UNTIL THE ADVENT of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution last summer, the term "higher education" in China referred to that phase of education which came after approximately twelve years of primary and secondary education. This phase had a duration of between four and six years, with a few fields lasting up to eight years. The major objective of higher education was proclaimed to be the training and supply of socialist workers, mastering the advanced knowledge and techniques necessary for national reconstruction. In order for the socialist workers with higher education to be both Red and expert, the fundamental approach has been the combination of education with productive labor. By 1958, after years of readjustment and reorganization, the institutions of higher learning fell into two general categories: about twenty comprehensive universities in centers of population concentration, in which most of the academic disciplines were represented – humanities, social sciences, natural sciences, and some professional schools—and approximately 250 higher technical and teacher training institutes with one or more fields of specialization, such as agriculture, geology, petroleum industry, and the like.

Although not rigidly differentiated, the two types of institutions were entrusted with different educational tasks, the former for the training of theoreticians, advanced research personnel, and candidates for teaching positions in higher institutes, while the latter trained high-level technicians and practitioners. In terms of types of institutions established and number of students enrolled, both were subjected to rigid state control in accordance with the overall plans for national and especially economic development. In addition to the teaching institutions, there also existed in the early 1960s close to 900 research institutes devoted to the study of science and technology.

With the launching of the Great Leap Forward movement in 1958 there began a period of educational expansion on all levels at what appeared to be a breakneck speed. Almost overnight the number of schools on the higher education level was reported to have increased more than five times toward the end of that year. Like many similar claims of impressive progress in other aspects of the Leap, the gains in higher education later proved to be more fantasy than reality. By 1961, a full retreat was called along the entire policy line, and higher education underwent another phase of

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readjustment and reorganization. Imaginary statistics no longer appeared. But on the basis of available data, the number of higher institutions in mainland China today seems to be in the neighborhood of 300, enrolling slightly over 1,000,000 students, of whom the overwhelming majority are found in engineering, agricultural science, medicine, and other scientific and technical subjects.

Events on the mainland of China since the Communist accession to power have followed a pattern of alternation between radical and practical approaches. To use the Communists' slogan, it is an alternation between "Redness" on the one hand and "expertness" on the other. Although both are declared to be the ultimate goals of education, the achievement of ideological correctness and the acquisition of technical expertise cannot be complementary at all times. Consequently, there have been times when Redness is emphasized, inevitably at the expense of expertness, while at other times the reverse has been the case.

During the period immediately before the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution of mid-1966, the emphasis in education was clearly on expertness. This period, lasting from the latter part of 1961 to the middle part of 1966, was one of relatively stable development. This era had in turn been preceded by one which stressed Redness, the period of the Educational Revolution which began with the launching of the Great Leap Forward in 1958 and placed highest priority on political activities and productive labor. The students were required to spend an enormous amount of time on political and labor activities, resulting in the neglect of their studies and the serious undermining of the teachers' role. The effect of such disturbances in the educational field became manifest in many ways, but most significantly it affected the training of scientific and technical personnel. This, coupled with withdrawal of Soviet experts and the ending of cooperative arrangements between China and the Soviet Union, created a number of technical difficulties for the proper management of economic and, especially, industrial enterprises.

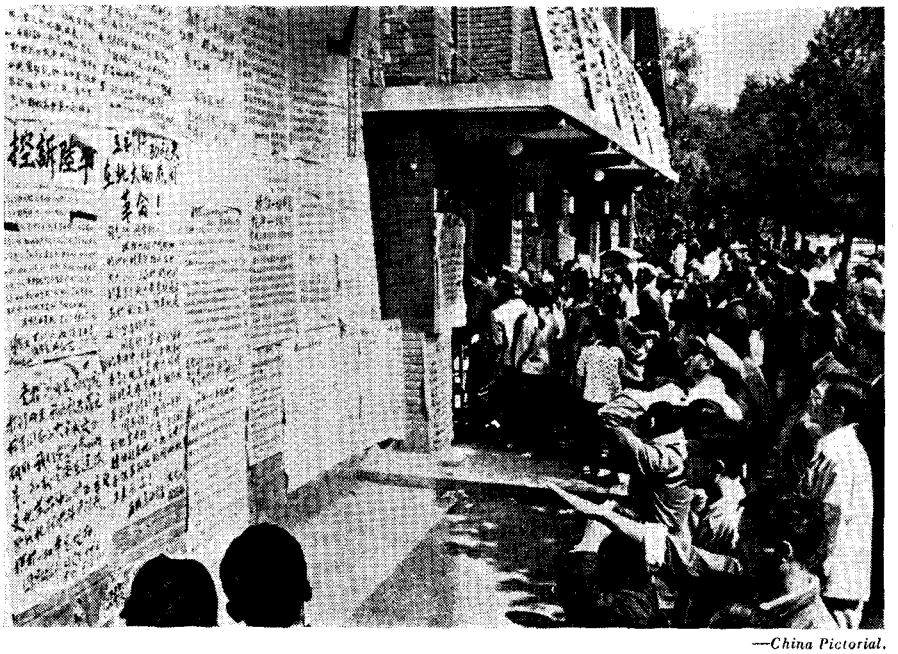
By 1961, more than two years after the launching of the Great Leap Forward, the party hierarchy had begun to acknowledge the excesses and the disruption of education caused by this radical approach. Consequently, there began a switch from the earlier policy position, and the treatment of intellectuals underwent a series of modifications. The first sign of the policy shift came in June 1961 when Vice Premier Chen Yi stated in a speech to the graduating classes of universities in Peking that, whereas Redness is important for the preservation of ideological purity, expertness must also receive adequate attention so as to ensure that the nation has an adequate supply of technically competent individuals. He further expressed the hope that, in the future, participation in productive labor by both faculty and students in secondary and higher institutions of education would follow a more rational line, and that the physical well-being of the students would be properly looked after, in order to make certain that productive labor and participation in political activities would not affect their progress in academic pursuits.

If Chen Yi's speech marked a turning point in the direction of liberalizing educational policy, the specific and concrete measures were contained in a document known as *The Seventy Articles Concerning Education and Cultural Affairs*. Briefly, the articles called for the re-establishment of normal teaching processes, noninterference with academic work by party cadres, the shortening of periods for productive labor, encouragement of scientific experiment, proper respect for scholars, and the steady improvement in the quality of education.

Taken together, it is quite obvious that both Chen Yi's speech and the *Seventy Articles* represented a reversal of the earlier position of ideological rigidity. They were aimed primarily at correcting of some of the serious mistakes during the period of the Educational Revolution, and at creating a healthier environment in which scientific and technical personnel could be trained. The swinging of the pendulum in the direction of normalcy and rationality was accompanied by a general relaxation in the government's policy in the fields of art, literature, and cultural affairs. As a result of this policy shift, conditions in education and other fields improved markedly, and a feeling of "contentment and satisfaction" generally

—Marc Riboud (Magnum).

Student at a fine arts school in Peking—"Both Redness and expertness are declared to be the ultimate goals of education."



—China Pictorial.

"Big-character posters went up in many parts of Peking University all harping on the same central theme: that the principles of the Educational Revolution had been violated by campus party authorities."

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prevailed on all campuses. During this period of relative stability, conditions in general in China were also improving, as can be seen in the overall improvement in agriculture, the expansion of foreign trade, industrial growth, and in science and technology with a successful series of atomic explosions.

Toward the end of 1965, however, the ideologically more radical elements began to show their deep dissatisfaction with the state of affairs at that time. The campaign to purify ideology and to rectify rightist or revisionist tendencies was launched with the publication of an editorial in the Liberation Army newspaper under the title "Raise High the Great Banner of Mao Tse-tung's Thought and Actively Participate in the Great Socialist Cultural Revolution."

In retrospect, these straws in the wind signaled the beginning of an approaching storm. Up to that point, the party functionaries in charge of educational affairs were still following the earlier and more rational policy of educational reconstruction. It seems clear that, while the period of moderation had brought considerable satisfaction to a large portion of the students in the major universities, at the same time the new policy disillusioned and antagonized a small number of what was later described as "proletarian revolutionary elements." On June 1, 1966, with the personal approval of Chairman Mao, the Central People's Broadcasting Station of Peking broadcast the entire text of a big-character poster put up on the campus of Peking University by seven "revolutionary" students.

This broadcast, coupled with the reorganization of the Municipal Party Committee of the city of Peking and the dismissal from positions of authority of Lu P'ing, president of Peking University, marked the beginning of the Great Cultural Revolution on the campuses of the universities and colleges and, later, at secondary schools throughout the country. As usually is the case in party purges and reforms, the Great Cultural Revolution in educational establishments began with a destructive or negative phase, during which the leading personalities were accused of a variety of crimes and acts detrimental to the Communist cause. Inasmuch as Peking University in many essential respects represented the highest educational institution, the kind of attacks made upon its leading officials typified the accusations later flung at the authorities in other institutions of higher learning.

The ascendancy of the revolutionary faction in Peking University gave rise to an entirely new situation in which the earlier policy of steady progress was subjected to the severest of criticisms and re-examination. Big-character posters went up in many parts of the university, all harping on the same central theme: that the principles of the Educational Revolution, which stressed the pre-eminence of politics and productive labor, had been violated by the campus party authorities. Lu P'ing and P'eng P'ei-yun, secretary and deputy-secretary respectively of the party committee at Peita (Peiching Tahsueh, or Peking University), were held responsible for "bourgeois revisionism."

THE major "crimes" of which they were accused included, first of all, discriminatory actions against students of worker and peasant backgrounds who, upon close examination, proved to be the very elements responsible for the Cultural Revolution within the university. The "rebels" claimed that the percentage of students from peasant-worker backgrounds had steadily gone down from 90 per cent in 1961 to 52.8 per cent in 1963. This was accomplished, according to the "rebels," by a variety of means. By raising academic standards for admission, the university authorities rejected increasingly large numbers of peasant-worker students; by subjecting those admitted to a series of rigorous examinations and unreasonably rigid requirements, the university managed to expel some on grounds of unsatisfactory performance and discouraged others from continuing their studies.

Such practices became known as "induced diarrhea" among the students. Of the more than 200 students transferred to Peita from agricultural, industrial, and military organizations for advanced education in 1959, the majority failed to complete their courses of study because of the academic demands made upon them, resulting in some students being kept back in their classes longer than the normal length of time and others dropping out. When the 1963 academic year began, less than 100 remained. The regulations required that any student failing one course in his major field and two in his minor field would not be allowed to advance to the higher class, while those who had failed during two consecutive years would be dismissed from the university altogether.

Rigid observance of this and other regulations resulted in higher academic standards, but usually at the expense of peasant-worker students, who, by and large, are not as well prepared academically as the "bourgeois" but culturally more advantaged students. As examples, the "revolutionary" students cited the fact that the Department of Mathematics and Dynamics kept back forty students in 1961, thirty-eight of whom were of peasant-worker origins. In 1962, the same department disqualified eight of the ten advanced research students who had been admitted the previous year on the strength of their party membership and party recommendation. More revealing, President Lu P'ing was quoted as having made the statement that "refined floral designs simply cannot be applied to coarse china." "Coarse china," in this case, referred obviously to students of proletarian background.

The second "crime" of which Lu P'ing and others were accused was said to be their deliberate violation of the principle of combining education with productive

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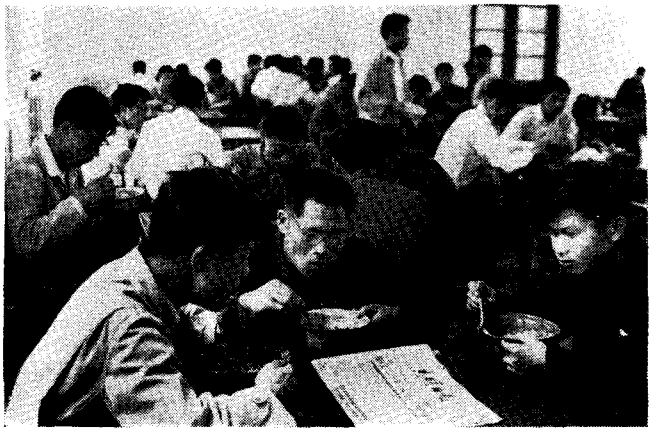

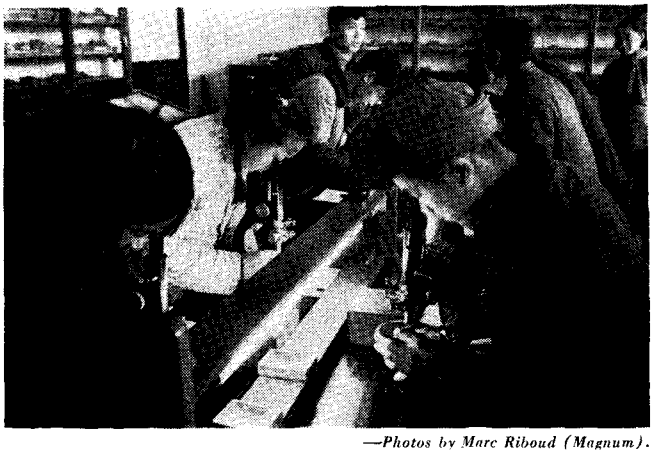

—Photos by Marc Riboud (Magnum).

In a university dining hall (left), students read about the explosion of a Chinese nuclear bomb (1965); in a laboratory (right), students work to become technicians—"During the period immediately preceding the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution of mid-1966, the emphasis in education was clearly on expertness."

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LEARNING IN A LONELY PLACE

By ANNE FISCHEL, *graduate of Teaneck, New Jersey, High School who will enter Brandeis University in September. Her article, written in a course in advanced composition and rhetoric taught by Mrs. Marion Shelby, is based on the author's work in a Head Start project in Hackensack during the summer of 1966.*

AT SEVENTEEN I believed in the world. The troubled children in our Head Start program were sensually and intellectually starved; we needed only to find the right foods and methods of feeding. We stocked our room with blocks, paints, a doll corner, books, and musical instruments. We learned that our children were suffering not from starvation but malnutrition. They were experienced. They knew how a man acts when he is drunk, that a thirteen-year-old girl can become pregnant. They knew about adultery, illegitimacy, and welfare, and they brought their education to school. Our job was not to negate it and leave them empty, but to help them express the violent feelings engendered by these experiences and make them usable.

Education is experience, and the most important experience is feeling. We learned to handle emotion: anger, pain, hatred, confusion, grief. But its absence left us groping. Sandra's family was Puerto Rican; she was five years old, had been born in America, and spoke no English. She lived in "the project," an apartment building for families (and half-families) on relief. Sandra had one older sister and four younger, and the mother was again pregnant. All the children had the same dull, tangled hair, the same undernourished bodies and dark, empty eyes. Their father kept them shut in, but on rare visits to the street the mother walked several paces behind her husband, the children clutching her skirt.

Sandra did not *come* to school, she was brought like a piece of property. A social worker had convinced the parents that the child needed exposure to English and an extra meal. Even when there was food, the mother often forgot to serve it. She was a child herself, given to fits of giggling and tears.

The child appeared inanimate. She seemed deaf, her eyes fixed, and she moved only when led or gently pushed. Through a frilly, dirty dress, we could see her bones.

On the first day, her hunger worked for us. She ate slowly and continuously. She was still clutching a half-full milk carton when her mother came with her sisters. They did not greet each other. Sandra put the carton down, grasped a free fold of skirt, and was led away.

For two weeks Sandra sat quietly in the corner. We had placed her at a table close to puzzles and table toys, quiet games that a child could play without frightening herself with undue activity. The children ignored her; she joined them only to eat. We gave her breakfast, lunch, and extra milk cartons to take home. Every day seemed the same for her. But I was a seventeen-year-old utopian and expected, *demanded* miracles. Sandra became the test of our program, our good intentions, my faith. We could not help seeing her invisible struggle as a symbolic verdict. Her success would be our justification; her failure, ours. We continued against all evidence to believe in that struggle. The child seemed tentative rather than inert. She had been defeated by repression and fear but we, in our confidence, offered her something better—ourselves.

On Wednesday of the third week, rowdy Alfred left a puzzle (a simple, ten-piece affair such as a three-year-old in a middle-class family might have had) on her table. She reached out to touch it, then stroked it as if it were alive. All morning she worked at those ten pieces; we diverted her only for lunch. The next day she remembered and finished the puzzle easily before starting another. This became routine. When she had exhausted her immediate resources, she moved on, touching, exploring. We had a miniature kitchen in one corner; in the fifth week she discovered it. Thereafter, when that corner was empty, Sandra bustled about between stove and sink, playing solitary, silent games.

She ignored people. All her precious energy was concentrated on things. She never spoke, never smiled. When inactive, she drooped. Yet one felt that tentative struggle in her. We saw her running to school, but she entered our room listlessly, her face empty. We had to hurt her to find what lay behind that emptiness. Interrupting her play, we took the children for a walk to the library. On the street she began to cry silent, wrenching tears and I took her back to the room.

TEARS should have prepared us for the eventual explosion. But we never thought the last day would be a beginning. Our reports were written, our judgments made; we had ended without a miracle and I no longer believed in utopia. It was a sensible disillusionment.

She stood with me on the playground, motionless as ever, by a new piece of equipment: two vertical ladders with a horizontal ladder fastened between them at the top. On impulse, I lifted her to the second rung. She climbed to the top and I lifted her off. She climbed again, jumped, and I caught her. Teachers watched incredulously; everyone took turns catching her. She stumbled over her dress, ripped the hem, and giggled. She was laughing as she climbed and launched herself joyously. She darted into the school, danced into the room, chattering in English and Spanish. She caught every child by the arm and peered into his face. Suddenly she wanted words, names. Her exuberance was uncontrollable; she ran down the hall and back, spun around the room, launched herself at me, and collapsed against me in exhaustion. For the first time she would not eat. She waved her milk in the air, spilling it, and circled the table. Dazed, we watched the miracle: her eyes and mouth laughing, her body in constant motion as she circled again, hugging each of us as she passed.

We were so absorbed we did not see her mother standing in the doorway. Having brought her so far, we did not want to let her go. I looked for response in the mother's face, for surprise, pleasure, delight. There was nothing—but another Sandra as she had been yesterday and might be again tomorrow. The child saw her and came to a stop in the middle of the room. Her body contracted, her shoulders slumped, her mouth thinned, her eyes grew dark, stormy—and empty. I had to take her hand and lead her, resisting, to the door.

We sent her back to "the project." In the beginning she had seemed permanently anesthetized; we had coaxed down her defenses and given her nothing. There had been a promise in our room for Sandra and now it was forfeit. We had taken a child out of limbo and exposed her only to pain.

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EDC: GENERAL MOTORS OF CURRICULUM REFORM

By JAMES D. KOERNER

UNTIL A FEW YEARS ago, curriculum reform in the United States rested in the hands of thousands of individual practitioners. There were no formal channels, certainly no national channels, through which new ideas could be brought to the classroom. Authority and influence in education were scattered among teacher-training institutions, state departments of education, accrediting associations, and school administrators. Nobody was concerned about curricular improvement in the nation as a whole.

In the early 1950s, a growing concern about public education began to bring changes in the distribution of power in education. Beginning with the National Science Foundation in 1950, new institutions and agencies were created in which university scholars and other "outsiders" were brought into touch with the problems of the public schools. Soon a number of organizations concerned with curriculum development throughout the country were in operation. The most significant was an institution in Boston called Educational Services, Inc. (ESI).

ESI was established in 1958 to administer a new high school physics course developed under the leadership of Professor Jerrold Zacharias of MIT. It grew rapidly and expanded into other subjects. Now, following its recent merger with another group called the Institute for Educational Innovation (IEI), the organization that was called ESI and is now Education Development Center, Inc. (EDC), may well become the most influential curricular reform group in the country.

The merger of ESI and IEI may prove a great deal about the feasibility of making large-scale changes in American education. But it could also prove to be a resounding misalliance. EDC, is one of twenty "regional laboratories" authorized in the 1965 Elementary and Secondary Education Act and now being established around the country. But it is quite different from any of the others in that ESI, the principal partner in the merger, is itself wholly unlike anything in our educational past.

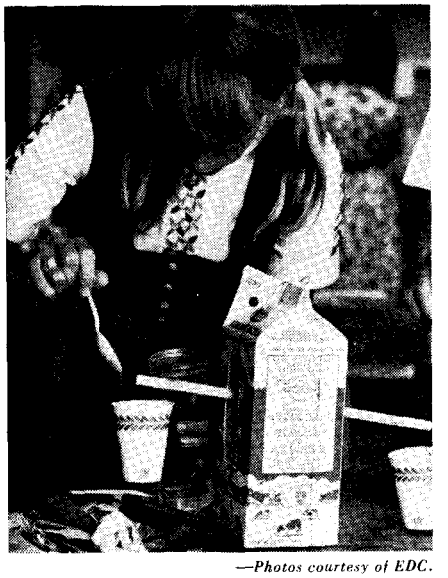
ESI represents the first attempt in American education to bring large numbers of outstanding professors from the arts and sciences together with large numbers of experienced teachers from the schools, and to give them money enough so that they can address themselves over a lengthy period to the creation, to the trying out, and then to the re-creation of new courses of study in basic subjects—courses that are complete and original curriculum packages of textbooks, films, monographs, tests, and inexpensive apparatus. For many years before ESI came into being, other voices had been crying in the wilderness about the need to reform the public school curriculum and to give the best scholars from the universities, who knew the most about the subjects involved, a major role in curriculum development; but few people did more than talk about it, and still fewer thought about it on the required scale.

THE old-line curriculum specialists are still legion, of course, but no longer dominant; they no longer run self-contained monopolies. Since ESI, systematic "research and development" of national significance has come into education. It has been done on an unprecedented scale and has involved many kinds of people never before engaged in such work. Nor has there ever been an agency of comparable size devoting full time to the development of educational materials.

As is always the case with agents of change, ESI can easily be criticized for things it has done or failed to do. But the change is what matters—the dimensions and quality of change—and in these respects ESI has been one of the most important organizations in American education. It has, moreover, had many secondary influences. Through the people associated with it, ESI has had a substantial effect on federal legislation, on "public television" and the Carnegie Commission, on medical education, on the creation of other reform groups, and on many projects in which ESI has acted as unpaid broker.

Soon after ESI came into being as the administrative umbrella for the Physical Science Study Committee (PSSC), which drew up the new physics course, it was clear that other subjects needed curriculum reform as badly as physics. ESI set up shop in a converted supermarket in a Boston suburb and soon began to collect other projects. PSSC led to a concern for elementary school science and, in 1960, a project in this critical area was launched and is still running. These two projects soon led to one in college physics, and that to one in engineering education. Soon there was an extensive African Education Program—a project that grew out of the dismay Zacharias felt upon attending a conference in Israel on science in underdeveloped countries and finding most of the delegates talking about nuclear reactors and giant hydroelectric plants instead of about the inescapable prerequisite of a developed educational system.

IN 1962, ESI expanded its activities beyond the sciences and put together a large curriculum project in that no-man's



—*Photos courtesy of EDC.*

"Students make their own lab apparatus from cheap materials and learn some physics in the process."

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"PSSC led to a concern for elementary school science, and in 1960 a project in this critical area was launched and is still running."

land of American education, the social studies. Still other projects at all educational levels came along rapidly until today there are no fewer than twenty-seven projects running. They include ten projects in ESI's remarkable film studio, the best of its kind in the country. ESI's staff has over 400 persons and this year's expenditures are over $10,000,000. Thus ESI, going into the EDC merger, was by far the largest organization in the country devoting itself entirely to research and development in curriculum, and is still quite unique in the kinds and combinations of people, representing a variety of occupations and professions by no means restricted to education, who work with it. Looking at all this growth, some of which was deliberately sought by ESI and some of which came in the form of outside requests, one might easily see it as a classic example of educational empire-building. Perhaps it is, but, of education's many empires, this has surely been one of the most interesting and productive.

Behind ESI and its projects has always been the energizing force of Zacharias, not a withdrawn sort of fellow. As much as an institution is ever, in Emerson's phrase, "the lengthened shadow of one man," ESI is such an institution. Without Zacharias's deep concern, his enormous drive, his ego, his entrepreneurial talent, even his bullying, there would have been no PSSC, no ESI, no EDC, and possibly no regional labs at all. One should not underestimate the services of the many other distinguished people who helped mold ESI, such as Francis L. Friedman. Before his untimely death in 1962, he was the real genius, the intellectual anchorman—dedicated and uncompromising on any question of quality—behind much of the ESI material, especially the PSSC textbook. But the fact remains that throughout ESI's development, Zacharias has been the indispensable man, and ESI in many ways is a demonstration of how much influence one individual can exert on the Gargantua that is American education.

CERTAIN basic ideas run through ESI projects. The most important one is the "discovery method," upon which a major stress is put in all ESI materials. By that or its sundry other names, the discovery method is the closest ESI has ever come to having a party line. Zacharias holds firmly to the view that scientists "always work from specific examples, however simple or complex, to the awesome generality." He further believes that there is only so much physics that "can come through the eyes and ears—the rest must come through the hand." Both ideas pervade ESI projects. The first idea was at the heart of Jerome Bruner's book, *The Process of Education*, which came out of the famous Woods Hole Conference in 1959, itself dominated by ESI people. Reduced to an oversimplification, the ESI approach to pedagogy has been to create classroom and laboratory conditions under which students can uncover principles for themselves rather than accept what is "given" them by teachers. For example, instead of merely accepting physics as handed down by teachers—what Zacharias calls "physics theology"—they are led to test established doctrine, probe behind it, rediscover it. ESI's constant aim is to construct a curriculum that will lead students to ask fundamental questions and find answers from their own observations—in other words, lead them to recapitulate the process by which knowledge is gained in the first place.

The second principle that makes up what might be called the ESI system is merely an application of old-fashioned progressivism that never got carried out very well before: that people learn by doing. Thus the early versions of PSSC required students to make their own lab apparatus from cheap materials, and to learn some physics in the process. They made a 50,000-volt generator, for example, from a $1 electric motor, a few cake tins, a rubber belt, and a small glass tube. They made a telescope from surplus lenses mounted in drapery rings on pieces of wood doweling. They made a ripple tank from ordinary window framing, a pane of glass, coat hangers, and ping-pong balls, and with it they studied spherical pulses and period waves, reflection, refraction, diffraction, and interference patterns, and the principles behind the behavior of lenses and telescopes. In the interests of saving teachers' time, later versions of PSSC supplied kits for the making of lab apparatus, but the principle of learning by doing remains the same throughout ESI programs—doing things, that is, that are truly integral to the course and essential to full understanding.

Nobody realizes better than Zacharias and Bruner that the discovery method has become a cult, as has much of the talk about "the structure of the discipline" and the possibility of teaching anybody anything at any age. Like all cults, this one has distorted and exaggerated the original ideas, but the ideas remain central to most ESI projects.

These projects have not always been smashing successes by any reckoning. The social studies project got off to a slow and rocky start, partly because of some personality clashes but mostly because the process of reaching a consensus about what should or could be done in this field, if it is a field, is much more painful than in science and math, and actual materials are much more difficult to produce. Nor has an ESI project to help Southern Negro colleges been very fruitful, nor one to bring ESI materials into teacher-training programs.

Nor has ESI been free of criticism, some of it highly acerbic. People point out, for example, that physics enrollments have fallen in the high schools since the introduction of PSSC, which was intended to raise enrollments, and insist that there is a causal relationship between the two events. They argue that PSSC is too tough, too esoteric, too specialized for anybody who does not

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intend to be a physicist, though splendid for those few who do (about 125,000 students were studying physics in the 1966-67 school year). They argue that it and other ESI projects are preoccupied with the bright students and unconcerned with the mass. They argue that ESI is too remote from schools, too unaware of what the real problems are. One man close to ESI even speaks of the "tremendous arrogance and snobbery" of Harvard and MIT professors telling the schools what to do and how to do it. Still others say that the "little curricular jewels" that emerge so nicely polished from the ESI workshop get shattered in the classroom because teachers are not adequately trained to handle them or because they are inappropriate for a given class. PSSC, as one man who worked in it says, "has never really had a fair trial in the high schools—it often gets raped by teachers."

For the most part, the educational "establishment," not surprisingly, has been able to contain its enthusiasm for ESI. School administrators sometimes feel pressures from their school boards or communities to use ESI programs and interpret this pressure as criticism of themselves. Curriculum specialists in schools do not take cosily to outside reform groups that threaten to make their jobs obsolete. Many classroom teachers look on radically new curriculum materials as implying that what they have been doing for years in their own classrooms is wrong and needs changing. And professors of education as a group have been something less than enchanted with ESI's habit of bypassing them in favor of collaboration with school teachers and academic scholars.

Criticism of ESI and its curriculum materials is not easy to evaluate. ESI supporters, of whom there are many, feel that most of the problems encountered by schools using ESI materials stem more from the schools than from ESI. These materials are tried out in schools, changed and refined, over a long period. Teachers themselves are involved in all phases of ESI projects. PSSC, say people like Nathaniel Frank, an MIT physicist and an old ESI hand, "is not aimed only at the bright students, any more than are the elementary school science materials or the social studies materials, but is appropriate for the average as well when the course is in the hands of a well trained teacher." Zacharias feels that the schools often create their own problems by being too ambitious and trying to cover the whole PSSC textbook in one year instead of being intelligently selective. He admits that ESI has not been closely connected with as many schools or with as great a variety as it might, but also points out that a pioneering venture of this sort, scarcely a decade old, can't do everything at once.

As for ESI materials threatening to monopolize the field, Zacharias recalls that one of the main reasons for the establishment of regional labs, in which he played an important role, was to insure a variety of up-to-date and imaginative courses and materials. He would like to see several complete physics courses, each sharply different from PSSC, competing in the schools. He applauds the fact that PSSC has been at least in part the impetus for another multimillion-dollar high school reform group, Project Physics, at Harvard. Project Physics puts greater stress than PSSC on historical and philosophical aspects of science and on its social implications. It is aimed at the wide middle band of students who do not take PSSC or any other kind of physics now (80 per cent of each year's senior class take no physics at all). "But it is not," says Zacharias, "different *enough* from PSSC."

Whatever the merits of the criticisms of ESI, the merger with IEI will reduce the number of critics. The new organization, being the regional lab for New England, will maintain close and continuous relations with many types of schools and school systems, and these relationships will be a leavening of ESI's customary mode of operation. Before the merger, IEI was a small, inchoate organization in which the professional educator had a dominant voice; it was formed in 1966 from an even more informal group and, like many similar developing agencies around the country, was in the process of trying to meet the requirements of the Office of Education for full recognition and financing as a regional lab. But many people, including U. S. Commissioner of Education Harold Howe II and ESI's president, Arthur Singer, felt that ESI should be the nucleus of any regional lab in New England. It was, in fact, ESI that Zacharias and others on the President's Science Advisory Committee had in mind as far back as 1961 as the possible prototype for additional research and development agencies they thought were needed in education. Such agencies were more formally proposed in 1964 by the President's Task Force on Education, most of whose members also had ESI in mind, and were then legislated into being by Title IV of the 1965 Elementary and Secondary Education Act.

Unhappily, however, the regional labs, as they are now working out, show little awareness of the intentions of Zacharias, Singer, Keppel, Gardner, and others who promoted them. It is both instructive and disheartening to compare the rather grand vision that such people originally had of the regionals with the kind of agencies they are turning out to be. Gardner once spoke of these labs as "combining the resources of MIT, IBM, and the New York State Board of Regents." Francis Keppel spoke of them in an equally ambitious way at Congressional hearings before the passage of the 1965 Education Act. Zacharias remembers, "My original hope was that six or a dozen groups could be set up around the country with something of the size, scope, and style—by style I mean mostly the mixture of people involved from industry, the arts, the universities, the schools, etc.—that has characterized ESI. I hoped these groups, no matter what problems they decided to tackle, would all have one thing in common: a willingness to talk back to the established system of education."

Whatever the intentions of the Task Force and of Congress, the prospectuses and newsletters of the new regional labs strongly suggest that ESI has not been the model for any of them and that the chances are dim indeed of their "talking back" to the established system. Most of these labs are clearly under the control of professional educators and do not represent anything like the diversity of high-level talent, either on the staffs or the boards of trustees, that was expected. Conspicuously absent from them are scientists, humanists, scholars, and academicians generally. Absent also are other people who were supposed to be actively involved in this brave new enterprise: artists, writers, composers, conductors, industrialists, inventors, and anybody else from any background who might be

(*Continued on page* 70)

"ESI represents the first attempt in American education to bring outstanding professors from the arts and sciences together with experienced teachers from the schools."

—*James D. Koerner.*

EDC president, Arthur Singer

—*EDC.*

Psychologist Jerome Bruner

—*James D. Koerner.*

Physicist Jerrold Zacharias

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Hazards of Educational Planning

By REMI CLIGNET, *associate professor of sociology, Northwestern University.*

THE GRANDEURS and miseries of colonialism in Africa have often been described in educational terms. Early European colonialists used to say, "The more we educate the natives, the more they will hate us"; and the judgment passed by African leaders was the antithesis: "The less they educate us, the more we will hate these European masters." With the last days of the colonial era and the first years of the independence period, the intensity of this ideological conflict has declined.

Increasingly sensitive to the aspirations of their subjects, colonial authorities multiplied the number of educational institutions. African leaders, upon assuming office, were still anxious to demonstrate the validity of their earlier criticisms and to show that achievement of independence could be equated with the complete eradication of illiteracy and the emergence of a full-fledged elite. Yet, the development of formal schooling is costly and absorbs a substantial part of the resources of these new nations. The time has come, accordingly, to abandon ideological stands, to maximize the returns of educational enterprises, and to evaluate more scientifically their contribution to economic and political development. A recent series of UNESCO monographs [see box] throws some light on the difficulties educational planners face in this task.

Economists hold two distinctive views on formal schooling. It can be looked upon either as a consumer good or as an ingredient necessary to economic growth. Planners emphasize the second of these definitions. The size of future school enrollments, in a given country, should be obtained by extrapolating the needs in personnel of the various sectors of the economy. Similarly, the relative development of primary, secondary, and post-secondary institutions should be decided after having projected the hierarchy of skills presently represented in the labor market.

In a monograph called *Integration of Educational and Economic Planning in Tanzania* (78 pp., $2), George Skorov shows how manpower-planning techniques yield only gross approximations of the future economic outlook of the countries investigated. First, these techniques are not free of errors. They involve the computation of aggregate measures, and the errors made in the evaluation of each component may be cumulative. Second, the use of these techniques rests upon the notion that the distribution of the labor force among various branches of activity or among different levels of skills can present an optimal profile. The definition of this optimal profile is derived from the experience of highly industrialized nations. Yet who knows whether the road to economic development is unique? What has been good for the United States of yesteryear is not necessarily good for the African countries of today or tomorrow.

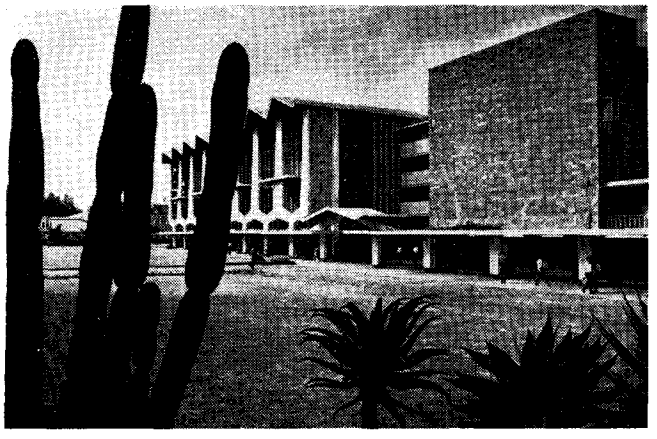
The insufficient character of manpower-planning techniques does not result only from the intrinsic weaknesses of the methods utilized. The models built by planners often disregard significant political and cultural factors. For example, projections of the needs of the labor market presuppose the level of technology to remain constant. In fact, African nations are confronted with difficult choices in this regard. They can favor the installation of automated industries requiring a limited number of highly skilled specialists or, conversely, attract industrialists willing to use obsolete and therefore cheap machinery requiring the services of a large but unskilled (and therefore cheap) labor force. Obviously, these two solutions have distinctive implications.

PLANNERS are often tempted to equate economic development and industrialization and to overlook the changes which must be initially introduced in the field of agricultural activities. In *Manpower, Employment, and Education in the Rural Economy of Tanzania* (40 pp., $1.50), Guy Hunter reminds us that Africans are primarily farmers and that economic growth re-

African Research Monographs, *published by UNESCO in cooperation with the International Institute for Educational Planning (UNESCO Publications Center, 317 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016), discuss major problems confronting educational planners in developing countries. Nine monographs are now available; five are reviewed here.*

The University of East Africa, Nairobi, Kenya (below); a course in microbiology at Ibadan University, Nigeria (right) —"The development of formal schooling is costly and absorbs a substantial part of the resources of these new nations."

—Photos by Marc and Evelyne Bernheim (Rapho Guillumette).



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quires both an expansion and an improvement of their enterprises. The author suggests convincingly that efforts must be undertaken to recruit more talented individuals in this particular field and to provide them with more adequate skills. He also demonstrates that the corresponding governmental programs should not be launched randomly, but rather in the regions which already yield high agricultural returns. Such regions are indeed more able to support the necessary administrative infrastructure; they also constitute excellent showcases to illustrate the collective and individual profits derived from an increased productivity.

Yet this strategy is likely to widen the gap between the relative economic opportunities offered by the various regions of a country to their respective inhabitants. The social implications of this growing gap will unfortunately be aggravated by ethnic tensions. The strains of modernization reinforce—at least temporarily—traditional conflicts between the various peoples of these new nations.

MORE important, this strategy, like many others, underestimates the significance of the distribution of educational and occupational aspirations and expectations among the distinctive segments of the African population. For a long time Africans have been accused of being impenitent daydreamers and of being unduly attracted toward legal or political careers, whose contribution to economic development is rather dubious. Yet an examination of the profile of vocational aspirations and expectations in Africa shows that they follow quite closely the developments of the labor market. Interested in law and in politics at the eve of independence, Africans today want to become engineers, wherever and whenever there are openings in this field which appear to be both socially and economically rewarding. Most planners disregard individual aspirations and assume that persons can be placed without difficulties in occupational "slots" defined as appropriate by the experts. This assumption is hardly tenable. The control of geographic and occupational mobility is both costly and largely ineffective.

In short, there are latent conflicts between the long-term objectives proposed by planners and the short-term evaluations of most school-leavers and persons in other social categories. For the time being, the majority of young educated Africans prefer an urban to a rural residence; they prefer a steady employment in a large-scale organization to a risky participation in an entrepreneurial activity; and they perceive the rewards attached to white collar jobs to be superior to those provided by blue collar occupations. Correspondingly, their thirst for further education can hardly be satiated. Further, they are willing to face the duress of an urban unemployment in the hope of seeing their aspirations fulfilled. Once more, African governments are placed in a difficult position; the predications of their economic advisers are at variance with the political demands of their constituents. To ignore such demands presupposes a political stability which is absent in most contemporary African nations.

Whatever the returns derived from educational development, it has an economic and political price which must be assessed. One of the major tasks of planners is therefore to evaluate the resources which must be invested into educational enterprises. Hallak and Poignant tackle this problem in *Les Aspects Financiers de l'Enseignement dans les Pays Africains d'Expression Française* [*Financial Aspects of Education in the French-Speaking African Countries*]. Showing that the amount of public expenditures pertaining to school is highly correlated with the gross national product of the countries investigated, these authors conclude that African governments have little leeway in their educational decisions. Further, these authors show that an increase in the gross national product per capita is not necessarily accompanied by a corresponding increase in the part of this product which is allocated to educational enterprises. In fact, the definition of educational budgets is also markedly influenced by other factors, such as the structure of the economy, by political variables, and, last, by the improvement of health standards, which change the size of the age groups to be educated.

Second, the resources needed for educational development vary with the type of schooling that governments want to promote. The authors show that the costs of a primary and a secondary school are not alike, and vary with time in diverging directions. More important, they suggest that the most significant component of this cost—the pay of teachers—is more affected by their bargaining power than by any other economic force. Last, the expansion of certain sectors of the school system presents international implications. Indeed, the development of secondary schools and of universities necessitates the assistance both in capital and in personnel of highly industrialized nations. This assistance has a price, of course; it reinforces the external dependence of African countries.

L. Cerych, in *The Integration of External Assistance with Educational Planning in Nigeria* (78 pp., $2), praises the advantages attached to the diversity of donors and to the resulting introduction in African countries of multiple educational models. Dependent upon a large number of European and American countries, Nigeria should be less dependent upon each one of them. Yet, in the short run, these advantages seem to be fictitious. For the time being, the former residents of London, called the "Been to," and the former habitués of the *Quartier Latin* in Paris enjoy a higher status than anyone else. Because they are both more numerous and more evenly distributed along age lines, the graduates of institutions located in the ex-metropoles are often able to preempt the most valuable positions offered by public or private organizations.

Thus far, the holder of a Ph.D. from a

(*Continued on page* 71)

"Educational planners are not only concerned with producing the number of students required by the country's economy, but also with providing these students with proper skills and motivations."

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Voices in the Classroom

Facing the Music

EVER SINCE the Beatles first hit the United States three years ago, the Moon-June-Spoon tradition in pop music has sounded about as vital as Mary Poppins next to Anna Karenina or Tom Swift alongside Humbert Humbert. Their inventiveness, the free play of ideas, and their ability to adapt material not only reproached the conventions, it virtually destroyed them.

Not that the Beatles did the job singlehanded, but while other groups settled into the grooves of success, they continued to experiment, to try new forms and styles, to change and develop. As a result, today's Beatle fans include not only those screaming adolescents, but musicians like Leonard Bernstein, academic intellectuals, and a whole array of people who never paid much attention to the conventional offerings of Tin Pan Alley.

Two months ago the mop-haired Liverpudlians issued their thirteenth American release, an item called *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band,* which has already sold more than 1,000,000 copies and bids fair to become not only another piece of Beatlemania, but a social document in its own right. Indeed, among all the works of commentary and protest produced by and for the so-called "new generation" in the English-speaking West, none may turn out to be wittier or more revealing. The *Times Educational Supplement* (of London), which is hardly a journal pandering to mass culture, recently declared that "Lennon and McCartney's lyrics represent an important barometer to our society—sentiments which are shared by pupils in every classroom in Britain, problems faced by many of them, hopes shared, worries grasped, and dreams dreamt. . . . If the record's understanding were to be reflected in Britain's teachers, our schools might be more sympathetic institutions than some are now. It is all too easy to assume loftily that this type of trivia detracts from the essential nature of study, and the conjugation of Latin verbs."

Almost everything about *Sgt. Pepper* is a departure. Music and lyrics employ an arsenal of devices to reinforce the mood and theme. Supplementing the guitars and drums are a solo cello, a ragtime piano, an Indian sitar, sound effects of barnyard animals, and a complete symphony orchestra. Essentially a single work rather than a collection of separate numbers, *Sgt. Pepper* has a thematic unity that ranges from nose-thumbing satire to heavy irony to a depressing end-of-the-world gloom. If it says anything at all, it declares that the conventional world of jobs, money, and status is blind, brutal, and destructive, that it is full of people who "hide themselves behind a wall of illusion." At times, as in a song called "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds," it becomes patently psychedelic, a folk-rock dose of LSD:

> Picture yourself in a boat on a river
> With tangerine trees and marmalade skies
> Somebody calls you, you answer quite slowly,
> A girl with kaleidoscope eyes.
> Cellophane flowers of yellow and green,
> Towering over your head.
> Look for the girl with the sun in her eyes
> And she's gone.*

Sgt. Pepper's representation of the existing world is a black-for-white reversal of traditional pop music, sometimes spoofing that music, sometimes commenting directly on the emptiness and futility of the world that it reflects. In a song about a girl running away from home, the parents' lament, "We gave her everything money could buy," is answered by the line, "Fun money can't buy"; but the song's ultimate comment—slipped in so subtly that one is prone to miss it—is the line, "She's leaving home after living alone." Time and again, the light fun is set off against irony, culminating in a somber commentary on the emptiness of most conventional achievements, most ordinary models of success:

> I read the news today, oh boy
> About a lucky man who made the grade
> And though the news was rather sad
> Well I just had to laugh
> I saw the photograph.
> He blew his mind out in a car
> He didn't notice that the lights had changed
> A crowd of people stood and stared
> They'd seen his face before
> Nobody was really sure
> If he was from the House of Lords.*

The refrain of this song, called "A Day in the Life," is the line, "I'd love to turn you on"—which can be interpreted at will (a plug for your local dope peddler?); the refrain fades into an orgasmic crescendo and ultimately into an extended E-major chord, a musical mushroom cloud that ends the record.

Like every Beatles effort, this one has its moments of childish play, its nonsense, its unconcerned fun and games. The trivia of empty conversation ("I've got nothing to say, but it's OK") is played out to the sound of cackling chickens. There is joyful good fun in a song about a county fair and in the title song, which is reprised near the end. "When I'm Sixty-Four" is pure satire, but with a great deal of charm and sympathy, and just an echo of those anemic songs of the Twenties that always came out boop-boop-bee-doo, even if they were called Varsity Drag. "Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty-four?" The life it projects for this pair of putative senior citizens is so square, and yet so delightful ("Doing the garden, digging the weeds"), that it is difficult to know where the satire cuts or where one would wish oneself. At the same time, it raises the question of what this generation will be doing when they're sixty-four, that is, in about the year 2015.

And yet, despite its play and cheer—perhaps because of them—*Sgt. Pepper* is no brighter than a silver cloud with a dark lining, an accumulation of material, musical and social, that was adapted into a coherent and—it seems to me—highly ironic declaration of disaffection. It says with an adult sophistication what some of the earlier Beatle productions (notably the film *A Hard Day's Night*) said with gay delight. At the same time it seems to be a serious search for better, more engaging things, musically and personally. The record's jacket is illustrated with a grave marked BEATLES and surrounded with pictures of some fifty figures (from Karl Marx to Marilyn Monroe), all of them presumably witnesses to the fact that the earlier reports of the Beatles' demise were exaggerated. It also suggests the difficulty of establishing the dimensions of a world this generation found but did not make, and with which their songs now try to cope.

Sgt. Pepper, undoubtedly, is music; but surely it is also literature and criticism, a kind of selective filtering back from one generation to another. The comments that the record offers were grown in contemporary social thought and literature. Certainly the Beatles did not come upon them on their own. But in England and America they have now become the folklore of a generation.

—PETER SCHRAG.

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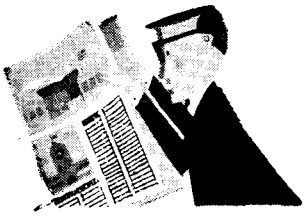
Schools Make News



New Ground for Giving

THREE MAJOR GRANTS made last month by the Ford Foundation may mark a new precedent in foundation giving. All three went to Negro groups to further programs in strengthening the independence of the Negro community. This is an area where support from the government and other public agencies has, for political reasons, been given reluctantly at best.

The grants demonstrate the foundation's recognition that the civil rights struggle has moved into a new phase. In the past, large sums have been given to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the National Urban League; one of the recent grants was awarded to the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), a militant civil rights organization and an advocate of "black power." The grant of $175,000 will be used by the Cleveland chapter for a voter registration drive, the training of youth and adult community workers who would help Negroes articulate their needs, and a program to improve planning among civil rights groups.

The foundation also announced grants totaling $135,000 to support the planning of three experimental school districts in New York City. The districts will be governed by elected boards consisting of parents, community leaders, and members of school staffs who will select administrators, determine curricula, and control funds. F. Champion Ward, a vice president of the foundation, called this a start "toward programs of educational reform that arise directly from the communities concerned."

The third grant program is a drive to help fifty-two Southern Negro colleges break out of their academic isolation. One million dollars will be allocated among the institutions to help upgrade academic programs through cooperative ties with nearby white colleges and universities. The Universities of Alabama and Mississippi, not long ago civil rights battlegrounds, are among the cooperating institutions.

The foundation's aim is to help break ground for special, even controversial, projects which, if successful, will then be more open to federal support.

No Second Chance

PARSONS, the second-chance college for kids who couldn't make it anywhere else, has lost the battle for its own second chance. The North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, backed by a devastating report revealing Parsons's inadequacies on every level, from educational through fiscal, has taken away the Iowa college's accreditation. The association report scored the college for financial mismanagement, faculty mistrust, overcrowded classes, limited curriculum, and poor building maintenance.

—*Wide World.*

Millard G. Roberts, former Parsons president—man without a college.

Long billed by its president, Dr. Millard G. Roberts, as a money-making institution, an example for other small unendowed colleges, Parsons is without academic standing and without a president. In a desperate move to stave off official loss of accreditation, the trustees fired Dr. Roberts and sought a temporary court injunction against action by the North Central Association. The injunction was denied by a federal judge and accreditation loss became effective.

Nabrit and the Militants

THERE WAS UNREST at a number of predominantly Negro Southern colleges last spring, but at none more prominent than Howard University. The clash came not only between the generations of students and administrators, but between "black power" and the more traditional civil rights philosophies.

"Hell No, We Won't Go" demonstrations drove Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, U.S. Selective Service director, from the campus and burned him and Howard President James N. Nabrit, Jr., in effigy. In retaliation, fifteen students were dismissed from the college. Later in the spring, five faculty members were refused reappointment at the last minute. The American Association of University Professors claims the action came too late and constituted dismissal in violation of AAUP procedure. Most of the five had expressed sympathy for "black power" and believed this was the reason for their dismissal.

Militant students and teachers have waged a campaign against Nabrit, a man of more traditional views. Last month, Nabrit, a former civil rights lawyer who served in 1966 as U.S. deputy representative to the United Nations, announced his intention to resign as soon as the trustees could find a successor. Although he stressed that his retirement was coming up anyway and that campus unrest was not the cause of his resignation, the militants took it as a personal victory.

Later Nabrit commented, "When 'black power' attempts to make this a black institution, it ceases to be a group in the civil rights struggle and becomes an institution trying to set up control of Howard University. . . . [This] would result in the elimination of white members of the Board and the administration and faculty and students. I have fought all my life for integration and I do not propose to preside over this kind of thing at Howard University."

Teacher Corps Goes Local

THE TEACHER CORPS was saved by a hair's breadth, but not without some serious compromises. A scapegoat for those whose tolerance for federal aid to the schools is low, the Corps was revised mainly to "denationalize" it.

In the new form, local school districts rather than Washington headquarters will be responsible for the recruiting. This could stymie the whole point of the plan to inject new blood and talent into tough, inner-city systems. The new bill also gives state education authorities a greater voice in how the Corps will operate—this despite the well known fears of big-city authorities that state capitals pay too little heed to their problems.

The bill extended the Corps for three years and released $38,000,000 to sustain Corps training and recruiting through the summer.

"A Moral Issue"

A SUBSTITUTE English teacher in Philadelphia, fired for refusing to recall mimeographed copies of his students' essays on such topics as birth control, civil rights, and Vietnam, was reinstated four days later by the city's new superintendent of schools.

Superintendent Mark R. Shedd praised Steven H. Harlem for "having the guts to take a few chances . . . to get students

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deeply involved in learning," and called him "the kind of teacher we must not only tolerate but encourage in the school system."

Harlem, a graduate student in psychology at Temple University, had helped his students publish a compilation of their essays on topics including hate, homosexuality, teen-age sex, and death. He encouraged them to "write about what is important to you," and they did. In their enthusiasm, they volunteered to print a booklet of the essays.

The school principal, when he saw the booklet, was not so enthusiastic, and ordered Harlem to recall them. Harlem refused ("I told him there was a moral issue. I had told the students it was their magazine. . . . I could not betray their confidence.") and was dismissed for insubordination.

Student pickets brought attention to the matter which led to Harlem's reinstatement.

They Said It

U.S. COMMISSIONER of Education, Harold Howe, II: "We will never have first-rate schools unless we have first-rate cities. It's time educators realize that cities are their business."

CHARLES COGEN, president of the American Federation of Teachers, commenting on the possibility of a merger of the AFT and the National Education Association: "I wouldn't want to put my-

—*Drawing by Stanley Wyatt.*

The Infinite Variety of Summer Learning.

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self out on a limb by predicting when, but I think there's a definite possibility . . . We wouldn't care about the name as long as the organization stays in the labor movement."

CHARLES J. RADANO, president of Robert Charles Advertising: "College advertising should be more adventuresome. It's like a product—an empty seat is like a bar of soap."

BENJAMIN J. HENLEY, Jr., upon being appointed acting superintendent of the Washington, D.C., schools: "I definitely do not want to be made superintendent permanently. The briefer my experience in this job the better."

SECRETARY OF HEALTH, Education, and Welfare John W. Gardner, commenting on a report made by the NEA Educational Policies Commission proposing general unrestricted federal aid to state school systems: "[It] ignores the strong belief on the part of the big cities that if they are to cope with their critical problems they need some access to the resources of the federal government other than through state capitals. [The report] might have been more interesting if it had been more candid in appraising the vested interests of the various parts of the educational establishment."

Letter to LBJ

STUDENT leaders from 200 campuses across the nation have sent a second letter to President Johnson protesting our involvement in Vietnam. The first letter, sent last December, made headlines but got little response from the Administration. The latest letter reads in part:

> We are moved by recent events in the Middle East and by your meetings with Chairman Kosygin to express as urgently as possible the hope that this historic juncture will not pass without a basic reappraisal of American policy in Vietnam. . . .
>
> The questions raised in the December letter have become more pressing and have remained unanswered; the frank discussion we had hoped to encourage about American objectives and tactics in Vietnam remains unachieved. . . . There is . . . even greater agreement now than there was in December that continued escalation is neither wise nor justified even if the other side is not prepared to negotiate. And if the American position continues inflexibly into escalation, the sense that such a policy is contrary to the dictates of both common sense and morality would become almost overwhelming. . . .
>
> As a measure of the degree and intensity of the disaffection, we are forwarding with this letter a statement suggesting alternative service for those who cannot in good conscience fight in Vietnam, a statement signed by more than 10,000 draft-age men on a handful of representative campuses. . . . It would be hard to overstate the message implicit in so substantial an outpouring of support for such a statement. And it would be a sad misconception about the nature and depth of the disaffection to think that it can be eased by slogans, rebukes, or patriotic exhortations. . . .
>
> It is this state of affairs, Mr. President, that impels us to write you in so urgent a fashion. It seems inconceivable to us that the government would abstain from any honorable effort to regain the confidence of the generation which must bear the brunt of the war if it were aware of how deep the loss of the confidence has been.
>
> And it is precisely our deep love of country that prompts us to implore you to utilize the unique opportunity of this moment to reverse the course in Vietnam. Nothing short of such a reversal can avert the serious consequences that await a nation troubled in conscience and losing the confidence of her youth.

The signers are student body presidents and student editors not only from the intellectual centers of the East and West Coasts, but from Iowa, Kentucky, Missouri, Arizona, Alabama, and Minnesota—thirty-six states in all are represented.

The institutions cover the academic spectrum. Universities such as Harvard, Columbia, and Berkeley might be expected on such a list, but the 200 also include—to name but a few—Beaver College, Glenside, Pennsylvania; Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Davidson College, Davidson, North Carolina; Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia; the University of Alabama, Birmingham; Gustavas Adolphus, St. Peter, Minnesota; Lewis College, Lockport, Tennessee; Newton College of the Sacred Heart, Newton, Massachusetts; St. Mary's Dominican College, Baltimore; Wofford College, Spartanburg, South Carolina. Eighty-four private, forty-two state, and twenty-five Roman Catholic institutions are among those represented.

This breakdown indicates that the letter may speak not for a small segment of radicals, but for a cross-section of the nation's youth.

Notes

CONGRESS extended the draft law for four years with no substantial changes, despite last year's protests against inequities. The burden of the present system falls on the poor, while middle- and upper-class youths remain in college as long as possible to maintain their deferments. Under the new law, students are deferred as long as they are full-time undergraduates in good standing. This means in a four-year course the student must complete one-fourth of his studies each academic year. College administrators have discussed including summer school within the academic year to permit some flexibility in student schedules. . . .

The Iowa legislature passed a long awaited law last month exempting Amish schools from state standards. The Amish can now run their own schools with teachers having only an eighth-grade education who can prepare the youngsters for the Amish way of life. . . .

The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare is planning a drive to determine whether Northern education officials tend to reinforce school segregation resulting from housing patterns. Federal investigators will examine zoning plans, teacher assignment policies, and distribution of funds and equipment to white and Negro schools. . . .

The child with a special talent not tapped by the ordinary school program is the subject of a new experiment by the Learning Institute of North Carolina. In a special program this summer, LINC educators have worked with creative children in an attempt to develop ideas for a curriculum that could be adopted by regular junior or senior high schools, much as special programs for the academically talented are offered in many schools now. . . .

The National Education Association has imposed sanctions on the Florida school system. Florida is the third state to be so censured by the NEA. The Florida Education Association claims the governor and the legislature have consistently refused demands for improvement of schools and increases in teacher salaries. Sanctions make it unethical for NEA members to take positions in that state. Critical teacher shortages, jammed classrooms, and even school shutdowns throughout Florida are possible in the fall. . . . Mario Savio has gone to jail. The leader of the University of California Free Speech Movement, which rocked the Berkeley campus three years ago, was sentenced to 120 days at Santa Rita, California, Prison Farm. Sentencing of 564 of the 773 persons arrested at the Sproul Hall sit-in was carried out following the U.S. Supreme Court's denial of an appeal in the case.

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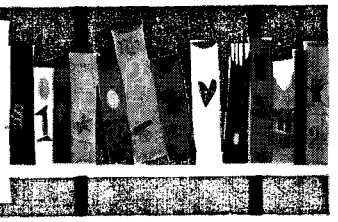
the Editor's Bookshelf



THE TARGET for educational criticism has moved up through the schools with the birthrate bulge. Fifteen years ago it was charged that "Johnny can't read" and that there was "quackery in the public schools," which were described as "educational wastelands." But Johnny is now in college—somehow he *did* learn to read—and the focus of criticism has shifted to the higher institutions. At *SR* we now receive many articles and books critical of the colleges and universities for each one that is critical of the lower schools.

Much of the new criticism comes from insiders—academic men who are a part of the system under attack. Consequently it is based on better evidence, is less strident and hyperbolic, and is, on the whole, more perceptive than that of a decade or two ago. And yet this new criticism has so far had little real influence on either the curricula or the instructional techniques of our colleges and universities.

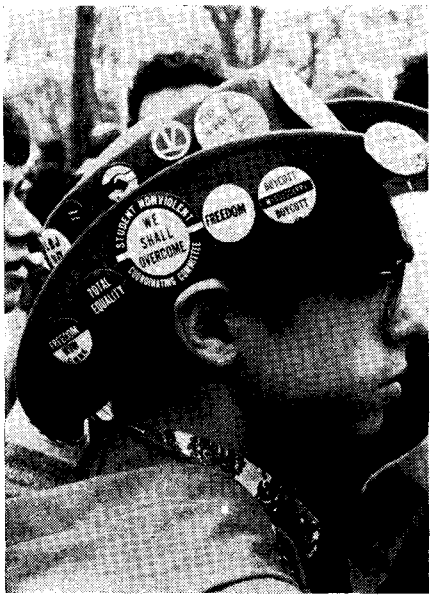
It has been charged repeatedly that undergraduate education, particularly in the universities, is being sacrificed to the demand for research at the graduate level. And, though the charge has not been refuted, and is rarely denied, little has been done to remedy the situation except in a few institutions. The critics agree that a growing number of bright students are turning their backs, not only on the middle-class culture from which they come, but also upon the forms of intellectual excellence stressed by the university. And yet few effective steps have been taken to deal with the roots of student discontent.

The most recent of the many books dealing with these and other problems of higher education are ***Where Colleges Fail,*** by Nevitt Sanford (Jossey-Bass, Inc., San Francisco, 229 pp. $7.50), and ***The College Experience,*** by Mervin B. Freedman (Jossey-Bass, Inc., San Francisco, 202 pp. $7.50). The two volumes are similar in so many respects that it seems surprising that the same publisher chose to publish them simultaneously. Both authors are psychologists who have conducted research at Vassar, Stanford, and Berkeley. Both focus their attention on students rather than on institutions or curricula. Both are more concerned with the student as a person than as an academic scholar. They rely on much of the same evidence from research, quote each other frequently, and come to many of the same conclusions. And yet both have written very good books.

Though both authors are critical of some of the traditional practices of our higher institutions, neither is inclined to view today's students with alarm. Sanford, the senior of the two authors, who is well known for his previous works, including *The American College* which he edited, says:

> All generations of college students have in common their youth and development status. Typically they have problems of identity and self-esteem. They are idealistic and easily disillusioned, especially where adult figures they admire seem to have feet of clay. They are torn between loyalty to old values and to others newly found. They demand independence, but need assurance that adult authority stands firm. At the same time, most undergraduates are still free of the responsibilities and commitments that people assume as they enter adulthood. This is why a student can join a march in Mississippi one year and decide in the next to become a corporation lawyer.

Freedman is not so sure about the identity problem. He says, "I challenge the ubiquitousness during the college years of what has been termed 'the search for identity.'" But, he agrees with Sanford that such rebelliousness as is found in today's students is no cause for alarm. He sees the majority of college students as "unsophisticated, conventional, and stable, rather more in need of being stirred up than calmed down—in contrast to the views of many psychiatrists and psychologists who depict the college years as a seething caldron of neurosis and emotional turbulence."



—*Hugh Rogers.*

"Few effective steps have been taken to deal with the roots of student discontent."

It is a sign of the time that both authors find it necessary to give attention to the problem of LSD and other psychedelic drugs on the campus. Freedman, who devotes an entire chapter to the subject, concludes:

> The interest of many students in drug experience cannot be dismissed simply as a sign of delinquency, rebelliousness, or psychological pathology. It represents a search for a new way of life. It indicates needs and desires that American society and education do not now meet or fill. . . . There is a quality of naïveté in this quest by students. Wholeness, joy, wisdom, and love are not likely to result from a few hours spent under the influence of a chemical. The interest in drug experience informs us, however, that American society and education are doing little to contribute to the richness of life that students sense can be theirs.

It seems inevitable, too, that every author who discusses today's students must devote at least a chapter to sex on the campus or, as one earlier writer put it, "desire under the elms." Sanford, who urges the integration of sexuality into the total personality, says ". . . it seems a serious mistake to follow Kinsey, the zoologist, in regarding the study of sexual behavior as a matter of counting 'outlets' as if all 'outlets' were equal, psychologically and morally." In his own research, Sanford has found no evidence of substantial increase in the rate of premarital intercourse among college girls during recent decades. It seems probable, however, that he might have found such evidence had his studies included a larger number of coeds from the lower-middle class which a generation ago was more inhibited.

Freedman also denies that there is any evidence of an increase of overt sexual activity among students. He does find a change of attitude in the direction of greater tolerance and permissiveness which he thinks is all to the good. He concludes, "What is needed among youth is more eroticism rather than more obeisance to conventional repressive morality," and adds, "I am not nearly so troubled by the prospect of sexual promiscuity on college campuses as I am by the prospect of a larger number of the more intelligent and sensitive college students withdrawing from participation in society."

Both authors interpret liberal education broadly to include much more than academic learning. They are concerned

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with other forms of individual excellence, including personality changes resulting from the college experience that persist through the adult years. But they seem to doubt that our present undergraduate faculties are prepared to discharge effectively even their responsibility for classroom instruction. Sanford expresses concern over what he calls "the neglected art of college teaching" and says:

> Declining interest in teaching undergraduates is part of a larger picture of decline in the liberal college. . . . Owing mainly to the prestige and power of the graduate schools, which are increasingly specialized and endowed with research funds, there is great pressure upon the university man to define himself as more a specialist than an intellectual, more researcher than teacher, more teacher of graduate students than of undergraduates . . . To the college or university man of today this state of affairs seems as real as the new freeway through his district.

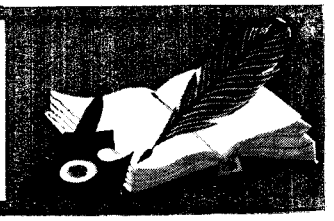
Freedman recognizes this problem and says that the college teacher, in addition to knowing his discipline, should also know something about how college students learn and how they are changed by their educational experiences. But other than pointing hopefully to a few experiments such as the cluster college plan on the Santa Cruz campus, neither is able to offer concrete proposals for shifting the status symbols of academia in order that the effective teaching of undergraduates will be better recognized and more highly rewarded.

In the "whole child" or "whole adolescent" approach of these two authors, older readers will see some similarity to the philosophy of the progressive education of a generation ago. But it is the progressivism of sophisticated psychologists, not that of sentimentalists or anti-intellectuals. Sanford and Freedman do not wish to lessen the emphasis on intellectual development in the college, but they do want to add new goals which are not often achieved because they are not often sought by the academic scholars who set the tone for the higher learning in America.

The significance of these two books lies in the fact that both point to serious defects in American higher education in 1967—a neglect of undergraduates, a failure to deal effectively with the sources of student discontent, and a failure on the part of academic man to give sufficient attention to the long-range effects of a college education on the development of the student as an individual human being. Until these defects are remedied, our problems will not be solved merely by sending more and more students to college.

—Paul Woodring.

New Books



Teach-ins, U.S.A., *edited by Louis Menashe and Ronald Radosh (Praeger, 349 pp., $6.95),* binds together Lynd, Genovese, Bundy, Fulbright, and many others on both sides of the Vietnam debate. Even conscientious editing cannot provide here that evenness one hopes for in a collection. Parts are excellent, though, particularly editorial observations about the teach-in as a promising teaching device at the university level.

Power, Presidents, and Professors, *by N. J. Demerath, R. W. Stephens, and R. R. Taylor (Basic Books, 275 pp., $6.50),* provides an analytical trilogy, perhaps more tightly stitched than thematically integrated. Following a rudimentary historical overview, the selection of university presidents, the establishment of administrative style, and the phenomenon of academic departmentalization have their respective turns at bat. Pedaguese lexicographers will thrill at a final invitation to "collegialize" university management. So will academicians, for the term denotes maximum faculty participation in policy decisions.

Universities and the Life of the Mind, *by K. G. Saiyidain (Asia Publishing House, 236 pp., $5.25),* proffers a divergent argument as earnest as its references are various. Saiyidain's aversions range from prescribed examinations to untempered progressivism. He zigzags from Russell to Cubberley, Einstein to the Encyclopedia Britannica, pressing home an appeal for improved Indian universities strangely resembling Oxbridge-Yarvard composites. Method aside, though, his vision of a university which will "improve standards of living . . . and not put up with physical and mental slums all around it," if not wholly original, is undeniably timely.

The English Public School: The Sociology of Elite Education, *by Ian Weinberg (Atherton Press, 225 pp., $6.25),* examines that institutional articulation of preparatory school—public school—Oxbridge college, responsible for fashioning a particular Britisher currently facing a revised role in a smaller world. Weinberg's close assessment of a "total" institution's enormous capacity to educate according to blueprints seems keenly relevant for metropolitan universities serving more and more commuter-clients with incredibly different school backgrounds. He succeeds, too, in uniting thorough research and readable style as amicable bedfellows.

George Ticknor and the Boston Brahmins, *by David B. Tyack (Harvard University Press, 289 pp., $6.95),* portrays an American man of letters wrestling with early nineteenth-century Harvard reform. Friend of Europe's literati, scholar at Göttingen, Ticknor struggled to reconcile German erudition with German professorial detachment from society at large. Back at Harvard as professor of languages and literature, he hazarded the unlikely blending of German seminar method with strict moral discipline. But his ambivalence, coupled with academic reaction in the 1820s, postponed to a later generation widespread liberalizing of inquiry at Cambridge. Tyack's contribution to an oft-told tale is his flair for historical irony, in this instance the irony of one who in seeking to make America academically respectable thereby lost his belief in progress so vital to an infant republic.

Academic Freedom and the Catholic University, *edited by Edward Manier and John Houck (Fides, 225 pp., $4.95),* elaborates a significant general theme—that of tension between prior institutional commitment and intellectual integrity. Gleason and Fellman on academic freedom, Crosson on personal responsibility, Walsh on university and church, Callahan and Hassenger on student liberty and quality, McKenzie on the priest-scholar, and Greenberg on a university exhibiting the "instant Harvard syndrome" together generously realize the editors' hopes to fill with scholarly discussion a hitherto scandalous void.

A Short Walk on the Campus, *by Jonathan Aitken and Michael Beloff (Atheneum, 208 pp., $4.50),* furnishes superficial entertainment. Not likely to elevate its debater-authors to rivalry with Bryce or Brogan as British observers of the American scene, it nonetheless finds the mark with a shaft or two aimed at ivy league mores, U.S. college fraternities, campus politics, civil rights, and sex. One suffers inaccuracies, bizarre emphases, a promiscuous sense of the absurd, and a clinically brusque conclusion in return for a chuckle and malaise about where America's universities are bound. —John Calam.

Mr. Calam is director of Teachers College Press at Columbia University.

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A Guide for Word Consumers

***Books and the Teen-Age Reader,** by G. Robert Carlsen (Harper & Row, 218 pp., $3.95; Bantam Books, paper, 60 cents), is a guide for teachers, librarians, and parents, compiled by the head of high school English at the University of Iowa and former president of the National Council of Teachers of English. The reviewer is education consultant at the New World Foundation and an SR editor-at-large.*

By FRANK G. JENNINGS

THIS BOOK, so its dust jacket asserts, "provides guidance and inspiration for every adult who wants to help teenagers become lifetime readers—and for every teenager who wants to help himself become a more effective and successful adult." This book is "sponsored by the National Book Committee with the professional endorsement of the American Library Association, the International Reading Association, and the National Council of Teachers of English."

Under such powerful auspices one might even be able to market last year's telephone directories, but this book presumes too much. It displays the author's (and the sponsors') exceedingly low estimate of the taste and competence of teachers, librarians, and parents to whom this "guide" is specifically directed.

Whoever does receive guidance and inspiration from this book should be indelibly and prominently labeled as a menace to the literary health of our society. *Books and the Teen-Age Reader* is a collection of little essays—bibliographical, hortatory, and instructional—about the "stages of reading development," the value of books in our uncertain world, the development of literary taste, and the use of reading as a guide for human growth and development. The intent is well meaning, the advice is often commonsensical—occasionally it is almost courageous—but there is no joy in this book. There is no sense of wonder, no feeling that the printed word can go beyond the goal of the author and the expectations of the reader. This book is redolent of the guidance office and the curriculum committee. Dr. Carlsen knows better. He knows very well the special virtues of good literature. He is also aware of what adolescents are, in fact, reading; of what excites their interests and imaginations.

Yet one must ask on putting the book down how it is possible for good writing to be made to appear so dull. Dr. Carlsen has collected (and annotated!) some of the greatest of our contemporary and inherited literary works. Yet he seems not to be interested in writing at all. He speaks of books that are "well crafted" or "seriously crafted." He offers almost no evidence that writing can be a passionate affair in which the author attempts through ordered words to represent his feeling and ideas in such a way as to move readers to accept his version of some part of the universe.

Perhaps Dr. Carlsen is suffering from some failure of the esthetic nerve. His annotations betray this; for example:

> EURIPIDES: *Medea.* The drama of a wife and mother who in seeking revenge proves how fine is the line between love and hate.

> SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus Rex.* Man's blindness is shown in this drama as the hero tries to escape the fate prophesied by the Delphic oracle and brings disaster to his family and country by his actions.

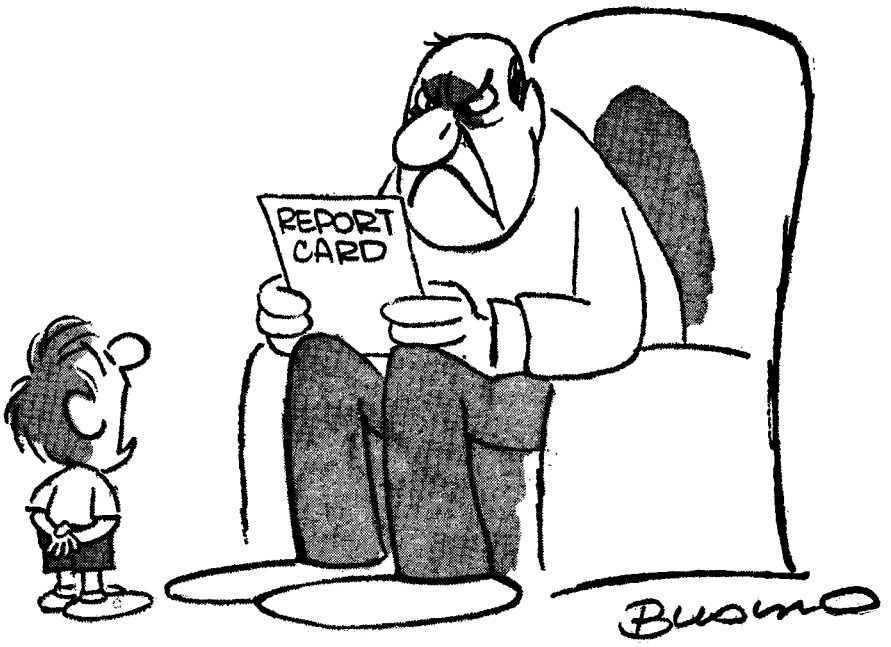
> DOSTOEVSKY, FYODOR: *Crime and Punishment.* 1866. A detailed psychological study of a young man's crime, guilt, and ultimate contrition.

> JOYCE, JAMES: *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.* The childhood and early manhood of Stephen Dedalus, who is seeking wings with which to escape his birthright.

Granted that this kind of exposure is not entirely fair criticism; but Dr. Carlsen attempts in this book to write (or is it to craft?) bibliographical essays and to provide annotated book lists for the edification of youth. Granted, too, that he is attempting to serve several different readers; yet he avoids addressing the one reader whose fate he is concerned with, the adolescent. The teenager is a commercial construct, very useful for moving consumer goods but not even symbolically relevant to the real world of anguish and hope in which the adolescent lives.

STEPHEN DEDALUS confronts that reality when Joyce has him say in the closing paragraphs of the novel: ". . . Welcome oh Life! I go forth to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race."

All English teachers, librarians, and parents, please copy: All adolescents leave childhood to gain man's estate. Allow them the dignity of the search. Guide them if you can, but do not program them for domesticated delight.



"You know how it is, Dad. Nice guys finish last."

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Chinese University

Continued from page 54

labor. Since 1961, in an all-out effort to correct some of the excesses and mistakes of the Educational Revolution, Peking University had introduced a series of measures under the slogan of "practical adjustment." It was decided that, on the average, the amount of time devoted to productive labor should not exceed one month in a year, and those who specialize in one or another of the many fields of science and technology, which last six years, should not spend more than twenty-six weeks in productive labor during the whole period. Under the new principle of uniting work with leisure, moreover, the type of labor performed by students also changed from physical labor in factories and on farms to moderate work on the campus, such as campus beautification projects or supplementary food projects.

Efforts were also made to assign students to the type of productive labor that would make the best use of their special knowledge and skills. To correct the generally low level of student health —resulting from serious food shortages and hard physical labor—the university paid special attention to the physical well-being of students, so that on those occasions when some students were required to work away from the campus, certain kinds of food not available in the countryside were often sent to the work sites. When a student suffered from some form of indisposition, the university would see to it that he was brought back to the university infirmary for either treatment or rest. These and other demonstrations of concern for the well-being of students were now regarded by the "rebels" as clear indications of "bourgeois" or "revisionist" tendencies.

The "revisionists" were also charged with playing down the importance of the thought of Mao Tse-tung in the university curriculum. Because of inadequate academic preparation, most of the party activists assigned to Peita were, understandably, students in the humanities and the social sciences. To make up for their deficiencies in academic subjects, these students made repeated attempts to introduce Mao Tse-tung's works into the curriculum, not only to prove their Redness but also to ensure higher grades, since such courses required protestations of faith more than a mastery of the subject matter.

While the university permitted the organization of "study groups" for this purpose, after 1961 more emphasis was placed upon what were referred to as "basic theoretical courses," with the result that the study of the works of Mao was either abolished for students in certain specialties, or reduced to no more than ornaments for others. For example, during the five-year course in political economy, seventy-five class hours were devoted to the study of Mao's work, whereas seventy-two hours were devoted to contemporary "capitalist" economic theories. In the two specialties of Chinese literature and Chinese history, neither Mao's thought on art nor his philosophy of history was included in the curriculum. Some professors, moreover, openly objected to the inclusion of Mao's thought in their lectures.

In addition, Lu P'ing and others were also charged with blindly imitating the Soviet Union and secretly emulating the West, and with re-employing "scholars" and "authorities" whose political reliability, or Redness, had been so questionable as to deprive them of their positions.

BEING convinced of the correctness of their policy and unaware of the revolutionary ferocity to come, the leading personalities in Peita were confident that they could weather the storm and went so far as to declare, after the broadcast of the text of the wall poster, that "we will tear down the People's Broadcasting Station within three hours." With the removal of the so-called revisionists from the Peking Municipal Party Committee, however, the university authorities found themselves powerless to resist the onslaught of the "rebel" students, and both Lu P'ing and P'eng P'ei-yun were dismissed from their offices on June 3, 1966. On that day, a working team under Chang Ch'eng-hsien arrived in Peita to take charge of the Cultural Revolution.

Having swept across the Peita campus, the hurricane of the Great Cultural Revolution descended upon other major universities, notably Wuhan and Nanking, resulting in the dismissal of their presidents and other responsible officials who were considered bourgeois revisionists and guilty of opposing the principles of the Educational Revolution. Numerous charges were made, most of them similar to those leveled against Lu P'ing, but in the case of Li Ta, president of Wuhan University, his landlord background and personal affairs were brought under public criticism.

The Universities of Peking, Wuhan, and Nanking, because of their pre-eminence, have been singled out as the archetypes of the antiparty, anti-Mao, and antirevolution educational centers. Although less publicity has been given to lesser institutions, more than sixty top-ranking leaders in higher education

—including the Minister of Higher Education — representing some thirty-five higher institutions were purged by the end of 1966. By now all colleges, higher institutes, and universities have been subjected to thorough cleansing and sterilizing in the wake of the Great Cultural Revolution.

On June 13, 1966, the Central Committee and the State Council jointly announced the suspension of entrance examinations for all institutions of higher learning, stating that, while certain changes had been made since the Liberation in the entrance examination system, the fundamental framework had been such that the system was opposed to the teachings of Chairman Mao and therefore was detrimental to the education of the revolutionary youth. In an editorial dated June 17, *The People's Daily* called for a thorough reform in education. In answer to this call, larger numbers of revolutionary students from many parts of the country and different institutions proceeded to condemn the educational system and its practices, and to recommend new changes. Without exception, all condemnations centered around ideological issues, the institutions of higher education being looked upon as centers of reaction—the nursery where future leaders of a capitalist society were being nurtured, where academic grades had superseded politics.

Ideologically inspired suggestions concerning reform poured in from all types of schools, including secondary schools, in various parts of the country. Some came in the form of big-character posters, others in letters to leading newspapers, still others in letters addressed to Mao himself. Having mobilized the masses, the cultural revolutionists in the party initiated a series of reforms, all aiming at the abandonment of the earlier principles and practices and the introduction of new measures in strict consonance with the spirit of the Great Cultural Revolution.

In spite of the generally chaotic conditions that have prevailed since the latter part of 1966 and the variegated forms in which educational reform decisions have been announced, it is now possible to piece together the many resolutions, decrees, and official statements, and to see the direction in which education is likely to go during the current phase of the Cultural Revolution.

First of all, in the crucial matter of distribution of educational opportunities, the class line is now stressed more strongly than before. In concrete terms, all entrance examinations have been abolished, and the new method is one of combining recommendation with selection. All eligible students must be screened by the competent party organs according to social background (which is impersonal) and political conscious-

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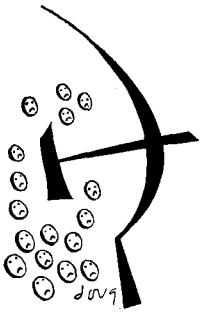
ness (which is personal). Preference is decidedly given to those of peasant, worker, and soldier backgrounds, which means, in view of the paucity of openings in higher institutions, the virtual denial of higher education to the non-proletarian classes.

Up to mid-1966, the regular school system followed the pre-Communist pattern of six-six-four, with certain university specialties lasting up to six or seven years. To the cultural revolutionists this is unduly long, not only because of the cost in economic terms but also because of the students' tendency to become politically and socially aloof. Consequently, the reform now calls for the drastic shortening of periods of schooling, aiming at the completion of primary and secondary education in eight years, and higher education in two to four years, with the majority of the students to be placed in two-year colleges. All students in higher secondary schools and colleges and universities will be required to take part in the three revolutionary movements of class struggle, production struggle, and scientific experimentation.

Pedagogically, two major principles have been advanced. One stresses the all-important source of revolutionary knowledge—the writings of Mao Tse-tung. The study of Mao's work is made compulsory for all students on all levels, but for students in higher education, the *Selected Works* has been made the basic course for all, irrespective of fields of specialization. The other principle seeks to bring about truly radical changes in the method of teaching. In order to do away with the feudal idea of according proper respect for scholars and authorities who are apt to set themselves apart from the masses, the conduct of classes from now on is going to be guided by the new pedagogical principle of self-study and free discussion, requiring only nominal supervision by the faculty.

The central role of productive labor in education has been re-emphasized. There are clear indications that the great majority of institutions of higher learning (and secondary schools as well) are being transformed into half-work, half-study schools where students are expected to devote a considerable portion of their time to practical labor of all types, with special emphasis upon active participation in work on the farm and in factories. Physical exercise has been replaced by military training.

Like the People's Liberation Army, all universities and colleges have abolished the ranking system which used to divide the faculty into several ranks similar to Western and Soviet institutions. The five-point system of grading students' work has likewise been discontinued. Faculty members are discouraged, if not forbidden, from engaging in writing for publication, hence the interesting phe-



nomenon of "publish and perish." All in all, the current educational scene is unquestionably one of relentless revolution which has firmly rejected almost all the earlier theories and practices of education. And while the rejection is complete and admits no compromise, there is as yet no indication of the feasibility of the revolutionary measures that have been thus far announced.

IT IS indeed too early to hazard a guess at this point about the long-term effects of these latest, revolutionary reforms on Chinese education. On the basis of what has been made known, however, some general observations are perhaps permissible.

Aside from the intense political struggle which has resulted in the downfall of some of the top leaders of the Communist regime, the true impact of The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution upon government administration, economic life, and social structure is far from clear, the slogans and oft-repeated policy statements notwithstanding. Only in education have there been concrete actions, both negative and positive, which seem to give rather clear indications as to what the revolution seeks to destroy and what it seeks to build. Perhaps this has been made necessary by the political necessity of mobilizing and utilizing the students who, even when rebelling as Red Guards, must be concerned about their educational future. By joining the Red Guards, they told China and the world what they did not want; but the party is at the same time obliged to tell them what they are going to get, under the banner of the thought of Mao Tse-tung. In this respect, it may be suggested that a thorough examination of the educational part of the current revolution probably can shed more light on both the intensity and scope of the larger revolution itself. The use of students on such a grand scale for intra-party struggle has no precedent, and its implication for the educative process and Chinese national life seems to deserve close scrutiny.

There can be little doubt that, just like the Cultural Revolution itself, the Educational Revolution has been engineered, directed, and coordinated by extremist elements who seem to have been driven to their position by both ideological considerations and personal grievances. Suffering from educational disadvantages, the peasant-worker-soldier students felt a threat to their careers and the need to revolt. One is led to believe that class consciousness, which sometimes manifests itself in jealousy and hatred for the more successful, is far from uniform as a mental state. For there are many of proletarian origin who have accepted the more moderate and practical policy of higher education since the early 1960s. The question arises, therefore: How universal is the feeling of dissatisfaction with the way higher education was run up to the summer of 1966? The admittedly inconclusive evidence seems to indicate that the student revolt is less spontaneous than it has been purported to be, and a good many of the students have taken part in the movement perhaps not so much because of conviction as for reasons of expediency or fear of reprisal.

Although the new reforms have not yet been implemented on a nationwide basis, if for no other reason than the suspension of higher education since last fall, the nature of the reforms has been made quite clear in the areas of recruitment of students, role of administration and teaching staff, length of schooling, and pedagogical principles. The demand made by some of the revolutionary students, apparently with the approval and blessing of those in charge of the Cultural Revolution, is to model all institutions of higher learning after the wartime anti-Japanese university, which had no formal curriculum, no academic standards, no regular faculty, or even a regular body of students.

Following Mao's teaching on the theory of contradiction, the Chinese Communists are fond of using dualisms in the sense of opposites. In education, there are such opposites as Red vs. expert, in terms of the meaning and purpose of education; bourgeois vs. proletariat, in terms of class composition; full-time vs. part-time, in terms of time distribution; indigenous vs. foreign, in terms of pedagogical application; and urban vs. rural, in terms of socio-economic orientation. In addition, there is the dual educational objective of intellectualizing the proletariat and proletarianizing the intellectuals.

The current Cultural Revolution cannot but be considered as a major and almost desperate attempt on the part of Mao and his supporters to bring about an ideological rejuvenation, and politics has taken command in the field of education. If, in Maoist terms, some of the opposites are basically nonantagonistic, the choice between Redness and expertness seems to continue to present exceedingly serious problems. Already there are signs of damage done to education, even when one chooses to dis-

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count the loss in human resources normally accruing through formal education. The present political and intellectual climate seems to discourage intellectuality in any form, while the words "scholar" and "authority" have become derogatory terms. One Chinese scientist, highly knowledgeable about scientific and technological publications on the mainland, has estimated that approximately 100 or so scientific and technical journals have suspended publication since last summer. And some Cultural Revolution publications have openly criticized the two leading biochemists who have been responsible for research leading to the synthesis of insulin, for their individualism and blind admiration of Western science.

The pendulum has swung all the way to the side of Redness, and how expertness can be achieved under such circumstances must remain an unanswerable question. What seems certain is this: As long as ideological purity is pursued with such single-mindedness within the Great Cultural Revolution, the pursuit of expertness through formal education in any form will suffer. By the same token, when there are signs of a return to normalcy in education, the end of the Great Cultural Revolution in its present form will probably be in sight.

WIT TWISTER #21

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing
— — — —
Until their — — — — run over!
Tonight, we'll — — — — upon
this — — — —;
Tomorrow, — — — — for Dover!

(Answers: *pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

●

Now try this Wit Twister:

Blonde — — — — plans to sell bare
fields
And worthless — — — — to clients
moneyed.
With — — — — she'll ply each, till
he yields,
Then — — — — the — — — —
with kisses honeyed!

(*Answer on page 72*)

E. D. C.

Continued from page 58

able to contribute to educational reform.

The rub is not only reform and the small chance of getting it in the present circumstances, but the imminent waste of an unprecedented opportunity in educational research and development. No one can expect these labs as now constituted to lead the way toward significant change or, to use one of their own favorite nouns, "innovation" in American education. An assortment of professional educators and administrators—who share a common background as well as a certain interest in the status quo and who make no use of the scientific-intellectual-artistic community, not to say the community at large—cannot come up with anything but routine answers to educational problems. One informed lab-watcher comments: "The research projects now being done by the labs in subjects like 'student-learning styles' and 'problem-solving processes' sound like old-line doctoral dissertations or, at any rate, like 10,000 other studies that have been done in schools of education.

ESI's stake in the regionals is obvious enough. ESI no longer exists as an autonomous agency; it is now an integral part of a regional lab and its future is closely tied to that of all the regionals. It has plenty to worry about. "The other labs," as one ESI man said with some bitterness, "are turning into just another boondoggle—they are nothing but schools of education with lots of money and no students."

In a word, ESI may have been education's Manhattan Project, or perhaps its *Nautilus*. But unlike science and the Navy, which were never the same after the atomic bomb and the nuclear submarine, education has many atavistic habits and may easily revert to earlier and more primitive forms. It is this reversion that the regional labs were supposed to prevent by following ESI's lead or, at the least, by developing a vigorous new approach of their own to educational reform; but if they fail to do so, they may bring the curricular reform movement into disrepute. They may also invite some snappy Congressional budget-cutting in the future and may discover what instant poverty feels like. If they go down, they could well take EDC with them.

EDC itself was not exactly a love match between ESI and IEI, though affection may grow in the future. It was more a marriage of convenience. Both sides were worried that two such organizations could not survive separately in New England competing for funds and support from the same sources. Also there was the matchmaking pressure from the Office of Education. But there were many misgivings among the trustees and staff members of both groups. ESI was fearful of losing its unique identity as well as perhaps losing some of the intellectual zest and esprit de corps that had always characterized it. It was fearful of domination by educational administrators and bureaucrats.

IEI, in turn, was fearful of domination by Zacharias and others of the Harvard-MIT group who have played a large role in ESI. And it was afraid that the ESI approach to educational problems would not blend well with the one likely to prevail at IEI. There was also the fact, as one observer put it, that "over the years, 'Zach' had made a number of scurrilous comments about professional educators which did not make the merger more attractive to them."

Both sides recognized, nevertheless, that a merger offered great promise. As a separate agency, IEI would have needed many years and millions of dollars to match the experience and resources of ESI, if it would ever have done so. And ESI, for its part, had reached the point where it needed wider contacts with schools and school systems. It had not given much consideration to, as James Killian puts it, "the school as a total process and had not always been sure about how ESI programs fitted into the whole program of the school." ESI especially needed more contacts with people able to bring about changes in schools. It had found that curriculum reform was only part of a complex pattern by which change is made in education and that a more active involvement of the professional establishment would be needed if ESI were to have its maximum effect.

ESI was conscious of having capitulated over the years to the established system on a number of matters in which it felt the system was wrong. PSSC scientists, for example, had been convinced early in the project that a combined physics-chemistry course extending over two years was the best thing, but they had to abandon the idea, partly because they could not in those days get the chemists interested, but mostly because schools could not or would not reorganize to accommodate such a course. They had wanted to create an essay-type exam for the PSSC course, allowing students to demonstrate how much they knew and could do, but, in the face of the established system of college admissions, had to turn to the Educational Testing Service to create the customary multiple-choice exam, allowing students to indicate mostly what they don't know. These and many similar problems might be solved in a better way in the future through greater involvement of the establishment with ESI.

The merger might also make possible

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some progress on a very difficult front, that of teacher education. The Achilles' heel of curriculum reform groups, no less ESI's than others', has been their failure to effect corresponding reforms in the training of teachers. They have had to be content with in-service institutes of greatly varying quality and effectiveness that in many cases have fallen far short of even immediate needs. Even more regrettable is the fact that colleges and universities that train teachers have not actively sought out ESI and other groups to see what use they might make of these materials in their own training programs.

Although EDC's role in New England is still shaping up, Arthur Singer, now president of EDC, hopes and expects that the two components will complement and reinforce rather than quarrel with each other. He also feels sure that the intellectual ferment of ESI will infect the whole of the new organization. He has the challenging job of making this come true through the exercise of what might be called the politics of symbiosis—an undeveloped art in education. But he should get help from the EDC board of trustees which is drawn equally from both predecessor groups and promises to be strong and active.

AMONG the initial projects to be undertaken will be large-scale cooperative ventures with schools and systems of a kind that will be new to ESI—such as the schools of Bridgeport, Connecticut, of inner Boston, of rural Maine. EDC expects to put a major emphasis on education of the deprived, on community involvement, and on out-of-school environment, though it is not at all certain as to how it will proceed against such problems. All this is a sharp contrast with ESI's past activities, so sharp that one experienced ESI man says, "It will be tragic if EDC becomes just another social welfare center, for it would probably be a poor one, and if the things for which ESI has always stood—intellectual excellence, innovative drive, first-class curriculum materials—are sacrificed to whatever fads may prevail among educational administrators or whatever gets the most dough out of the Office of Education."

But to Fletcher Watson, a central figure in Harvard's Project Physics, "the real danger of the merger is that the school people involved will be dominated by ESI and will not be able to give a fair consideration to other curriculum reform groups and to non-ESI materials." To Jerome Bruner, who has been active in many ESI projects, especially the one in social studies, the real danger "is that the ESI side, dependent on the goodwill of the IEI people, will simply become part of the establishment. Reform groups must above all resist the temptations of establishmentarian blandness." To Theodore Sizer, dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Education and a trustee of EDC, the real danger "is in ESI's becoming institutionalized and freezing into a bureaucratic mold. Curriculum reform groups ought to be tent cities where the best people, the brilliant people, are brought together temporarily to do an important job and then return to their main careers. As soon as you institutionalize it, you run the danger of making it a walled town that is not nearly so attractive to outstanding people of the kind ESI has been able to call upon in the past."

The doubts, however, can easily be overstated. The main fact is that most people from both ESI and IEI are looking forward to a long and happy marriage, and not without reason. EDC is the only regional lab to begin life with a large, splendidly equipped organization in full operation and with a decade of experience in persuading distinguished people of all sorts to work together on curriculum reform. If EDC can exploit these great and unique resources and succeed in bringing radically improved curricula into schools and into teacher training on a wide and varied scale—if it can ultimately bring a measure of real reform to entire school systems and, conceivably, even states—it will have become one of the most important and powerful bodies in education. It will have disproved all doubts and will indeed deserve well of the republic.

Educational Planning

Continued from page 60

U.S. university has few chances against his peers who studied at Oxford or at the Sorbonne. Further, one can speculate about the consequences of the contrast between the monolithism of the one-party system practiced by many contemporary African nations and the plurality of both educational institutions and ethnic groups. Is the interaction between these three phenomena favoring or impeding national unity? Offhand, it is not certain that the coexistence of autonomous universities in Nigeria will contribute to restore a political unity presently shattered.

Educational planners are not only concerned with producing the number of students required by the economic growth of the countries in which they work, but also with providing these students with proper skills and motivations.

Many authors of the monographs analyzed here suggest that educational and occupational aspirations can be controlled by opening schools in appropriate places. This assumption is unfortunately naïve. Thus the opening of an educational institution in a region characterized by low enrollments does not necessarily lead to the desired redistribution of the school population. Professor Philip Foster, in his book *Education and Social Change in Ghana*, has shown that these schools often attract a disproportionate number of individuals derived from the areas where demand for education is already high. Unable to "make it" at home, these students compete successfully against local candidates for whom the school was originally built. Similarly, the building of schools physically adjacent to a specialized labor market does not necessarily mean that its graduates will follow the path which has been prearranged for them. Most often, these students are anxious to re-enter the mainstream of the educational and occupational hierarchy.

Of course, the manipulation of individual skills and aspirations through schooling involves more direct strategies. Several authors of the monographs reviewed here discuss the use of vernaculars as vehicles of instruction and their implications for economic and social development. The pertinence of this debate seems nevertheless to be questionable. First, these vernaculars are too numerous and their introduction in the curriculum will be necessarily selective; often this selection will be arbitrary. Further, the debate is often academic; as time passes and the number of adults speaking French, English, or Portuguese keeps increasing, why should it be fruitful to restore languages whose universality is increasingly limited? Indeed, this fruitfulness is particularly doubtful in the case of the numerous African countries which have chosen to emphasize the development of their secondary institutions.

More important, many authors recommend the introduction of technical subjects in the curriculum of the various

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grades of all the schools. Girls should receive a basic training in home economics, and boys should be exposed to elementary agricultural or industrial techniques. In so doing, planners hope to modify individual motivations in a sense favorable to the economic development of the country and to facilitate the adaptation of students to their future economic role. Unfortunately, these hopes are not necessarily well founded.

Insofar as the definitions of individual occupations in the present African context are both loose and ever changing, it is the "jacks-of-all-trades"—the individuals with the most general skills and motivations—who have the best chances to adapt to the fluid demands of the labor market. Rates of unemployment and of turnover tend to be lower among the graduates of the academic secondary schools than among their counterparts derived from vocational training centers. The lower and the more unstable the division of labor in a given country, the less specific should be the training provided by educational institutions.

In addition, the significance of the socialization performed by schools in this regard has often been exaggerated. Educational institutions are more prepared to teach skills than to instill new attitudes and motivations. It is therefore possible to argue that planners devote too much attention to the content of the curriculum and too little to the methods of teaching. The Africanization of the curriculum, so fashionable nowadays, should be paralleled by an Africanization of the pedagogy. There is now a growing body of evidence to show that basic processes of learning are not independent of cultural norms and that in Africa how things are taught is as important as what is taught.

Whatever the objectives of educational planners, the pursuit of their goals is influenced by the administrative structure of the school systems in which they operate. The consequences of this structure are discussed by J. F. Thornley in *The Planning of Primary Education in Northern Nigeria* (46 pp., $1.50), and by J. Roger Carter in *The Legal Framework of Educational Planning and Administration in East Africa* (32 pp., $1.50). The centralizing tendencies which accompany planning activities may be conflicting with the loose organization of a school system run by a majority of autonomous private institutions. In fact, when enrollments in private institutions are large, formal schooling is regarded as a *privilege* to be acquired privately; conversely, when the majority of pupils attend public schools, education is perceived and treated as a *right* officially guaranteed by the central government to all citizens of the relevant age groups, regardless of their ethnic, social, and religious background.

Educational plans are not rational enough when they disregard the importance of ethnicity as a factor affecting both educational and occupational aspirations, and as long as they minimize the legacies of the colonial past of the countries investigated. Neither are they rational enough when they hold constant individual motivations and aspirations. African governments are not strong enough to impose uniform solutions.

AN evaluation of the rationality of educational planning also involves an assessment of the maximum changes that schools can produce. In other words, we must ask whether the changes resulting from educational development are greater than those resulting from an overhaul of the economic organization of the entire country. When educational planners want to give better skills and more appropriate motivations to individual farmers, they should remember that between 1954 and 1960 the cost of a jeep in Africa rose from the equivalent of fourteen sacks of coffee to thirty-nine of these sacks. Under such conditions, to educate farmers and to attract talented individuals in this field is a lure. Education cannot help increasing their bitterness. Similarly, some French planners have recently complained that there are more Dahomean doctors in Paris than there are in Africa and that the nature of the present educational system in Africa is responsible for this sad state of affairs. Yet the presence of so many Dahomean doctors in Paris simply demonstrates that pursuing a medical career is more attractive in France than in Africa. It is certainly not by preventing Africans from gaining access to the rewards of industrial societies that the problems will be solved.

In fact, the presence of a large segment of the Dahomean elite in Paris suggests that national borders keep shrinking and that social stratification represents inequalities not only between the social classes of a single nation but also between nations. To the underprivileged *tiers état* of yesterday succeeds the underprivileged *tiers monde* of today. As long as there is no redistribution of the world resources among nations, as long as there is a de jure or de facto discrimination against poor nations, educational development cannot accomplish miracles. It will remain a placebo rather than a panacea. We should know better. At home, educational development has done less for the mobility of the working class than have the development of labor unions and the introduction of collective bargaining procedures. At the eve of 1789, the demands of the *tiers état* were more political than educational. Why do we want the demands of the *tiers monde* to be different?

Education Letters

Continued from page 51

to make generalizations about an entire individual or an entire life. For similar reasons I never speak of a person as "neurotic." We do not call an individual "typhoidic" because he has typhoid, or "coldic" because he has a cold. Nor do I call an individual or a life "neurotic" merely because the individual has a symptomatic neurosis. As scientists, we are justified in taking positions only about that which we can study. We cannot study abstractions; but we can study the nature of a neurotic or creative act, compare them with each other and with non-creative and non-neurotic acts, and by comparing them learn more about each. This is Dr. Samples's implicit misapplication of my position.

2) I explicitly disavow one frequent analytic cliché. My position about this is that all thinking is exclusively *pre*conscious, and that we never do any thinking either consciously or unconsciously. I never speak of "substantive thought," because to do so would lead to anthropomorphic fallacies. I never speak of the source of any thought as "within the unconscious realm." I describe the preconscious (or imageless or subliminal) processing of bits of information by the human thinking apparatus; and I speak of the weighted sampling of this preconscious stream by conscious processes and of the representation of these samples by conscious symbols. Popular usage speaks of these conscious symbolic representatives of samplings of the preconscious stream as "conscious thought," but this is a misleading misnomer. I point out that this conscious sampling device is necessary for ruminative self-correction and for communication to others and for testing the orientation of the preconscious stream towards external reality. These, but not thinking, are the functions of conscious symbolic sampling. I take the uncompromising position that conscious processing is never a thinking process.

As for unconscious processing, its effect is to distort. About this we know that in various ways it distorts the sampling device and its conscious symbolic representations —most frequently by distorting the relation of the symbol to its referent (i.e., to what it is supposed to represent), thus breaking the continuity of human psychological processes, introducing dissociative and repressive processes. Unconscious processes distort our purposes and goals by means of the interruption and distortion of symbolic representation and also of the relation of affects to their original precipitants.

My basic reason for trying to clarify this is that, starting with misconceptions about substantive and intuitive thought and a misidentification of substantive with sociological values and of intuitive with individual values, Mr. Samples is led into the serious error of identifying them with the problems of rebellion, of the hippies and the like.

LAWRENCE S. KUBIE, M.D.

Sparks, Md.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 70; Elsa, leas, ales, seal, sale.

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Classics Revisited

Continued from page 42

Longfellow's mechanical use of them. Longfellow's trochaics have the thump of doggerel, and, since the meter is so unnatural in English, sound absurd. Lönnrot's meter swings; the rhythms are native to the language, and he continuously varies them. It is the difference between a heartbeat and a metronome.

The plot of *Hiawatha* is as clear as Longfellow could make it, far clearer than his sources—an incomparably more logical narrative than anything in the *Kalevala*. Modern research has proved that Lönnrot's sources were inchoate indeed, many of them not narrative at all. He reworked them into a most extraordinary pattern—not a story or series of tales, but a long dream sequence.

The heroes of the *Kalevala* are shamans, magicians, smiths, and dreamers —men of mystery and cunning. Their adventures are inconclusive, often seemingly pointless, and cryptically frustrating, the connections hidden underground. Lönnrot awoke the nightside of the nineteenth-century professional and middle-class mind, represented by himself, and connected it with the prehistoric culture of subarctic medicine men.

No wonder Carl Jung was fascinated by the *Kalevala*. It is a kind of socially negotiable Jungian dream, full of archetypes and animuses and animas, totemic symbols of the soul, Methuselah figures, sacred, unobtainable maidens, impossible tasks, and mystic beasts—all set in the forest, lakes, and waterfalls of primeval Finland. Its tales seem to move toward an unknowable end—the ultimate integration of the integral person.

Yet the *Kalevala* is more than a psychoanalytic text. Its heroes struggle in dreams, but simultaneously live wide-awake in the Finnish land, in conflict with a hard but beautiful environment. They are undivided beings in a real world. In our modern destructive world civilization, Finland stands out as enjoying a high level of ecological success. The Finns cope with their setting of living nature far better than do the Russians or Americans. This talent is reflected in and reinforced by the *Kalevala*, certainly the most ecological of epics. In the poem, as in Finnish life, there survives that ecological life philosophy without which no subarctic people could endure. Like the Lapps or Eskimos, they must cooperate with nature or perish. They are still there.

So the *Kalevala* succeeds and endures because it expresses not just a national consciousness, but the consciousness of the kinship of a race of men with all living creatures. Maybe it was put together by a country doctor five generations ago, but it is the opposite of a synthetic epic; it is a synthesis of nature, man, time, and place.

The only cheap, easily available English translation is in Everyman's Library (Dutton), two volumes by W. F. Kirby in rather antiquated language with poor notes. There is a fine, scholarly edition translated by F. P. Magoun, Jr., published by Harvard University Press.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 11, 6, 13, 15, 3, 5, 2, 4, 12, 1 or 14, 14 or 1, 9, 8, 10, 7.

"For heaven's sake, will you stop calling it a merger?"

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(Continued on page 76)

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B. Offal.	205 134 167 16 106 201
C. Candy.	6 63 186 36 149 79
D. Seaside attraction.	107 18 173 48 20 200 160
E. Last.	143 141 191 147 206 138
F. Followed by word X: Greece.	151 175 38 67 50 7
G. Persian of mixed Iranian and Turkish stock.	84 52 115 203 170 89 140
H. Mourning. (2 wds.)	182 5 132 15 135 105 29 72 204 66 117
I. Usually after "run," and followed by word J.: In opposition to controlling authority. (3 wds.)	181 188 82 31 164 110 9 145 76 61
J. See word I.	37 80 10
K. Port in England; college in New England.	33 77 195 39 21 75 162 180 60
L. After word Y: "And many a —— lad."	65 100 99 176 74 185 121 198 40
M. A corresponding part or segment.	1 157 136 90 49 24 150

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. "I can call spirits from the —— ——." (Henry IV, Part 1.) (2 wds.)	78 113 22 47 208 73 43 159 119
O. A. X., and F. X., for instance.	25 193 114 127 183 207 92 3
P. 3 words often preceded by "Well, Your Honor," and followed by "way."	70 146 202 171 112 196 139 126 189
Q. Something capable of causing oblivion of suffering.	81 51 4 165 101 13 152 94
R. This might be higher, one would think, than Oscar Hammerstein's criterion. (2 wds.)	178 184 137 153 58 172 192 56 68 14 35
S. Diligent.	155 194 133 108 55 111 8 118 163
T. Deem.	12 158 142 88 71 102 174
U. First two-dimensional star of a full-length motion picture (full name).	87 2 27 62 128 11 116 59 85
V. Legendary American. (comb. and wd.)	122 103 28 41 46 179 30 83 17 23 177
W. Death and the bodily disintegration that follows.	34 45 190 163 26 124 97 148
X. See words: A. and F. (2 wds.)	129 199 44 123 93 187 69 154 161 169 19
Y. Before word L: "For many a —— maiden." (comb.)	109 125 197 156 131 91 120 96
Z. Something that is morally degrading.	57 64 53 130 86 95

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 M	2 U		3 O	4 Q	5 H	6 C	7 F		8 S	9 I		10 J	11 U							
12 T	13 Q		14 R	15 H	16 B		17 V	18 D	19 X		20 D	21 K		22 N	23 V	24 M	25 O							
	26 W	27 U	28 V		29 H	30 V	31 I	32 A	33 K		34 W	35 R		36 C	37 J	38 F	39 K							
40 L	41 V	42 A	43 N	44 X		45 W	46 V		47 N	48 D	49 M		50 F	51 Q	52 G	53 Z	54 A							
55 S	56 R		57 Z	58 R		59 U	60 K	61 I		62 U	63 C	64 Z	65 L	66 H		67 F	68 R							
69 X	70 P	71 T	72 H	73 N		74 L	75 K		76 I	77 K	78 N	79 C		80 J	81 Q	82 I	83 V							
84 G	85 U	86 Z		87 U	88 T	89 G	90 M	91 Y	92 O		93 X	94 Q	95 Z	96 Y	97 W	98 A	99 L							
	100 L	101 Q		102 T	103 V	104 A	105 H	106 B	107 D	108 S	109 Y	110 I		111 S		112 P	113 N							
114 O	115 G		116 U		117 H	118 S	119 N	120 Y	121 L	122 V	123 X		124 W	125 Y		126 P	127 O							
	128 U	129 X	130 Z	131 Y	132 H		133 S	134 B		135 H	136 M	137 R	138 E	139 P		140 G	141 E							
	142 T	143 E	144 A	145 I		146 P	147 E		148 W	149 C	150 M		151 F	152 Q	153 R	154 X	155 S							
156 Y	157 M		158 T	159 N		160 D	161 X	162 K	163 W	164 I	165 Q	166 S		167 B	168 A	169 X	170 G							
	171 P	172 R	173 D	174 T	175 F		176 L	177 V		178 R	179 V	180 K		181 I		182 H	183 O							
184 R	185 L	186 C		187 X	188 I		189 P	190 W	191 E	192 R		193 O	194 S	195 K	196 P	197 Y								
198 L	199 X		200 D	201 B	202 P		203 G	204 H	205 B	206 E	207 O	208 N												

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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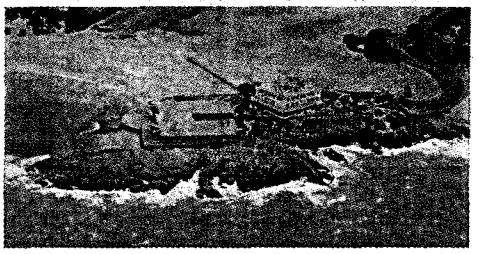

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